BY SEA AND BY LAND

BEING A TRIP THROUGH

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND AMERICA

ALL ROUND THE WORLD

BY

HENRY ALWORTH MEREWETHER

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S COUNSEL

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't,
Making, to take your imagination
From bourne to bourne, region to region.—Shakespeare.

London

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1874

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BY SEA AND BY LAND

harm, and it more enables me to express that gratitude I entirely feel for their kindness.

And it seems to me that if I had adopted the fashion of asterisks, S**th would have as fully developed the name of Smith as if I had written it in full.

But I am the more anxious to put this preface, to apologise for the apparent egotism of the narrative.

The truth is, that "I" went the journey, "I" was sea-sick, "I" talked with Jack or Tom, "I" ate this or that, or "I" got nothing at all, and nearly starved on that insufficient diet.

It did not seem to me any explanation, to say that "somebody" went here or there, and enjoyed himself or otherwise, but that if "I" went, "I" must specify the enjoyment or the reverse.

Therefore, please gentle critic, whatever fault you find, let me hear nothing on that point.

Now, I have only this to add, that I have noticed in the prefaces of old and well considered authors, that they invariably sum up the result of their book in that document. Consequently I expect that the public will like to know the estimate on which I hold

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be most comfortable, most independent, and may do best, America is the place for me.

I landed at San Francisco, a British Tory, and was prepared to be affronted, with the mild prejudices of that good man, at every step.

These all vanished before I had been a week in the land, and I know no place where I received more kindness and civility, than in that country, or any in which I saw better black, stout land than around Burlington, and so cheap.

With these remarks I surrender myself, and book, to the tender mercy of the critics, who I have never wronged, or known, and why should they hurt me?

Bowden Hill, Wilts.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Introductory 1

CHAPTER II.

To Egypt, Alexandria, and Cairo 9

CHAPTER III.

Cairo to Bombay—Suez and Aden 24

CHAPTER IV.

India—Bombay, Caves of Elephanta, Government House 33

CHAPTER V.

Railroad—Ghauts—Jubblepoor—Marble Rocks ... 41

CHAPTER VI.

PA

Agra—The Taj ... ...

CHAPTER VII.

Kurrachee — Government House, Frere Hall, Breakwater ... ... 9!

CHAPTER VIII.

Voyage to Bombay again — Exhibition—Rail to Madras—Ghaut—Poonah, &c. 9C

CHAPTER IX.

Conclusions as to India 116

CHAPTER X.

Cyclone—Ceylon—Galle—Mail Coach—Colombo—Kandy—King George's Sound 125

CHAPTER XI.

Sydney — Quarantine — Sir Hercules Robinson — Chief Justice—University... 141

CHAPTER XII.

Cobb's Coach—Ned Devine—Palmerston—Pigroot—Gold Fields—Blackstone 165

CHAPTER XIII.

PAGE

Conclusions as to New Zealand 186

CHAPTER XIV.

The Bluff—Stormy Weather—Countrywoman ... 192

CHAPTER XV.

Melbourne 198

CHAPTER XVI.

Melbourne to Sydney and Newcastle 206

CHAPTER XVII.

Sailing Voyage across the Pacific 213

CHAPTER XVIII.

America—San Francisco—Races 244

CHAPTER XIX.

Ferry—San Jose—Sacramento—Sierra Nevada ... 261

CHAPTER XX.

Weber River and Canon—Devil's Slide 272

CHAPTER XXI.

Chicago—Theatre—Fire, &c. ... ...

CHAPTER XXII.

New York, &c. ... ...

CHAPTER XXIII.

Return Home—Scotia—Mr. Barnum ... .

"BY SEA AND BY LAND."

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

READER,—This is our first introduction. Allow me to present myself. Pray be seated. May I offer you anything? No? Well then, if it won't bore you, I will tell you how it happened and what followed.

I had been thirty years at the Parliamentary Bar, and having wearied out the pleasantest members of both Houses with "much talking," and having helped to carry or oppose the principal lines in the kingdom, I found that in this Parliament the amenities and courtesies of life were looked upon in a rougher light than in previous sessions. In fact, I began to doubt whether Mr. Odger would, if he succeeded in getting a seat, find himself so much not at home as might be generally supposed. Ac-

cordingly, at the close of 1871, having earned a sufficient remuneration in that scantly paid branch of the profession, I determined to give up. In addition to this, I had in the former year lost my wife, and being left with thirteen children, it seemed to me, that on the whole they would be better off if I gave myself time to look after them, and advance them in life, than they would profit by any additional money I might make by continuing the labours of the Bar, which, at sixty, had become rather irksome. Well, I had settled some of the thirteen, but amongst them were two boys at Winchester (notorious in these days for that absurd "Tunding" controversy, of which I have received many, and should have been far better if I had got more), who during their holidays walked about with ferrets in their jacket pockets, and otherwise showed a leaning towards agricultural pursuits, which with so many to care for I felt disposed to indulge. They had done very fairly at Winchester, and on examining them, I found they knew sufficiently about "Ajax" and his contemporaries to prevent their confusing them in after life with that "up-country stranger," so I determined on starting them.

I had at first thought of Australia, where I had a orother at the head of the Australian Agricultural, but on making enquiry I found there were so many objections to the climate of those colonies, and so

many preferences on behalf of New Zealand, that I determined to send them there.

Accordingly, under the advice and assistance of Mr. Dalgetty, a prince of men, and most deservedly fortunate, I sent them out in July last to Mr. Dalgetty's brother-in-law, whose acquaintance I had made. They landed, with no other friends in that part of the world but their two dogs, in October last. About this time the autumn manœuvres took place, and missing my two boys, and having a daughter married at Madras, and a brother (Sir William Merewether) Commissioner of Scinde, my Australian brother, and these two boys, finding much leisure in my appointment as special magistrate, I began to think of a foreign trip to see them all.

Having the whole of Salisbury Plain to think about it upon, interrupted only by an occasional charge of Colonel Marshall and his cavalry, I soon came to the conclusion to go. Then I remembered that this was about the time of year that my good friend John Fowler was in the habit of making his annual trip to advise the Khedive of Egypt. I consulted him as to his movements, and it was soon settled.

I had a first-rate little daughter who I knew would look after the rest well, and with a mother's care; so, after just showing at the Wiltshire Quarter Sessions, where I am Chairman, I left with a sad heart my

children and home, and arrived to dinner
Charing Cross Hotel, preparatory to crossi
night.

The week previous to this I had been seiz
a slight attack of paralysis in my left side,
consulting Sir W. Gull he told me that the
climate of Egypt would do it good; so I
provided food for fish by eating a good dinne
my eldest son, he packed me up comfortabl
I started for Dover.

I am a miserable sailor, and always "su
sea change;" and the Chatham and Dover h
arrived before the South Eastern, every "co
of vantage" had been occupied before we go
the Admiralty Pier. In addition to this, in
few steps from the railway carriage to the ves
there poured down such a sheet of water as wet
me to the skin, and I had the addition of ins
to injury by having to stand, be ill, and hold m
own basin.

"Sic oh sic positi, tædet jactura sepulcri."

I gradually got to Paris at eight o'clock, an
you won't expect me to tell the oft-told tale o
that sad city. Suffice it to say, that it was New
Year's Day, and the streets were alive and merry
with the buyers and receivers of New Year's gifts;
but there was the ruined Tuileries, and Neuilly,
and all the suburbs which I drove through, enough

to make me drop a tear over this foolish and presumptuous nation, spite of their New Year's jollity.

The last time I passed through Paris was just at the commencement of the war, when I fell in with a troop of ruffians, who seized my cab horse's head, made me go their way, and above all things sing the "Marsellaise" inside. And now I cannot help thinking that M. Thiers and Co. are toiling over-much to remove the traces of discomfiture, as the very fact of the newly built up ruins tell their own tale. Ah, "à Berlin" was on every fourgon at my last visit.

I left Paris alone by the 8.45 next evening, having missed Fowler there, he having been detained in London by his numerous engagements, and I having thought he was gone on.

When, to my surprise, after having breakfasted at Culoy, I went out on the platform, and there to my joy recognised the burly form of Fowler, Professor Owen, Dr. Letheby, the celebrated chemist; Mr. Bramwell, the brother of the judge, as full of fun as he is of mechanical knowledge; and Mr. Kelgour, Fowler's able assistant.

We immediately fraternized, and I joined them in their saloon carriage, which, with my little attack, was an infinite comfort all the way to Brindisi. We went on through Savoy enjoying the snow ranges, till we came to the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

I had in a previous year passed over the Fell line and I could not help congratulating myself that modern science had enabled man to pass through the bowels of the earth, instead of travelling over the rim of its eyelids as in the Fell line, which I had told an Engineer at the bottom I would not traverse again for a thousand pounds. I distinctly saw a decayed bit of a sleeper pressed out by the weight of the train, and fall down sheer four thousand feet. For the remainder of the journey I need not say I contented myself by noticing things inside the carriage.

Our scientific friends made observations with aneroids and thermometers, and found that the temperature rose from 32 at the commencement of the tunnel to 64 maximum heat two-thirds through. Fowler and I sat in the inner part of the saloon, and I must say I felt the heat and smell a little, but only for a minute or two, as from 64 it rapidly decreased till the other mouth was reached.

We then proceeded at a merry rate down the incline, amid the snow, into the Turin Valley, where we arrived about 11, and went to bed after a hearty supper.

The next morning the rest of the party went to see the Museum and Egyptian antiquities, but I had seen all these, and contented myself with a stroll through Turin, and made an Italian gentleman per-

fectly happy, by changing the "bars" at which he was driving an apparently unmanageable pair of horses.

We started at one o'clock the next day, and after a prolonged rubber of eight hours, in which the Professor and I were partners and Fowler and Bramwell the other side (of which more hereafter), we reached the Hotel Brun at Bologna at twelve at night. I rendered ample testimony to the native sausage, tempering it with an English homage to capital "Bass," and then retired to a room which, per favour of Fowler's celebrity, made me think myself an Italian prince. I slept, however, like a Wiltshire gentleman, and next morning there appeared at breakfast Count Arrivabene, well known in the best circles in England, a noble specimen of regenerated Italy.

Again the party visited the pictures, and we left at one o'clock for Brindisi. I was here truly delighted to see the homage paid by the savans of Bologna to Professor Owen. They attended that giant in intellect and child in genial simplicity to the carriage, with hatless reverence, and all kind wishes for his journey and return to them. His modest acquiescence in their respectful amity was a sight to see.

This was Sunday, so no whist, and we at length approached that lovely journey, with the Adriatic

on our left and the Apennine range on our rig
which makes one think it the route to Paradi
But it only led to Ancona, where tough and scan
fowls reminded us of this inferior world.

We got to Brindisi at 5 a.m., and being land
on the quay, at once proceeded to ship ourselves
board the P. and O. ship Peri, Captain Hazlewoc

CHAPTER II.

TO EGYPT, ALEXANDRIA, AND CAIRO.

HERE we found a mixed company of all sorts, including Tom French (since dead), the celebrated jockey, and Newhouse the crack light weight. The former had come over to ride Countryman at the Cairo races, for Sir George Chetwynd, and Newhouse accompanied him. Tom and I had pleasant discourse on the salt sea of "glorious Goodwood," "The Derby," and that truly noble sportsman Lord Falmouth's horses, and I ventured to express my doubts about Countryman's winning, as I had seen him run at Stockbridge in the spring, and other places, and knew him to be a good "miler" with a turn of speed at the finish, which I did not think would do over sand for five miles. But Tom was very hopeful, with what result we shall see when we get to Egypt.

The first day I did very well, but the next day I found the excellent Peri like a "poet's eye, in

a fine frenzy rolling," which made me thin more prudent to remain in my cabin, and Letheby also, I believe, did not find his stoma "contents" assimilate. They dined that day "fiddles" on the table—square confinement wood in which to put your plate, glasses, &c could not help murmuring "abeste fideles" hope for next day.

In the evening we passed the rough lane wl leads down to Constantinople, which I had velled last year, and got under the land of Ca or Crete, and then the sea fell tranquil, and especially the moon, was serene.

Then I rose with renewed strength and went deck, and found the kind old Professor play with the baby of a Captain Salmon, which said captain, during the sickness of his wife ayah, gallantly nursed. I could not help think that the weight of that little child would weaken his arm in any future hostile meeting.

A very cheerful and pleasant lot they we officers and all; but I had rather be in v middling company on land, than the very best sea, and I was not sorry when on getting up o morning I found ourselves steaming into Alexa dria harbour, with the fort on o[illegible]and t lighthouse on the other side, [illegible] pilot in command.

Nor was I less pleased to shake Captain Hazlewood by the hand, and transfer myself to the steam launch of Mr. Greenfield, the contractor for the Breakwater, which the Khedive, amongst his various great works, is constructing.

We were landed at the point where the vast blocks of concrete were forming, and admired the manner in which English capital and English intelligence were brought to bear on this large and complicated work. The blocks were, as far as I recollect, of twenty-two tons weight, and were composed of pounded stone from the quarries close by, in fitting proportions to so much sand and lime. When formed they take ten weeks to consolidate and dry. They are then shipped into lighters, and cast by cranes, anyhow, upon the line of the breakwater, where it is ultimately to be made solid by concrete and masonry. There are above two thousand men employed (natives), over whom twenty-five Englishmen, only, exercise control.

Mr. Greenfield kindly provided me with a donkey, the familiar beast of burden in this part of the world, and after being greeted by an old friend of my son's when quartered at Alderney, I wished Mr. Greenfield all success in his great undertaking, and we were landed at the Custom House.

Professor Owen told me a good story of the

stone with which the concrete blocks were made. It is the same which was used for the walling, &c., at Port Said, the entrance to the Suez Canal. He was out there and fell in with M. Lesseps. He presented the Professor with a piece of the conglomerate, and said, "I have no doubt you will show this to the Geological Society, and make some remarks upon it as a new formation." The quick eye of the Professor detected quite a recent shell in it. Whereupon he said, "Yes, I shall certainly remark upon it to that body, and shall call it the 'Formation Lessepiana,'" being too old a bird to endure that salt upon his tail.

Having landed, we drove through the filthy streets of Alexandria, where all the nationalities of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, appear to me to have established a dirty home, and got to the Hotel de l'Europe, fair in its way, where we dined and did well, being joined by Mr. Dupert, an agreeable aide-de-camp of Fowler's in his engineership to the Khedive, and who I had lunched with at the breakwater works.

Before dinner we had gone a petit tour de ville, seeing in the way Pompey's Pillar, and the great canal, down which countless bales of cotton find their way.

The next day the party went for an extended walk and drive, but my left leg told me I ought to be

content with a stroll about the city. In the evening we dined with Colonel Staunton (our Consul-General in Egypt) and his most engaging lady, Sir Charles Wolseley and Mr. Herbert and Mr. Greenfield being also of the party. The colonel had known my brother William when he was at Cairo preparing for the Abyssinian war.

Here a most kindly intended, but to us a most whimsical, incident occurred. We had by accident stated that we had played whist for eight hours consecutively. Consequently I presume we were set down as great players, and serious ones. After an admirable dinner, and my first "chibouk," we went into the drawing-room. Whist table was all ready, and we four were placed at it. The rest of the party retired into a smaller drawing-room, where they had a lively game at "brag," "but quite apart, so as not to interrupt the great players." After we had played a few games, we respectfully withdrew, much amused at the character we had so unconsciously obtained.

The next morning Dr. Letheby, Bramwell, and myself, left for Cairo. I am not disposed to dwell on this part of the journey; it was slow, hot, and beyond crossing the two branches of the Nile, and seeing the rich produce of the Delta, and just getting a distant glimpse of the Pyramids on the right, about ten miles from Cairo, there was nothing

worth noting in the trip. Fowler had waited behind at Alexandria, first of all for business, and next, the poor Khedive, having four marriages on his hands, and lots of foreign guests to help him celebrate them, was a little uncertain where he should lodge Fowler and his staff.

When I arrived at the station I was charmed to find a man with Mr. Greenfield's card, and a room secured at Shepherd's Hotel. My two learned friends, on the contrary, not having my steady appearance, were put up at the Oriental, a place of very jolly but questionable repute, in which capacity they vowed they had no participation, and I have no doubt they will stick to it when they get home. But they were both very cheerful men, and Dr. Letheby in particular interested himself very much in the manners and customs peculiar to Cairo. They seemed more tired than I did, who led a sober and respectable life.

The next day we went to church, at least Bramwell and I did. Dr. Letheby remained at home, where Tom French was also a resident, and I dare say the doctor got a wrinkle or two about Paladin for the next Derby, which I, being in these parts, shall not share.

The great engineer, however, arrived that afternoon, and was introduced to an entirely empty house in Hippodrome Street. It is an amusing

incident in absolute government like the Khedive's, that on noticing to the "groom of the chambers" that the house was empty, that worthy replied, "Oh, you will sleep here and all your party; when will you dine?" Fowler replied, "Seven," and at seven we sat down, eight in a party, to a most admirable dinner, champagne, ice, &c.; and Bramwell and Dr. Letheby were rescued from their house of not very good fame, and it was their own fault if they did not sleep respectably and comfortably that and the succeeding nights.

We three drove about the bazaars next day, and were much interested. They are infinitely superior to the bazaars at Constantinople, which I have seen, and more business like. There is some intermingling, but the generality of the trades have their Long Acre of speciality; for instance, there was a carpet street or row, and an armourer's and copper ditto. There was also a separate quarter for the "Copts," an intermediate sort of Christians.

The nationalities are very much mixed at Cairo, but not so much so as at Alexandria, where you hear in the streets the most polyglot kind of Babel. My location was, as I have described, at Shepherd's Hotel.

In front of that, above the thoroughfare, there is a platform, by which the busy throng is constantly

ebbing and flowing, and where donkeys and their drivers constantly bray and jabber, and good pair-horse carriages are plying for hire. It is in the main thoroughfare for the "Shubra road," which leads to the Shubra garden, up and down which the rank and fashion of Cairo, England and other adjacent countries, drive to admire and be admired.

The Khedive is dealing with Cairo with a most princely and munificent hand, and unless he is bankrupt in a few years, and there is a "man in possession," from that or any other political cause, he will make it a fine place. The "Esbekeya" is already becoming a beautiful garden, and round it are springing up, or have sprung, the "New Hotel," the Opera House, the Hippodrome, and its quarter, and various other fine buildings, the result of the Khedive's own energy or private speculation. The Duke of Sutherland is building a fine house, in which Colonel Stainton is to reside.

The Khedive has struggled successfully here in one respect with the theological feelings of the Mahomedan population, for as usual in Egypt, beginning at the wrong end, he has erected a statue to Mehemet Ali, and is now filling in the pedestal underneath. There is another instance of this on the road to the Pyramids, a fine bridge intended to cross a large canal, straddles over the site on which the canal is to be excavated. An engineer told me

way, it would surprise them, though I question whether an income of £180,000 a year, which Prince Hassan is to have, would not make those fine young fellows approach the matrimonial state with some complacency.

Prince Hassan was taken to the Opera, where the lady from behind the curtains viewed her future spouse, it is said, with approval, which may well be, as he is a nice-looking young gentleman.

We started one morning for the Pyramids, the Professor, Dr. Letheby, Bramwell, and myself. In giving an account of these stupendous masses, I am not going into height, breadth, history, or any of those details; for are they not written down in the chronicles of countless guide books? and I content myself with the scheme of this book, which is to declare simply what I saw, and how I saw it. I therefore merely say that the large Pyramid covers eleven acres, in case anybody does not know that.

We went under the escort of a dark gentleman named Mohammed, who I had picked up at Alexandria as a travelling servant, and who turned out an honest and respectable man. He failed in his judgment in this case, as he secured us a bad pair of horses, who in the heavy parts of the road expressed their unwillingness to again visit the Pyramids by jibbing and otherwise neglecting their duty.

We passed over the fine Nile bridge, and by a

pleasant road, though dusty, reached our destina in about nine miles.

Here let me caution intending visitors, that by clumsy engineering, the bridge is obliged to be open from twelve to three; they must therefore be careful to time their journey so as to be over the bridge before twelve and return three.

The country round Ca ing all a plain, we of course had a constant v he Pyramids as we got near them, but I do nk this impaired the effect, as their vastness size constantly grew upon us till we stood un them. The approach is a little marred by a s co balustrade and the existence of a building for the reception of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. But if we a little recoiled from this at first glance, and thought it a small matter out of place, we in the end heartily rejoiced in being permitted to enter the lower regions of the Prince's temporary home, and eat our lunch protected from the sun and hotter wind which mingle here.

Ah, what am I to say of the Pyramids themselves? All I can remark is that I had formed from views, a high estimate, and that I was not in the least disappointed. I did not go in or up, nor did either of the party, but we sedately read our guide books, and gazed in wonder at these magnificent memorials of a past age.

Cruel and barbarous was the man who removed for building purposes the outside case of polished stones, but there is enough left in one of the three to show what the effect must have been.

There is a commanding platform at the base of the great Pyramid, from which you get a good view of the other Pyramids, of Sakkarah, the valley of the Nile, Cairo, and the Mokattum range.

We had the luck to see from this a heavy thunderstorm and lightning break over Cairo. It was very marked, and reflected in the sun's rays, made one think of the wrath of Heaven poured out upon Sodom and Gomorrah. The Professor and Bramwell made an extended walk round the Pyramids, and I regretted that my leg did not allow me to go with them, or doubtless I should have had to report words of recondite learning from the Professor, who has visited them several times.

I remained with Dr. Letheby, and we made a lengthened view of the newly-excavated tomb and the great Sphynx. I cannot but be afraid that this massive image of female power is beginning to show signs of decay; the neck seems to me of softer material, and to be yielding to the stress of weather. But enough is left to merit all the fine writing which has been bestowed upon it.

Placed in the desert alone, but surrounded by its

giant still-life companions, its features assert its dignity, and "dum silet clamat."

Having drank the health of Her Majesty and her royal son, we proceeded back to Cairo with a most glorious sunset full on the Pyramids, meaning to go to the Nileometer on our way home. But I know nothing which abates, when fairly satisfied, more than the desire of sight-seeing; and as that shows only the rise and fall of the Nile, which does undoubtedly rise and fall, we believed in it, and returned to Fowler's to dinner.

There everything was first-rate, and a Mr. Smart, well known at Alexandria and Cairo, kindly took me for my second visit to the opera, where Parepa warbled as melodiously and acted as tolerably as her fat would allow her.

It was rather grotesque in the last scene of the Huguenots, where she faints, to see her help herself up, on recovery, by aid of her knees and the sofa.

The opera is a pretty house, with a dignified royal box lined with ermine on one side, and the jealously veiled boxes of the royal ladies on the other; but oh, Khedive, if you would only employ somebody who would make your orchestra play less flat, and your singers sing less sharp, you would conduce to the harmony of the entertainment, and the pleasure of your visitors who are

fond of music. I have now given you a g
account of Cairo, but have reserved to th
an idea of the Citadel sight, because from o
get a coup d'œil of the whole city, the Pyra
the valley of the Nile, and a closer view o
Mokattum range and its vast quarries, from
the stone is procured for remaking Cairo. I
therefore certainly to be visited, whether fir
last I leave to your discretion. If you ask
should say both, first to see what you are g
to see, and next to take "one last fond look
what you have seen. Besides this you see
perilous "down jump" which Emir Bey took,
avoid sharing the slaughter of the Mameluk
and which I think would have made most of
members of the Beaufort Hunt "crane" a g
deal, even if the noble master were behind l
crying "Oh, get on, sir." There is also an a
baster mosque, which it is true sinks into
significance compared with others we shall
hereafter, but supposing you are limiting y
journey to Egypt, is well worth seeing.

See the Shubra Gardens also, where there i
beautiful kiosk now falling to decay; for it is
recent enough to attract the Khedive's obvious l
for new things.

Time, and the necessity of getting onwards, beg
to be pressing me, and I dined with my friends

the last time in Cairo. How shall I express pang with which I parted with these able and good fellows! They were each in their several ways so kind and so genial, that I really felt, in being launched forth into an unknown world, a separation from more than friends.

So gratified was I, that I listened to the last words of wisdom from Professor with unabated respect; laughed, I admit faintly, at Bramwell's last joke, thanked Dr. Le for his final chemical warning of what to "e t drink, and avoid;" shook hands heartily with t universal Kelgour; and Fowler, my dear old engineer, constant to the last, in seeing me off the next morning, how can I thank you sufficiently? The next morning there was a clearance from Shepherd's Hotel; some to go in drabekas up the Nile, I to Suez *en route* for India; and wedding guests filled our places, even to the extent of sleeping on the dining table, as I was told.

CHAPTER III.

CAIRO TO BOMBAY.—SUEZ AND ADEN.

It is of no use describing my route from Cairo to Suez, beyond saying that I started at ten and reached Suez at half-past seven, and that there was only one young Indian officer and myself to represent in the whole train English or European independence.

It was an uneventful journey. The train stopped at most stations, and the guards had something to say to, and some tobacco to smoke with, the station-master at each stoppage. The line was terribly out of gauge, owing to the sand, and shook very much. We passed Ismalia and the bitter lakes, but it was almost dusk, and I can give no reliable account of them.

We cleared out of the station about eight, and proceeded, accompanied by the greatest of knaves, as he turned out, to the Suez Hotel. This is a quaint place, with a garden in the middle, and rooms round

a corridor upstairs. It was at one time much frequented, but the Khedive has made a railway right down to the docks, and consequently passengers from Alexandria are discharged into the P. and O. ships at once.

My young companion and myself were the only occupants of the hotel at first, and after a good night's rest we breakfasted and set out with this knave to see Suez.

An old gentleman had arrived in the night, and had sent for a barber to cut his nails, and had tendered a sufficient sum in reward. This enraged the knave very much, who doubtless was to share in the plunder, and he abused the old gentleman very much in broken English, "Sare, I am poor fellow, but should have felt great shame to have given barber less than three rupee," six shillings! One good thing was, his abuse fell very lightly on the old gentleman, who listened without reply. This and various petty misfortunes in our respect, made us get rid of the knave, and we embarked in a native boat to see the entrance to the great Canal.

This is nicely managed, and they have some peculiarly formed dredging machines by which they purpose to keep the depth. The sand is dredged out from the bottom, and deposited on the top of the bank by one operation.

It is singular to see the steamers come apparently

through the Desert, and I am told that their speed is limited to five miles an hour, so as not to wash down the bank. At present the scheme is a success, but it remains to be seen whether the wash of our large troop-carrying steamers, the Orinoco and the Malabar, will not disarrange it.

There is a report here that the English Government are about to purchase it. Whether they do or not, if Mr. Bright, and others of the peaceful persuasion will permit me, they must take care that nobody else does. It is so manifestly the key to the route to India, that a blockage here, in adverse hands, would be very fatal to our Indian rule.

It was then proposed that we should make a journey to Moses' Well. We could see the site of it, and as I heartily believe in Moses, and can quite understand that he had a well, I determined to "let well alone," and did not visit it. Our boatmen either did not understand things, or the Admiralty have laid down no sufficient chart of soundings, but they continually kept running aground, and had to get into the sea to push us off.

You will say that I was occupying my time in vain here. But the ship was estimated to sail at six p.m. on Friday, so as it was an uncertain journey in a day, I left Cairo on Thursday morning. The sad end was that, having had very bad weather in the Bay of Biscay, the steamer did not reach Alexandria

till two days late, and did not arrive, or rather passengers by rail did not, till late Saturday n
so that I had to kick my heels. I was content, however, to think that I had escaped the Carlist insurrection in the Bay of Biscay, and I am gratified to think that if anybody wants to know about Suez, I can tell them.

A gentleman arriv -day with news, that at the Cairo races, which I unwillingly left behind, "Countryman" had started.

"Oh what a falling there, my countryman."

This place has fall away from its high estate during the making of anal, and Dr. Payne, who resides there as the P. and O. physician, told me there are only sixty-five resident Europeans there. It occurred to me that that was a poor lot for him, even if all were ill.

I went on board on Saturday night, and the next morning at breakfast the new arrivals paraded themselves. There were three colonels in the army, an Indian up-country judge, a member of the Revenue Board, the engineer of the Indian railways, about ten ladies, and various others, all entrusted to the care of Captain Dundas and the officers of the ship Cathay.

The Pekin, bound for Calcutta, was also in the Basin; and Sunday morning, after gladly recognizing my heavy trunks, sent from Southampton,

we started two hours in advance of the Pekin the Gulf of Suez.

The first day was pleasant enough, with a sight of land, and beautiful sunsets on the fine cliffs, and hope of seeing Mount Sinai; but the night destroyed that. But the third day matters materially changed. The wind, which had been blowing pleasantly from the south, like an eminent prime minister, changed suddenly round, and like him, blew somewhat more powerfully from its new quarter, a thing which I am told by sailors is not unusual—with the wind.

I retired to the repose below, and did not appear till after a dissolution, to use the same Parliamentary simile, had taken place. I was very bad.

When I got up, the Basalt Islands were every now and then appearing, and at length we reached the Straits of Babel-Mandeb.

They are not much, and I could only pity the poor officer who is exiled there with thirty men. An unfortunate man had just been cashiered for dining with the sergeant. Grievous offence for a lone solitary man!

The last two days we had seen smoke behind us, and at last the Pekin, which had started two hours after us, came up and passed us in the night.

The fact is we were light loaded, and that brought the screw out of the water, and we did not do the

good ship Cathay justice. We began to see the light at Aden, and after steaming cautiously into the harbour, were greeted by a ringing cheer and cock-crowing from the Pekin, which had finished her coaling and was off again.

I here got a letter from my brother to say he was not at Kurrachee, but in the district, and should be occupied with the affairs of the Khan of Khelat.

This was a puzzler, and demanded some change in my plans, which I made afterwards.

I also got a letter from General Sneider, who is our political agent at Aden, having my brother's old berth there. He had sent his boat and invited me to his house. I found that a lady wished also to go to see Mrs. Sneider, so I gratefully accepted his invitation. We rowed to the Residency, about two miles, and I found him just having finished dinner, and in company with an officer of engineers and his lady, and the captain and paymaster of the troop ship, which was going home through the Canal.

It was very pleasant to stretch one's sea legs, eat some very good ice, and enjoy some pleasant conversation.

The bungalow had an interest for me, as it was for five years my brother's residence, during which he had made various favourable arrangements with the neighbouring tribes.

These gentlemen, and the Turkish troops, are

now making themselves unpleasant. At whose instance can this be? Not our old friend* the "sick man" surely; not Germany, for she has as yet no fleet; not France, poor thing, for she is down, and her "station" on the Arabian coast looks as miserable as a Paris ruin.

Does the Prince of Monaco propose to enlarge his dominions? I fancy not, "for the play would be hardly worth that monarch's candle." Who can it be then? "Sick men" sometimes in caprice, or hoping to get better by any means, quietly employ two doctors, without the privity of either. I venture to think with what has been going on in the Bosphorus of late, Dr. Granville in his drives about, had better notice whether Dr. Gortzchakoff's carriage pulls up unduly at the door of his own patient. It is remarkable that coincidentally with this local bother, comes out the—I dare say lying, but still threatening—telegram about countless battalions in the East.

Nothing could be more kind than General and Mrs. Sneider, and he showed me the whole house, and what additions he had made.

Colonel Jervoise had better make haste and put up the cannon he has cast down, for if anything happens to Aden, which is the "lodge," so to

* This anticipation has been realized by recent events.

speak, of the "drive" up to India, Englishmen will naturally expect that we should be prepared.

The poor paymaster here "paid his footing" in a bad way, for not noticing that the verandah was raised four feet, he walked out as if on the level, and measured his length, and breadth, for he was a heavy man. He gallantly said he was not hurt, but I expect he felt it next day.

At twelve o'clock General Sneider's carriage took us to the landing steps, and we again were received into the berths of the Cathay.

Our journey down the Gulf of Aden was easy, and not over tempestuous. Captain Dundas frequently likened it to a mill-pond. I told him that the "mill-tail" was the better image.

Our dulness was varied the last night by some private theatricals, which would have been amusing enough if the principal performer had known the words of his part.

At length, with much joy on all sides, even of those who were returning to work, and a hot climate, we sighted the lighthouse of Bombay, then the Malabar Hill and its villas glittering in the sun, just like landing off the coast of Balham Hill, or Sydenham.

To people anxious to quit a ship, much time was cut to waste here by the pilot, who did not "bring us up" quickly in the harbour. The

Custom House officers pounced on our baggage, which, believing myself to be a British subject, and fancying that Bombay was a British port, seemed a needless assertion of authority.

At length my cousin, Captain George Merewether, of the Engineers, who is doing the Bombay Harbour Defences, came alongside with his steam launch, persuaded the Custom House officer that I was not "Ben Bolt, the bold smuggler," got my things chalked with a white cross, and then with many kind adieus to Captain Dundas and the party, to use a common phrase, I "walked those chalks" into the lesser ship, and landed for the first time in India.

CH

INDIA.—BOMBAY, CAVES NTA, GOVERNMENT

THE approach to Bom king, for there are singular hills on the with large basaltic tops; and the city itse ith its cathredral churches, and the suburb of Malabar, is, on the whole, picturesque.

The Apollo Bunda, or landing place, is the first reached, but the steamer goes on to one belonging to the P. & O. If you can, manage to get out at the Apollo, as it is the readiest access to Watson's, which is the best hotel. At the same time, if you are going to the Byculluh Hotel, the other is the nearest.

There was but little shipping in the harbour, which was accounted for by the rapid trips which steamers make backwards and forwards through the Suez Canal, and I am sorry to say was attributed to the lessened enterprise of the port and country since the great panic.

However, cotton seemed to be accumulating on the wharves, and at the station; and there seemed to be an impression that trade was reviving. My cousin had brought with him a kind letter from Mr. Justice Melvill, begging me to be his guest during my stay in Bombay.

At that time I was ignorant of the fulness of Indian hospitality and good will, and it occurred to me that I should be more free at "Watson's" than in a private house with a gentleman I had never seen. However, I was persuaded to go, and most thankful was I that I did.

I drove to my cousin's, and was introduced to his wife, and was then joined by my excellent son-in-law, Mr. Awdry, who was stopping as aide-de-camp with his uncle and aunt, Lady Hobart, at Government House. He took me up to Malabar Hill, Mr. Justice Melvill's, and performed the ceremony of introduction to my host, Sir Charles Sergeant, the acting Chief Justice, Mr. Wylie, who was my brother's assistant in Scinde, and Mr. Gonne, of the Secretariat Department.

These four gentlemen all lived together in the house of Mr. Justice Melvill, who gracefully exercises the duties of host to their mutual friends. It is thought one of the best houses in Bombay.

I may as well describe it. It stands on the cliff facing the sea; and is in about three acres of ground.

It is approached by a drive up a gentle rise, and you reach the door through a garden crammed full of ferns, "gold mohurs," bougainvillæas, poinsettias, and other trees of great beauty. You enter a corridor and the drawing-room of good proportions faces you. Next to that is the billiard-room, and then the dining-room, and beyond that the room of Mr. Gonne. The offices are agreeably remote, behind the dining-room. The entire front is covered with a large handsome verandah, with books, tables, and easy lounging chairs, and is a most delightful and cool place in the mid-day heat. Beyond this is a garden overhanging the cliff, which is the pet enterprise of the host alone. Here the same bright blooms, interspersed with others brighter still, temper the glare of the sea, and make the whole place charming.

In it, Sybarite that he is, there is a croquet ground, lit by gas, so that the game may be prolonged after the sun is gone down. Saturday evening is the time at which ladies and gentlemen meet here to see how exile can be made pleasant.

Returning to the right, facing the sea, is Mr. Wylie's room, above that Mr. Justice Melvill's, along a corridor a guest room which I occupied, and beyond that Sir Charles Sargeant's.

To each of these sleeping rooms a bath-room is attached, and the windows are all carefully shrouded

by venetian blinds, which exclude the sun, and admit the air, while the passages are filled with native servants, who "Qui hi," speedily brings to do anything you want.

I was glad, however, in my ignorance of the language, of the occasional visit of John, Mr. Melvill's butler, who spoke English. The genial amenity of my friends made me feel soon at home, and the really universal good-will which seems to await my brother in India went far to contribute to it. I was everywhere most cordially received, simply because I was his brother.

Two of the party dined at Government House, and two remained to help me feed.

The next morning Awdry came to take me to Government House, to "tiffin," and to accompany them to the Caves of Elephanta, where a large party had been formed in compliment to Lord and Lady Hobart, the Governor of Madras. I was much charmed by the entire Englishism of Sir Philip Wodehouse, who gave me the impression of a kind English country squire; and when the carriages and escort came to the door, but that it was not exactly hunting weather, I could have been prepared to accompany Sir Philip to the "Meet."

It is rather good fun being a member of the royal family, and for the few remaining years of my life,

I am prepared to change places with the scion of any royal house—English for choice.

With much salaaming we got on board the steamer and set steam (I suppose that is the word), with the addition of a large party who had been embarked at the Apollo Bunda.

After about two hours we approached the Island of Elephanta, and it soon became evident that some other means than the steamer must be adopted for gaining the land.

A chair and four bearers carried my sylph-like form to the foot of the steps which lead up to the caves. This mode of travelling through the sea was luckily limited to about 200 yards, and I was glad to be safely deposited on dry land. Lady Hobart gallantly set the example of "taking the chair."

We ascended a long flight of steps, and at length reached the space in front of the caves. We found a vast hall supported by fine pillars cut out of the solid rock, some of which had been destroyed by the Portuguese when they were in possession of the island. At the top was a large three-headed statue of the Triune Vishnu, and her subordinates, a massive cobra forming part of the group.

To the right were other figures representing some mystery, and an inner chamber or temple in which the principle of life was represented, and young ladies were persuaded to run round

three times and wish. To the left were other subdivisions of the Temple, and altogether it was a fine and most interesting specimen of barbaric art and religion.

Down the centre of the cave, after the sea expedition, we were pleased to see "covers" laid for sixty; and I ought to have mentioned that the whole was illuminated with coloured lamps, so as to give a "dim religious light" in the darkest corner.

At seven we sat down to an admirable dinner, and made libations in champagne and various wines to Vishnu, in her various capacities. There was no speech-making, which was a pleasant change from a Wiltshire dinner, but I was grateful enough to mentally propose health and long life to the kind-hearted Governor.

His band entertained us during dinner with not the best music, and we began to descend the steps on our return, through illuminations of Chinese lanterns, and cocoa nut. The chair process was repeated, and we found ourselves again on board the steamer, very much obliged to the politeness of His Excellency, and Mrs. Deane, a sister of Lord Falmouth, who does the honours of Government House.

I returned to Malabar Hill in the carriage of one of our hosts, who were of the party.

Next day (Sunday), I went to the cathedral, where full cathedral service was performed at five o'clock, followed by a sermon. I dare say this was very good, and I was on the point of being convinced several times, but a punkah which was going between me and the divine blew away the effect of the convincing sentence.

The next day I drove about Bombay, visiting the fine buildings of the New Post Office, the Secretariat, Elphinstone Circle, and witnessed a game of "Polo," in which a gentleman on a grey native pony much distinguished himself.

I had represented to my friends at dinner that I had come to Bombay mainly to eat a fish called "pomfret," and prawn curry. No sooner was the wish expressed than the raised cover disclosed both dishes. "Pomfret" is very good, but whether the curry is not so warm as we eat it in England, I know not, but I did not care so much for it. I was then told that my third wish, to eat a mango, was impossible of execution, from the fact that they are not ripe till the end of April, and I was to clear out of India in March.

But the next day I received some preserved ones from Mrs. Hall, the kind lady of an eminent merchant, which very much reconciled me to the failure of my hopes. The following day, accompanied by Mr. Gonne, I went to the "Crawfurd"

markets, which are a credit to the spirited projector, who seems to have done a great deal for Bombay, and not so much for his own advantage.

We then went on to the charming seat of the Governor, at Malabar Point. I cannot, with all submission, understand how His Excellency can prefer his residence at Parcil to this one at Malabar. It is situated on a high hill, and faces the sea, being surrounded with trees. This seems to me the beau ideal of a Bombay residence, and it is near Bombay, and the Government offices, and the other is five miles off, and stands in a small park.

My friend, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, I understand, liked this Malabar, and I should have thought Sir Philip Wodehouse would have done so likewise.

At night I went to a ball given by the garrison. They were very hospitable and kind, and I had the pleasure of meeting an old Gloucestershire friend of many years since.

Having thus, and at the "Band Stand" on another evening, seen something of the *elite* of Bombay, I next morning, in the carriage of my kind host, took a last view of the Esplanade, the Frere fountain, and took off my hat for not the first time, to the statue of Her Gracious Majesty, and landed at the station for Jubblepoor.

CHAPTER V.

RAILROAD—GHAUTS—JUBBLEPOOR—MARBLE ROCKS.

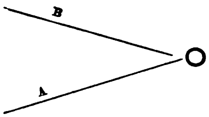
We took in a considerable contingent of fresh passengers at the Byculllah Station, and then steamed onwards till we came to the ascent of the Ghauts, or steep inclines, which lead up to the table land of India. This is a good engineering work. The road skirts the various creeks which run up from the sea, till it reaches the station at the foot.

You there change the engine, and have one with four pair of wheels. The third class carriages are left, and the poor passengers are transported to the break vans, which had the double effect of getting rid of the carriages, each giving an additional weight to the break van, and making them more effective.

How far it is more or less pleasant to the poor third class passengers, I was not informed.

We proceeded up the incline at a steady pace, but with no great sense of ascending, with the jungle

of teak and other trees on each side, with occasional views of the great high road, over which the bullock carts were toiling at a pace which made ours seem fast, till we came to what is called the Reversing Station. Here occurred what is represented by the name. The engine runs into a siding to the other end of the train, and having come up A you are turned on to B.



In addition to this, on the descending planes sidings are made up-hill, into which the trains can be shunted if they are falling with too great velocity. Up B the engineer has clearly gone to some expense in tunnelling, so as to ease the ascent up to the level. It is a clever work, and reflects credit on whoever was the engineer.

We found a famous dinner at the top, and then started on over the table land. I was in this part very fortunate in the companionship of Col. Fife, of the Irrigation Department, who pointed me out the objects most worthy of notice.

The route is very picturesque, with the vast hills, here crowned with an apparent castle, there with a mimic gigantic statue. These are formed of basalt,

from which the sand has washed away with time, and are very peculiar.

The table land varies in width, at one time twelve or fifteen miles wide, at another you look through a crack in the hills on each side, and you see hills each way fifty or sixty miles behind the front range.

They have a nice peculiarity in these stations in the beautiful Indian creepers, which afford at once the requisite shade, and look surprisingly beautiful. Bignonia and convolvulus form an agreeable variety.

Col. Fife left the train at six o'clock, being met by some officers who had preceded him. He was going to inspect some irrigation works on the Gadavery river, branches of which we had passed.

A young official of one of the railways and myself shut ourselves up for the night, and he at least slept admirably. We arrived at Jubblepoor at twelve. Here, on repairing to the good hotel, an afflicting incident to some of us arose.

I was in my bath when suddenly my young friend burst in with a fractured cash box in his hand and represented that his box had been torn open and a hundred rupees and a gold watch taken out.

I charged him to go at once up to the station and set the telegraph at work, and I must say he was met by the most prompt attention on the part of the officials, and the landlord was very active.

This disturbance soon ventilated amongst the other

passengers, and one by one as they unpacked they came in detailing their various losses. One lady had lost seventy pounds worth of jewels and her husband some minor things. Another a gold watch, and so on, till at least five sufferers declared themselves. I consoled everybody with soft words, till at last a lady said "Well, but your own trunk?"

Now, I always, when I buy a new trunk, throw away the key, so that I cannot lose it, and avoid the recurrence of getting to a country house with the key of my trunk at home, and having to send a man and horse two miles to a blacksmith just before dinner.

But the lady's enquiry not only reminded me that it was only strapped, practically open, but that some tigers' teeth, set in gold, which arrived just before I started, were on the very top.

I instantly went and anxiously opened my trunk, when lo! there they were, totally untouched, and I could not help thinking that it was a pleasing trait in thievish sentiment to reward me for trusting to their generosity.

Having been somewhat versed in action with the police, I was able to help the enquirers a little, and was very glad to hear from a gentleman who followed us to Agra, that they had caught the thieves and recovered portions of the jewellery.

But I think it should be a caution to the G.I.P.,

suspected one man, but I was told afterwa
was wrong.

From this point I was disappointed in th
had expected to see more mountains, and
been tolerably so, and treeful up to Jubb
But here it became a sort of Aldershot. I
military station, and wishing to make up
former night's travelling, I was disposed to
bed. But at six o'clock there broke out in
terrible "parade," which doubtless some day
lead to slaughter, but at these presents
effectually murdered sleep. I got up and in a
warm bath thought of the thieves and other thin

Well, from this point, Jubblepoor, the coun
changed into the most determined, flat, contin
plain I ever saw, and with no variety till we cros
the fine bridge over the Ganges at Allahabad, wh
we arrived at at ten o'clock. This is the juncti
point for the Calcutta and Bombay trains, and
here parted with Col. and Mrs. Fullerton, old fello
passengers in the Cathay, and the latter of whom
was happy to find was likely to recover her lo
jewels.

I had been told that there was nothing in Allah
bad that was likely to gratify a traveller who w
going a long way, so I passed through it reluctantl
as I wished to have seen the son of a friend
in Wiltshire, Mr. Raikes, who is fortunatel

there at the bar. I got to Cawnpore at five. This is the place to turn off to Lucknow. Now it will be obvious to anybody who does me the honour of reading this, that I had travelled two nights out of three, and had fair cause to be tired. I learnt also that, apart from historic interest, Lucknow was a place where stucco represented the principal buildings. Here I was at Cawnpore, which was sufficiently interesting; and it was a sixty mile journey in and out to Lucknow. So I resolved not to go, and for ever must be subject to the recriminations of the worthy traveller, who will truly say, "Oh, you ought to have gone to Lucknow, it is the thing best worth seeing in India!" Friend, I shall show you some things better worth seeing.

So I retreated to the sleeping room of the station, which I shared with some General, and two Bagmen, and then woke up much refreshed and had a bath.

I then went out in a "garry," and visited the Memorial Well. I approached it with bared head, in reverence to the poor things who were so cruelly massacred there in cold blood by that exceptional villain, Nana.

It is surmounted by a fair angel by Marochetti, not fair in colour, as it is discoloured marble; but I think the Destroying Angel should have been represented, breathing flames and fire of revenge.

I also took exception to the words, "perpetual memory" in the inscription.

Again I was disturbed at being admitted to the enclosure by an ill-clad native custodian. It seems to me that the proper custodian would be a sergeant in full regimentals, or Mr. Herman Merivale, C.B., or somebody of equal distinction. Where there is an event of this horrible character to record, the British Lion ought to be rampant. Surely the Indian Government could spare some one better than a native. There was another little enclosure with some small monuments erected by bereaved friends; and I must say the surrounding gardens are kept up by Government with care and pains.

I next drove to the Ghaut, where Nana persuaded some troops and families to go, on pretence of a safe conduct and escape by their boats, and having got them down to the river-side, opened a double cross-fire upon them.

People are not very certain whether this atrocious dog is taken, and executed. Let us hope he is, and that his death was not too easy.

I noticed as I drove about some sign-boards intimating a somewhat facetious intermingling of trades. One individual described himself a "Watchmaker and Coachbuilder." We have often heard of "wheels within wheels," but not to this

extent. On another board was painted "Aërated Water Maker and Bootwork."

I suppose the trades fitted, or he would not have followed them, but one scarcely sees how.

Some fine barracks and other buildings about Cawnpore seem to indicate that the Government have taken a hint, and are not going to be too late in their preparations next time. The Ganges is diverted into a considerable canal, which flows through the city, in addition to its own course at a lower level.

Having seen enough to make me angry at Cawnpore, I returned to the station and breakfasted, and then wrote home, and to my brother at Jacobabad. I was not Japhet in search of a father, but my brother seemed to be constantly eluding my grasp, and the *Delhi Gazette* of the day informed me that the Khan of Khelat was assassinated by a Sirdar. I hoped this was not so, both for the sake of the Khan, and that it would give my brother more occupation.

CHAPTER VI.

AGRA.—THE TAJ.

At three the train left for Agra, where, or rather Tundla Junction, I arrived about a quarter to eleven. This is a station from which the Agra branch starts, and I passed the time of waiting for the Agra train in conversing pleasantly with an old English non-commissioned officer, who had become a railway policeman. He described the natives as abominable thieves, which, if it is true, shows that their appearance does them no injustice.

At length we "steamed" for Agra, I having been warned by the friendly sergeant to look out on the left on entering the town for the Taj, which I should see by moonlight. I did see it, and having well studied it since, I can tell future travellers that if they approach Agra at this time of night, and in a bright moon, they see sufficient of the moonlight effect to save them the pains of another visit, by the same light.

It was twelve o'clock by the time I got to Agra tation, and I had been recommended to Beaunont's Hotel. I accordingly chartered a "garry" to that hostelry, driving by the side of the fort, and crossing the Jumna River by a bridge of boats.

When I arrived, though I by no means expected, a "porter was up for all trains." I thought I should have rather a better welcome than the "gorry wallah," or "horse fellow" ("wallah" applying to everybody from a Brahmin to a beastie), and his poor lamp.

I had breakfasted at ten, and had had no food since. It was therefore apparently sad that I was shown by this "groom" of the chambers into such a dog-hole as I never saw. The carpet was in such holes that it seemed a struggle which had the supremacy, the holes or the carpet, and I finally determined that it was an open-work carpet, giving the original material rather the pull.

Chairs were limited to one; but then I was only one myself, and could not have sat in two if there had been that number, but I think I was entitled to claim four legs for the one, and it had only three, being nicely and artfully poised against the wall.

Casting myself down into this in utter despair, I was rallied from my grief by a general fall and smash, and lay like Marcus amid the ruins of a cane-

bottomed chair, and an old looking-glass which I had brought down with me.

Cosmo de Souza, my servant, aided me to get up, and I quickly hid my head and my discomfort beneath two very dirty sheets.

I slept because I was too tired and chagrined to stay awake; but in the morning I found that others, who were resident, and had not shared my fatigue, had been actively sleepless. The morning light revealed a worse condition of things than the uncertain glimmer of the groom's lamp, and upon my summoning Mr. Beaumont, and pointing out that he had probably put me into the worst room in his house, and that the furniture was so disgraceful, he naively replied, "that I might have my choice of rooms in the hotel, for that I was the only visitor, and what sort of furniture did I expect in an hotel?"

I looked at the other rooms, all equally bad, equally despicable. I concluded that my co-residents were probably rejoicing in a full stomach, and that it was better to remain with them than to change to the companionship of more voracious appetites.

Then my breakfast. I, who am a good breakfast eater, and who think that that meal well satisfied, the garrison is provisioned for the day, had to face such palpable dirt and decay as defies description.

At last an unopened egg consoled me, but on

rashly demanding a second, I found I had unguardedly stifled the crowings of a future cockerel.

O men and angels, you must expect of course to suffer according to your deserts, but I trust you will never be so bad as to deserve being sent to Beaumont's Hotel, Agra, opposite the Delhi Press. I am particular in giving the direction, that it may be your fault if you go there, and not mine.

After breakfast an intelligent American, named Stirling, and young Mr. Turner, son of my friend, Charles Turner, M.P., of Liverpool, arrived. They were returning from a trip round the world, having began in America, where I was to end. Young Turner and myself had lots of defiances to exchange, and I left them to their unsavoury meal, and went to see the "Taj."

My expectation of this had been very much raised, not only by a friend in England, but by the more recent visit of Mr. Justice Melvill, who, on my leaving Bombay, had proved himself the "Murray of private life," by writing out clear and concise directions where to go and what to see. He had described the Taj "as the finest sight of things desired to be seen."

I drove on through cantonments till I came to a house standing in a small park, with something painted on the buttresses of the gate, which I expected to be "Sydenham Lodge," or "Highbury

Villa," or something of the kind, but it turned out to be, "Mrs. Bennett, Milliner and Dressmaker;" and very nice little dandified bonnets she seems to make, if I may judge by those which the cantonment ladies wore at church in the evening.

On towards the Taj, which was about two miles. You approach it down a hill, and as I descended this I could not help marvelling at my friend's misplaced, as I thought, enthusiasm in favour of the "Taj." We turned into a large square with some new red sandstone arches, formerly stables, but now turned into a silk manufactory. We then drove up to the arch which admits to the gardens.

Here were sellers of various specimens of Agra work and photographs. I stupidly made a hasty purchase of a bad one, and some others better.

Still I went on, my feeling of disappointment not abated, admiring the gardens, it is true, and the various rich blooms of roses, poinsettias, bignonias, and bougainvillæas, but still disappointed at the Taj.

And it was not till I had arrived at the bottom of the marble steps leading up to the platform that I at all became aware of what claimed my admiring attention.

Here are some steps of solid blocks of marble, that on which you light at top, immense. To the right a very fine mosque in red sandstone, to the left its precise ditto, and which is called the "response."

A large platform paved with fine marble; at each corner a lofty minaret of exquisite proportion, in front a terrace high above the Jumna, which flows tranquilly beneath; in the middle, with these surroundings, stands the "Taj" itself.

To describe those surroundings has not been difficult, for there they are, symmetrical, and combining to set off this marvellous work. But how to describe it! ah, you must go in, see it, and hear the tradition, and then reverently pause, and then begin to look about.

First sing a low murmuring note, which you will have repeated by echoes, which seem to have been built in, to receive this homage. Then look round slowly and not in too great haste, or you will miss this or that exquisite and varied design of decoration, each of which would repay an hour's observation.

Oh, Mr. Crace, oh, Mr. Owen Jones, oh, Mr. Trollope, decorators, and designers of modern houses, and toilette clubs, send your assistants here or come yourselves and take down these things in your note-books, and let the British public see how you have been imposing upon them with those false beauties stolen from Pompeii. But then look at, and note that lotus tree, that wonderful sexagonal design of that marble window; marble, mind, solid fine marble. Let them copy those scrolls, those flowers, well executed in precious stones, which are inside and outside

everywhere. Let them come and do this, good men, mind, not coarse hands, but men equal in taste and intelligence to the task; let them come and do this, and I need not more burn my poor taper in description, or do more than say that my friend is right, and that of all known and celebrated sights in the world, the "Taj" is beyond comparison the finest.

If you can find out a Mr. Batten, Commissioner of customs, and get him to call in his carriage, as he did for me, and most kindly drove me to the Taj by moonlight, you will pass a merry and entranced two hours, and thank him heartily for the great enjoyment and his own good company.

The next day, with Turner and Stirling, at six o'clock, after "chocta hayerie," or little breakfast, and a hamper of old one-eyed Beaumont's food, for he has but one, we started for Futteypur-Secri. There is no man so bad, but he has some speciality of good about him, and the horses of Beaumont are excellent.

By Turner's watch, we galloped the first twelve miles in an hour and five minutes, which was very good.

Whether the poor little ponies rushed desperately away from Beaumont life, and sought repose in the desert, I know not, for they returned in the evening somewhat more reluctantly, as if they cared as little about the dinner they would get as we did for ours.

This Futteypur-Secri is misdescribed as a ruin. There are, it is true, the ruins of Futteypur and the ruins of Secri, the wall enclosing which was six miles in circumference, but there are portions of the vast buildings—a grand gateway, and a large square surrounded by a mosque, which is a representation of the one at Mecca—which are all very complete.

This is probably owing to large protecting slabs of stone, which have the effect of lessening the spoil by weather. The buildings are of red sandstone, varied by a beautiful marble mosque, in which there are fresh designs of marvellous beauty. There were three parties besides ourselves out there, and they were all accommodated in separate houses; and if theirs was in as good repair as ours, and one we saw belonging to Ackbar's prime minister, they were all in a condition to admit a change of government.

We passed the time very pleasantly there; but coming home, whether it was the heat, or the accompanying "Bass," but I began to feel what was so unusual to me—that I began to fear an attack of cholera. I began to think seriously about it, and it will be pleasing to you, my friends, that I contemplated some post mortem gifts to each and every of you—to one my watch, to another my set of ivory hair brushes.

However, being willing still to come up to time, and to brush my hair, I, directly I got home, took some chlorodyne, which happily composed internal troubles.

Again another sad night of the monopolical Beaumont. My friends were gone to Secundra, which is another Agra sight, but my mind revolted from further want of repose with Beaumont, and I accordingly left that and the Pearl mosque and the inside of the fort to them, and was glad to find that I had lost little when they joined me at Delhi.

I started the next morning for Delhi, in company with a pleasant gentleman and his wife, who had been sojourning at Harrison's Hotel, which, by all accounts, is the best at Agra.

The journey this day was pleasant enough; beyond that eternal and continuous plain. It was only from ten till six passing Ghazearabad Junction, which bore the same relation to Delhi that Tundla Junction did to Agra; only this was better, as we did not wait so long at the junction, and it was only twenty minutes to Delhi. There was an officer in our carriage who had been engaged in the mutiny wars, and who good-naturedly pointed out to us the scene of the various battles that took place round Delhi and "the Ridge," which was our position. This must have been an awkward nut for us to crack, as it is said that there were

sixty thousand fighting men inside the fort and city, and we had only seven thousand. Thanks to Providence and our brave troops, they got a thrashing; and from what I saw of the new fort and military defences, they are not going to have another such chance in a hurry.

They say this Punjaub is very disaffected, and they have secret Schneiders hid somewhere. But we know where ours are, and they will be forthcoming.

We dined, and the next morning started with the lady and gentleman with whom I had fraternized, and went with two pair of horses to the Khotub. As we went along we travelled through the ruins of old Delhi, which they say began sixty miles off, just as if King Lud had begun London at Hounslow and subsequent monarchs had built on to Enfield. We visited a mosque at four miles from Delhi, but to tell you the truth I was beginning to tire of mosques, especially as they are called musjids, which is a name conjoined with Sir Joseph Hawley's horse, which gave me the only painful recollection out of thirty-eight Derby Days.

We reached the Khotub, which we found pleasantly surrounded by trees, and we were passed by the Commissioner of the district, who was going to hold an inquest on a deceased lady. Well, now, what am I to say about the Khotub? My friend

says that it is a sight only second to the Taj; let us see.

It is two hundred feet high. It is composed of red and yellow sandstone, it is divided into eight sections, with a staircase running through all to the top, from which the Government have removed a Saracenic capping, which is now placed on the ground by the side.

They did this because a gentleman threw himself off. I think it would have looked better with the top on, and I know some people who, if they desired to throw themselves off, I should not like to deny the opportunity. For instance, Mr. Arch and other popular lecturers. The first section is of round and triangular columns alternately. The second of all round, and the third all triangular, and so varying all the way up to the top, and circular galleries round the termination of each section. Well, I think this fairly describes the thing itself.

But I must do justice to its adjuncts. There is a mosque of one "Ala a lan din," which seems to me to mean very much the same as our friend Aladdin, who was the "Gardner" of his day, and a "wonderful lamp" man. This is beautiful, if you had seen no others more so. And there is an Hindu Temple, in which, as I have noticed before, their Mussulman conquerors have removed all traces of images of living things.

And there is an iron pole, about which there is a serious tradition touching a king, who wished to reign for ever, and was advised to run this pole down into a serpent, who was then reported to support the world.

He wanted to have a look at the serpent again, and dug down to the bottom of the post, and found it covered with blood. The Hindu ecclesiastics seem to have declared his kingdom at an end, and it accordingly ended.

And there are fourteen men who jump eighty feet, not headers, but toes downwards into a well forty feet deep. Well, this is, I think, a full, true, and particular account of the Khotub. It is a very very fine column, well designed, and well constructed, and worth all the trouble of going to see; but I respectfully, and with great submission, move for a new trial on the decision of Mr. Justice Melvill, that it is the second sight in the world. I quite approve the "Taj" as the first, but I cannot give the second place to the Khotub.

We saw where Captain Hudson had the good luck to light on the two unworthy Princes of Delhi, and I thank him very much for his prompt despatch of those two ill-advised young gentlemen who guided their poor old father so badly.

Here there was another grand Mosque; and to

show how trades were honoured in those days, there are two fine ones in honour of the jeweller and barber of the then reigning monarch.

We got home by one to the Hamilton Hotel, which I have omitted to name as the best here, and after a good breakfast were waited upon by jewellers, and "Howell and Jameses," *ad infinitum.*

I impoverished my heirs by buying some of each, and particularly an ebony box with medallion views of the principal things I had seen.

If for no other reason, I desire to get home to show this to my friends.

I made a bargain through an interpreter with a magician to come at ten o'clock to perform the next morning. We then dined, and slept the sleep of those who have done a hard day's work, and no particular wrong. The next day came the conjuror. He was attended by two girls and two men, and having placed three monkeys' skulls on the ground, and sprinkled them with carmine, saffron, and salt, proceeded to do various tricks which are entirely beyond my comprehension, ending with making a mango tree grow into a full plant out of a dead stone.

It was worth the fifteen rupees which we raised among the party, Lord Stafford and his having given the more aristocratic sum of twenty. He had also, as had all other spectators, given a certificate

of satisfaction, and when he applied to me I wrote—

> "If this man is not the devil
> He's not far off that Prince of Evil,"

which was duly signed by myself and the rest of the party, and received with many salaams by the practitioner.

I then drove to the fort and "Chadnee Chowk," or "street of light," where the principal shop-keepers reside in small apparently poor hovels, but they contain glorious wares.

In the fort stands the "Dewan Khas" and its various sleeping chambers, baths, &c. In looking round for the second wonder, I don't mean to say this is exactly it, but it is nearer than the Khotub.

The Jumna Musjid is also very fine, and we were favoured there with the sight of a hair from Mahomet's beard.

Those rascally mutineers have stolen a great many of the precious stones out of the Dewan Khas, and I hope if there are any right-thinking people among the Mahometans they will be very much ashamed of them. This is distinctly "picking and stealing," because the stones have to be picked out with some sharp instrument.

A very pleasant morning can thus be spent, in addition to seeing the tigers and other beasts in the Queen's Gardens. I left at four, repassing the fine

bridge, and parted with the English of the house with some sadness, for I was now going to plunge alone into the more northern and desolate part of India, in search of the Indus and my brother.

On, on, over the dry arid plain, till at six we were landed at the bank of the Sutlej. Here a very fine bridge had been built by Brassey and Wythes, the contractors; but a little economy or parsimony on the part of the Government caused insufficient foundations to be laid, and the next rains, when the Sutlej rose in its might, washed away a buttress, and the iron girders went to the fishes. There is now a break in the bridge of about thirty feet, and the passage of the river takes place in about two hours, by means of omnibuses and a bridge of boats.

Just in the middle our horses jibbed tremendously, and went very near to the edge of the bridge. Happily another carriage came along with a spare horse behind, and we reached Phillour station without being damped in an Indian river.

We stayed here half an hour, to allow the third-class passengers to walk up to us, and then, leaving Phillour in the bright seven o'clock morning sun, sick to death of the interminable plain I had been travelling over for so many hundred miles, when suddenly there shone out, to my delight, a lofty snow range.

They were the first hills of the Himalaya, and about the height of the table land above Snowdon. They looked higher, as they had no instep, as it were, but that miserable plain seemed to run right up to their foot. They looked about fourteen miles off. They lead up to the "Bhember Pass," into Kashmere, over the "Pir Punjaub" range. I strained my eyes to keep sight of them as long as I could, and turned away from the flats of "Meane Meane" and its troops with disdain. I was glad to have seen these, as I had been tempted to accompany others to Mussourie, and on to see the snow range; but having often seen them in Europe, I was content to get this glimpse.

At Lahore we stopped two hours, and I took a buggy, and drove round the principal places; but beyond its being the farthest northern part I was going to, it had no interest for me; so I retraced my steps to "Meane Meane" till we reached the junction fork, and I travelled through the second night to Moultan.

Here we were to arrive at four o'clock, and as that would have been too early to knock up the dâk bungalow, I obtained permission from the assistant traffic manager, who I fell in with at Montgomery, the eating station, to continue to sleep in the first-class carriage.

Accordingly, with no knowledge on my part, on

getting to Moultan, I was shunted about a mile down the line and then left fast asleep.

When I woke up about seven, I seemed desolate enough. There was the station a mile off, my man had left me, and there I was out in the fields alone. However, I cheered up and walked up to the station, and despatched some coolies for my things, and after about an hour got a buggy and reached the dâk bungalow at eight.

This is out of the town, and in the military cantonments. Let me describe the place.

Some new barracks are on the right at some distance. It is on a flat plain, with a few palm trees at intervals. On the left is an encampment of camels; next to it a barrack-master has his tents, and native folks, and behind the camels there are twenty saddled buffaloes or cows, the riders having left their saddles to refresh.

Inside my room were two chairs, a bedstead, bath-room, and open door; I and my man. This seemed desolate enough.

Where are you, oh William, my brother? Moultan station is eighteen miles from the Indus, and it is uncertain when a steamer may start. I send each day to the post in vain. They all know him —everybody does—but they don't know where he is. I go to church on Sunday. He is not there. But, lo! here comes a message from Captain Gillett

to say that the steamer had arrived, and would leave on Wednesday, and that he had replied to a telegram from my brother, asking if he knew anything of me.

He had told him that I should be at Sukkra, half-way down, on the 27th. This bright news came on Sunday evening, and there was till Wednesday to wait. I went to bed, however, very happy on Sunday night, and was awoke about five o'clock by the appearance of the sun, and a cloud of servants, and at the back of them what appeared to be a European.

I thought it was a servant of somebody in the bungalow who wanted something. So I asked him what? To my surprise an answer came, couched in unmistakable Lancashire, saying, "I am sorry to intrude, but they told me to come in here, and have a sleep. I'm a working man, but I'm honest." Here was a pretty business. I was to have this gentleman "chummed" upon me "for richer, for poorer." However, I muttered, "If you're honest, I've read you're the noblest work of God, so walk in;" and I went again to sleep as well as I could, determined to see more into it when I woke.

This I did after a time, and found my friend with his hands plunged into a shock head of hair sitting over the fire. He was just at the head of

my bed, so that I could well see him. A long-unwashed face and snub nose had been illustrated by two or three mosquito bites, hands and so on to match. Well, I spoke to him, and he said he was "just nicely," and hoped I was. I said, "Oh, yes; but who are you, and where are you going?" He replied, without the slightest attempt at representing himself better than he was, that he came from the North, was a brick and tile maker, and had come three days and three nights straight on end from Calcutta, to take a berth on the Sutlej of teaching the natives brick-making.

He showed me his paper, which being signed by some official at Calcutta, I take it the bungalow people had considered him to be a Government officer, and I suppose the rest of the rooms being full, had doubled him up with me.

There was no help for it, and I made up my mind to make the best of it, so there I was till Wednesday, to eat, drink, and pass the time with a good fellow, who talked Lancashire, a language which was as unknown to me as Hindu, and I will venture to say was limited to one idea, "brick-making." I forget how many bricks his father and himself had made in one day. And he was as proud of that as Alexander of crossing the Indus.

The only chance I had was, noticing that he had on the chimney-piece a book on brick-making. So

I advised him to buy some bedding, and sent him out with my servant, to interpret. In his absence I got up the book on brickmaking, and when we next talked felt myself something nearer his equal, and I was pleased when he said, patting me on the back, "Ye know something of the trade, man." He described the accident by which his landlord lost his arm, which I knew to be the case; and if that noble lord should happen to cast his eye on this, he will learn that young Johnstone was my mate for two days. Ah, he was a capital simple young fellow, and I have passed my time with, on the whole, worse people, but they have had more ideas.

He could not make out what I was travelling in, but we had not a misword, and shook hands heartily with each other on Wednesday morning—he to go by what he called the "mail coach" to his brick field, and I to the rail to reach the bank of the Chenab, which is one of the five rivers, the Ravee, Jhelum, Chenab, Sutlej, and B eas, which form the Punjaub. I found my friend Gillett at the station, and we proceeded together to the river bank, where I was introduced to Captain Flaxington, of the ship "Lawrence;" after a time we steamed off. Don't let anybody, thinking of this route, confuse in his mind either the penny steamer of Father Thames, or the Holyhead boat, or any other boat, with this Indus steamer.

Imprimis, I was the only passenger. Secundo,

we had lashed on to us two large flats, each carrying a mixed cargo of coarse sugar and cotton. Then we had to drag along through the river over the sand-banks just as we could.

O miserable man! what have I done to deserve this journey? A fresh pilot every twenty miles informed us that the channel, which was open yesterday, had only two feet of water to-day, we drawing three and a half. There we were one side of the river at one moment, the next the other; floating along fairly—now aground. Wednesday we tied ourselves to the world, that is to say to the bank, at six, and I had a pleasant *tête-a-tête* dinner with the captain.

He had been out in the American war, and had famous stories of blockade.

Slept—up next day to find pilot was out sounding for water. Off again, similar day, dreadfully flat banks. "Jow" wood jungle and wheat mixed, alligators in quantities, and herons and pelicans, and so on. More sleep, till twelve next day, when we brought up alongside of the "De Grey," Captain Laughlin, which was to take our two flats, and the other flat, myself, down to Sukkra. They had one lady passenger, and we both exchanged, my former captain having the best of it.

This was Friday. I slept that night on board my old ship, as they all agreed that neither wanted

to get off for some time. But I was not prepared for the delay of shifting the cargo which took place. We did not leave that blessed spot for three days, having in addition to load the cargo of two more flats which had preceded us.

The only comfort I had in my maledictions against the paternal Government of India was to know that H. E. the Viceroy had been similarly detained, equally without hope, and nearly losing his dinner, Durbar, and lighted lamps at "Char Cher," in a recent trip from Moultan. This was some little malicious solace.

For surely they are to blame. Here is a Heaven-made "permanent way," which at the junction with the Sutlej, the junction with the Indus, and at no junction whatever, silts up, and will only admit vessels drawing two or two and a half feet water.

Instead of being content with such, they have three large steamers and large flats, drawing four and four and a half feet, and consequently they are at five times the expense of time and money which the light steamers would cost, and, mark you, are making a railroad down the left bank from Moultan to Kotree in addition.

Oh, sailors, spelt with a "T," who form the Government of India, do look to this. It took us three days getting through Buckree and five miles beyond. A two feet draught of water vessel would have been at Kotree in the time. Passenger traffic,

I imagine, by the keep on board and the number, they don't trouble their heads about. Then, touching their officers. Here they have an article obviously, if I can judge by two, too good for the work. They want a man who knows the river, and I don't think he wants to know much more. Instead of that, they have men who know the sea well, all of which knowledge is thrown away. But don't suppose he is on board as an ornamental man, with lots of help, and walks the deck with his hands in his pockets. Quite the reverse, for with the exception of his native pilot, and native "Tindal," or head man, the captain of these vessels is absolutely alone in his glory, and if he broke his leg, or had the "Dengy" fever, beyond the engineer, we should have to take a crew of the alligators.

The whole thing is wrong from beginning to end, as is shown by the numbers of native boats still plying on the river. I could write a volume on this head, but I shall be content if I call the attention of somebody to it. Have out those fellows who did the "Ribble" at Preston, and let them try their hands with the river. It is a big job I admit, but don't throw up "nature's thoroughfare."

On we go, if stopping continually can be so called. Day succeeding day in wearisome monotony. But I have hit upon a fine thing. I have read twenty-seven odd numbers of the "Temple Bar," no, it is

the "Cornhill," and "Contraband," a wicked but nice novel, by Whyte Melville; at least he writes that language not familiar to the lady authoresses of the day, called the Queen's English; and I sighed for yet more occupation.

In the wood pile I noticed a stick, which I thought might by much "whittling," to speak Americanally, be made to walk with. For three, for this fourth day I have whittled. The stick is done, and I have nothing more to do but to despair.

Aground again, and worse than ever, and poor Hindus cannot land to prepare supper, and therefore eat dry peas. Consequently I have a map out, and some books about Alexander, and trace him at Attack and at Mittancote, and various places down the river. He must have been a restless commander, to have travelled so far from Greece, and I wonder he did not do something to the Indus, a wonderful, and, I fear, an indomitable river.

It is difficult to describe it for English appreciation. Thousands of acres of silt and sand are formed in a year, in inundation time. Perhaps at last these acres go on and increase for a year or two, and you can trace the amount deposited, and how many years it is being deposited, by the stratified appearance.

Then all of a sudden, as if what it had deposited

was getting too green and too covered with corn, "jow" trees, and seemed to be throwing off its allegiance to the river, or the river gets tired of its present bed—for some of these reasons it cuts out a new channel, washes away the deposited land, and it is laid under water again, and in a totally different direction, "surgit humus accrescentibus undis."

At first, yielding to the irritation arising from lying on a bank in the hot sun, when you desire to be miles down the river, you much objurgate Governors, Commissioners, Heads of Boards of Public Works, and other officers for not doing something to keep the river in order.

But on the whole I can come to the conclusion that the Government have done the only feasible thing, in making the railroad from Moultan to Kotree; and then all that is wanted is a rail from Kurrachee to Bombay. Conceive a river a thousand miles from its mouth presenting in the flood times twenty-six miles breadth of water. That is in the Chenab. Then when the Beas joins the Sutlej, a bar is formed. Again where the Indus joins the Chenab, another bar.

Of course all these junctions bring a tremendous quantity of sand held in solution, and shifting banks in a day are the necessary consequence.

We met the "Maddoch" half way, and took the

pilot who had brought her up. He pursued the channel, which was well open the day before, and we were presently aground, more than we had been all the way. One knows the "wattle work" which has been done in the various rivers of England to give a direction to erratic streams, but here the rise in floods is fourteen feet, and a strength of flow which if you had dared the foolish thing of putting up wood—stone if there was any—would very soon prove which was the strongest.

The only thing I think they could do would be to alter the size and draught of their vessels. I think two hundred and fifty tons burden would enable them at all times to get down with a fair cargo of cotton and the raw sugar; but when you suggest this, and it is admitted that the present steamers are too large, and draw too much water going down, you are staggered with the question, of how they were to get up in the inundation time, when the river was in full rush, with their necessarily weaker engines.

Well, I suppose I must in candour retract my abuse of the paternal Government, and simply state that we have come into a fine river property, which is too much for us.

We again got aground about five miles from "Sukkur," and remained there five hours. This was

doubly mortifying to me, as I was pretty certa my brother and his wife were there.

At last we got off, and after fourteen days fro Moultan we steamed victoriously through the Pass Sukkur, and were tied to the land in a few minut

Above all things I was delighted to see t Commissioner appear with his carriage, and M Moore, one of his officers; and in no time I w on shore, and gladly shook hands, after a lo interval, with my gallant brother. He told r that he was encamped on the heights, and aft discharging my liabilities on board, and orderi my things up, I joyfully jumped into his carria and ascended to his camp. There I found ninete tents pitched, containing his staff, officers, a various servants, and his horses picketed behind.

Lady Merewether gave me a kind and hospitab greeting, and I went with my brother to inspe my tent. This was an agreeable novelty to m consisting of a large bed-room and writing tab bath room, and other conveniences, with op spaces admitting the circulation of air—all of t most comfortable description; and notwitstandi the arid sandy table land on which the encam ment was pitched, I passed two as pleasant da in my tent as I ever enjoyed. Francis, his serva well known to the hungry Abyssinian army as first-rate head of the Commissariat, provided

each day with a famous dinner. I remember one of the Abyssinian heroes saying to me, "If there was a turkey to be had Francis had it." He was no less invaluable here with cauliflowers, dates, the famous fish of the Indus, the pollah, and everything which made life pleasant, and contrasted with the food on board the "De Grey." We "pegged away" most gallantly, which Indians well know means "soda'ed and brandied;" and at night had each evening a grand struggle at bezique, in which the Commissioner and myself scored about two hundred and ten, while Lady Merewether ran quickly out at a thousand. How this was brought about I don't know, except that she is a kind lady, and Colonel Dunstable, Colonel Haigh, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Fulton dealt the cards, and I think must have shown their respect in providing good ones for her.

A poor gorry-wallah,* with a hopeless catarrh, who slept just outside my tent, alone disturbed my enjoyment of life by perpetual coughing, at least as long as I was awake, which was not very long.

Now I suppose I must describe this very striking place, to do which, as I cannot draw, and am no great hand at word-painting, I find a great difficulty. You approach with old "Sukkur" on the right, and then there are two entrances, one at

* "Wallah" seems to mean "fellow."

this time dry, and you pass "Roree," a town on the left, and the fort of "Buckra" on the left, with a sacred Hindu island. The Roree side is gracefully covered with palms and date trees, and the running river is here only about two hundred yards wide. When the inundation time comes, the river washes through both channels, and we could see the mark on the walls of the fort of the height to which the river rose, and I should say it was more than fourteen feet, as had been represented to me. "Buckra" was an old fort of the Scinde Ameers before England annexed it, and the reigning Ameer in old times came in there in war times from the then capital of Scinde—I forget its name—which is about ten miles down a successful canal, for irrigation purposes. I say successful in contrast to the Sukkur canal, which has been built with tremendous lock gates at the cost of three lacs of rupees, inside which gates I noticed a fine dry hard bottom of mud, which will have to be removed before the water comes, and the gates must be made to open, which they will not at present.

This is a failure, but it cannot be helped, I suppose. If it could somebody ought to be blamed. To prevent the river "cutting in" here, and forming a fresh channel, a grand "pucca" bund, or complete bank, has been formed, and the front stoned, which terminates in a sort of terrace with a broad carriage

road along the river side, which offers repose to several vessels of the late Indus flotilla, which the Government has abandoned, and will sell you the vessels, if you want them.

It did not answer, and they have lots to do with their money. I laud them, therefore, for this, but I cannot extend the same praise to some dreadful telegraph towers, which they have built in a what I should call wanton spirit of ugliness, and which deface the naturally picturesque appearance of this remarkable place. When you consider that the water of the five great rivers of the Punjaub, united here, rush through the narrow channel with the fort and picturesque island on the one side, and the town of Roree and the date-lined bank on the other, though I have given a poor description of it, you may imagine it is a striking place, coming as it does after five hundred miles of corn and "jow" trees.

They mean to cross the Indus here by a railway bridge, using the first island as a buttress. The change from this pretty valley to this sandy plain, or perhaps the reverse, is also very peculiar.

Captain Laughlin, of the "De Grey," had intimated that we should be four days unloading our sugar here. As I was certain it could be well done in half the time, I ventured to mention this on my arrival to the Commissioner. We were both in a hurry to get to Kurrachee, and I had again an

opportunity of observing the practical advantage of a well-directed strong authority.

We went down to see the captain, and Mr. Commissioner began by saying, "Will Thursday evening be in time for the tents to be on board, so that we can start the first thing Friday morning?" "Oh dear me, I don't think that is possible," and began to enumerate how many tons he had to unload. Whereon Mr. Commissioner said, "Try;" and the end is, the greater part of the tents are struck, the ship is unloaded, the horses are on board, we dine in the Scinde Horse Bungalow, this evening we sleep on board, and we start the first thing to-morrow, Friday morning! I think with a less rigorous Commissioner Captain Laughlin would have fulfilled his original prophecy of its taking four days to unload. I think he must like Sukkur. I have enjoyed this place very much, and have seen two or three things of interest.

In the first place, two fierce-looking chaps appeared, bearing two Paras, or hog deer, as a present from Ali Mourad to the Commissioner. They were nice little things, and I longed to get their heads and horns to take home, but Francis, my brother's head of the commissariat, had previously annexed them.

Next day there came on horseback a Mr. Bux, that is to say, "something" Bux, who was grand-

son to Bustimmi Khan, one of the Ameers of Scinde, and Ali Mourad's brother. This Ali Mourad seems to me to have been a very traitorous scamp to his brother Ameers, and to have deserted them, and sided with us. By all I hear of him, he does not seem incapable of deserting his English friends for a Caucasian ally if he comes.* The old gentleman, Mr. Bux, was attended by three fellows on foot, and a man with a large sword, and was mounted on a scurvy little horse. I ascertained that the conversation was of this sort.

Bux. "Are you quite comfortable?"

C. "Most comfortable."

Bux. "And your friends?"

C. "The same."

Bux. "And you quite assure me you and they are all well?"

C. "I do assure you, well. Can that boy of yours read and write yet?"

Bux. "No, he prefers martial feats."

* Since I have been home I have received a most polite note in Persian, from this gentleman, in which, as translated, he expresses every hope that I am well, and expresses infinite regret that he could not meet with a gentleman of my "high rank," as I was gone before he heard of me! This soft sawder is accounted for by my getting my brother to accept his "hog-deer," being urged by hunger, my brother being unwilling to do so at first, owing to some misbehaviour of Ali Mourad, which I take it Francis translated to his messengers.

C. "I should advise you to stop his sweet things* till he can read and write." At which the youth grinned ghastly.

The last night we dined in the Scinde officers' bungalow, all the tents having been sent down to the ship. A beautiful moonlight night, and it was very pleasant sitting on the verandah of the bungalow.

We went on board and woke up the next day to a bright morning. Much difference was found in the fare at breakfast and dinner, from Francis conducting the arrangements which led to both. We arrived at a road station about six, and again went to bed, and started again.

We dropped two young men who had come from Moultan to Ceta, as superintendents of the Moultan and Kotree railway. We passed the forest of Bkolu, which looked very well after the low jow trees.

And here I may pause to laud the salmon of the Indus, as it is called, the pollah. We are got into the pollah water, and I will say a few words of itself as a fish, and the peculiar way of catching it. I think the "salmon" is a misnomer, and mackerel would be the better name. It is a fine fish, rather bony, but to me it tastes just like the thin part

* These are their great delights.

of a mackerel, and would bear fennel sauce very well.

The natives fish for it in a strange way. They have a large globular pot of clay, which they call a "chattee" pot, and a long net at the end of a pole. You see the native coming overland with his "chattee" on his head [illegible] net in his hand. On arriving at the bank [illegible] lets his pot afloat, and then pushing his net a[illegible] himself down on his chest upon the "ch[illegible]nd propelling and steering himself by his le[illegible] arm, floats down stream with the net [illegible] him. The fish are supposed to be coming up from the sea, and the slightest blow on the net face is felt by the swimmer. On feeling this he pulls a string, pulls up the net, takes out the fish, puts him into his "chattee," lets down the net again, and so on. They have a singular appearance in the water—a black carcase poised on the top of the float. Other fishers of grander views sit with their net at the bow of the boat, and the lady of the family gently impels the boat down stream. Neither of their pains is thrown away, for I may conscientiously recommend anybody to come to the Indus in the pollah season. It is a famous fish, and nearly repays the voyage.

We passed a great many of these fellows, and some tame pelican fisheries, and they helped to relieve the monotony of the transit.

We are approaching Sewann, and the hills which run down with the Indus to Kotree. Sewann is a remarkable instance of the changing course of the Indus. When my brother first came to Scinde he moored his boat directly under the town, the river going by its wall. Its course is now from seven to eight miles from the town, and you see it over the land, with Alexander's mound, which seems to be pretty well believed in.

We did not stop here, but pressed on till dark. It was good to come close to the hills, which were very rough and rude, with clefts in them, through which a heated air is constantly exhaling, showing, it is said, a direct and short communication with a gentleman who shall be nameless. It is getting warmer as we get into Scinde, and I can understand all the general feeling of that individual's proximity. The range of hills here is called the "Sukki," which are an offshoot of the "Karthur," which runs up to the "Beloochistan range," and has some high peaks. The "Kalta ta Tomba" is said to be eleven thousand feet, and certainly looks as high as that. The Bolam Pass separates that range from the Suleiman range, which has the Throne of "Suleiman" on it, opposite Moultan, twelve thousand feet high. Forests here are getting higher and more manifest, and the hills are nice companions.

I have noticed, however, that travelling through a plain country, though more monotonous, seems faster. A few trees or a building present a fresh aspect, whereas you see the same peak for an hour together at a great distance both sides.

It is more pleasant to travel in the suite of a Commissioner than to be a lone passenger at the mercy of a captain who likes a moderate distance of progress per diem.

Yesterday the Commissioner expressed a wish to be at Kotree to-night, and we are going to be so. I keep looking up the stream and imagining where I should be, if I had stopped the sole guest of my dilatory friend.

I had formed an idea that, especially in the Punjaub and Scinde, we were not sufficiently ruling this country as conquerors, and fancied that I should get this view confirmed by my brother, who at Aden and Jacobabad had shown himself pretty handy with the sword. But I was surprised to find that he was quite of the view that you should be severe with wrongdoers or the disobedient, but that the way to rule India is to develope the native instinct, and to secure confidence by giving it. I have no doubt he is right, as I have had little or no opportunity of forming an accurate opinion.

He has shown me Sir Henry Green's pamphlet

on the Central Asian question, and the views he reproduces as having been originally General Jacob's, viz., the building an advanced fort at Quelta beyond Jacobabad, seem so simple that whatever more is done, there hardly seems a question as to that. The Central Asian question has been as much a disturbing element in the Indian, as in the English mind. I have heard all sorts of views.

One that whoever first goes into Affghanistan, be he English or Russian, will be looked upon by that country as invaders. If we go there, so as to form a frontier, we shall be disliked and always attacked, and the Russians equally. And these folks are for letting the Russians come into Affghan. But the immediate answer to this is that it gives them so much nearer a base for sending insidious people into India, and stirring up the natives. There are enough Russian known agents in India, as it is.

We steamed into Kobree, a pretty little port on the Indus, agreeably to the Commissioner's expectation, and indeed, commands.

Up early in the morning at Kobree, across the river in the steam ferry, and then by carriage to Hydrabad. I adopt this mode of spelling as it is the first of many used that turns up, just to point out the absurdity of endeavouring to suit native names to our pronunciation, as, for instance,

adopting one of the proposed rules, Bombay would become "Bombadavey." They had better stick to an old familiar pronunciation, and if it does not please some nationality, they must make the best of it.

The road up to Hydrabad is very pretty, passing through an avenue of trees, by the lunatic asylum, and you there enter the lines of cantonment. After seeing these you find yourself at the tombs of the "Ameers."

Of course, having seen the Taj, which is the King or Queen of all those tombs, there was not much to interest one, apart from the marble carving of the screens of the tombs, and there in a beautiful kind of tile which lines the outside walls, and of which the natives decline to describe the process of making. The Commissioner has sent some to Vienna for the Exhibition, which will afford work for some discovering chemist.

I was very glad at these tombs to fall in with the procession of the "Mohurrun" or Mahometan Festival in honour of Hussein and Hassan, the two sons of Ali, one of whom the historian of that religion describes as being killed at Kubela. It lasts ten days, and my nights had been sorely troubled with the constant beatings of tom-toms, and howlings of the devotees.

I had meant to go to it in Kotree that evening, but here it was fairly to hand.

The extent of each performance depends on the wealth of individual parishioners, and this one had been supplemented by one of the deposed Ameers, with two thousand rupees, and the loan of a handsome sword, worth two thousand more. With the first money they had built a garish tomb, which was perched on men's shoulders, and the sword, I am sorry to say, they had "looted" in the night, and it was replaced by one of less value. A white horse preceded the mock tomb, and they then started in procession. There were about four hundred people, and each had a flag in his hand. Many of them were surmounted by an open hand, which is the royal standard of Persia. Then arose a grievous rain of tom-toms, and they departed to fulfil the festival of, what is irreverently called by Englishmen, by corrupting the names of Hussein and Hassan, "Hobson Jobson." They had been late with hot water that morning, and my Portuguese man had replied to my remonstrances, "They all Hobson." This was the last day, in which the custom is to consign the tombs to the river. But where they are sufficiently fine, as this one was, they are put into a coachhouse and kept for next year, just as a ritualistic goose puts by his furry decorations for another year. It cannot but be a comfort to the latter gentlemen to find, that they are treading close on the heels of "Hob-

son Jobson." We saw them start off, and fell in with them at intervals in various parts of the town, when they were performing to an admiring population.

I am sorry to say the performers and the population were mostly tipsy.

We then drove on by the Tanks, which, after the rain, are full, but now, I am sorry to say, were limited to a few holes filled with green water, which I saw them drinking, after ablution. So they consumed the "water beadle" of the stagnant pool, and any further insect that they personally contributed. This is very bad, and I am told is the fault of a high officer who resists a contemplated water supply.

We then drove into the fort, and from a commanding spot took a bird's-eye view of the battlefields of Meanee and Hydrabad, by which Sir Charles Napier annexed Scinde. He had cut on a rail two marks indicating the direction of each. This the Commissioner, fearing that time might lessen the interest of the wood, had cut out, and it is securely deposited in the museum of Kurrachee. There is a round tower of rather toilsome ascent which gives a fine view over the surrounding valley of the Indus, and the battle-fields, and then we went to have "chota hazerie," or small breakfast, with the colonel of the Belooch regiment. The 66th, my son's old regiment, are stationed here, at

least some of them; but I looked forward to seeing the main body of them at Kurrachee.

We got back, and I passed a pleasant and useful day whittling another stick which I cut of "Babool" wood. It was a delightful change to have nothing doing on board the De Grey, all the crew having a holiday, in order to enable them to participate in "Hobson." I settled with the Tindal for a Mugghur, or crocodile's head, which we had shot, and I had given to my Portuguese to dry in the sun. I asked the latter whether it had become sweet, and he replied, "Yes, it stink same as yourself." By which I hope he meant "no more."

We slept, and I humbly offered the last meal to those who were occupants of the berths of the De Grey.

Next morning, preceded by the "followers of the Commissioner," as they were labelled, we walked up to the station and started for Kurrachee, one hundred and five miles through a desolate and barren country. We occasionally passed over the dry bed of a stream which descends in the wet weather from the mountains, but otherwise from Kotree to Kurrachee all was barren.

I was surprised to find that the Khan of Khelat's country came right down to the sea near Kurrachee, and the line of the Belooch Hills forms a fine sky line to the view from Government House.

CHAPTER VII.

KURRACHEE.—GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FRERE HALL, BREAKWATER.

We reached the station and disembarked under a salute of thirteen guns, and drove to Goverment House

Kurrachee is situated in a large sandy plain, and really with the fine buildings of the Frere Hall, the outwardly ugly church tower, the barracks and various banks, and other private houses, is really the most "pucca," that is to say, complete place I have seen in India.

Government House looks towards the sea about two miles off, and along the ridge are Manora, the sanatorium of Ghuznee, and there is a "stand-point" called Clifton, to which the inhabitants resort to catch the sea-breezes.

Altogether, the climate here is first-rate, and a fine breakwater has been run out to sea, which forms a very fair harbour.

At present, in consequence of the numerous failures in Bombay, there is no great trade doing here, but vast quantities of cotton and wool from Affghanistan and Belooch land find their way down the Indus to Kotree, and on here by rail for shipment. China, I hear, is going in largely for cotton.

An amusing thing happened about cotton goods. A superior kind of article came into the Indus country, from the entrance north-west. It found great favour, and the authorities began to be alarmed lest Russia was forcing a trade there. Accordingly some pieces of these new goods were sent home, and forwarded by the paternal and omniscient Government to Manchester, with an enquiry whether they could not compete with these manufactures.

A firm there responded that competition was hardly necessary, as these goods bore their trade mark!

I went over the Frere Hall, erected, as the inscription says, to commemorate Sir Bartle Frere's admirable administration of Scinde. The lower part is occupied by a museum and a fair library. The museum wants both care and arrangement. Poor stuffed birds and fishes have pined away under the attacks of insects, and the local fossils are a heap. But I hear that two gentlemen have kindly

undertaken the arrangement and future preservation of the objects.

Now at this present writing, at two o'clock in the day, there is a delightful fresh breeze blowing from the sea, which accounts for the hearty hand-shaking I have received from various healthy visitors.

A game of croquet in the evening with the General and Commissioner, and a dinner party with the Judicial Commissioner, wound up the day.

Next morning up at ten, and down to the quay, over a long esplanade to a spot where two boats awaited us, we preferring the rowing boat as least likely to render us permanent residents at Kurrachee, and rowed under the bows of the steamer of that name to Manora.

This is a promontory which runs out to sea, and presents a fine bluff point where all the winds of Heaven can be inhaled, particularly the sea-breeze.

It is inhabited, in the way of gentlefolks, by two or three families, with one of whom we were going to breakfast. We then got into a trolly and were taken down to see the breakwater.

This is a fine work, intended to break the south-west sea, and procure access to the harbour, and do away with the impediment of a bar. The stones are laid, not as they are at Alexandria, higgledy-piggledy, but in order, and set diagonally at an angle to each other. This is done in the hopes of

making them firmer to resist the great monsoon which is approaching.

They have been placed in their position by a very powerful Triton, or lifting engine, which bears English names upon it. Triton was very nearly wrecked, for the sea runs frightfully here. However, there it is done, and it awaits the coming onslaught. If it succeeds it will be a lasting monument to the skill and perseverance of the engineers, with whom I am glad to know my name is associated.

Having well inspected the breakwater, we returned to Mr. Price's, where we found an excellent breakfast, which tempted me to depart from my usual plan of going on board "loaded light;" but whether it was that I ate the precise quantity which is needful on such occasions, or for whatever cause I know not, but certainly I made an unusually successful voyage of three days to Bombay.

We bid adieu to our kind friends, and re-occupying the boat which brought us, soon reached the Kurrachee, and I most reluctantly bade farewell to my brother, Sir William, who fills certainly a very responsible position, reaching up to the frontier position at Jacobabad and beyond, which recent and coming events invest with the greatest interest.

That he fills this to the perfect satisfaction of all folks, the almost unanimous popularity which I

CHAPTER VIII.

VOYAGE TO BOMBAY AGAIN—EXHIBITION—RAIL TO MADRAS—GHAUT—POONAH, ETC.

Up anchor and off, under the fill of our good breakfast, with a mixed and varied set of passengers.

A kind friend, Mr. Moore, my brother's accomplice, went with me, and assisted in resenting the attacks which threatened me. The lower deck was covered with a varied lot of Persians, Hindoostanees, and Mussulmen, all bound to Bombay on errands of business or pleasure.

The different colours of their dresses made a picturesque group to look at, and helped to keep off the momentarily rising nausea. I had luckily again secured a cabin to myself, and I remained on deck till the "Pub" range of Beloochistan faded from our sight, and I got through the night with comparative sleep.

The next day I was emboldened to attack some excellent cold boiled beef, which had been sent out

from England, which continuously sustained me till we rounded the lighthouse and entered Bombay harbour.

Here I only designed to stop one night, as I had been detained so long on the Indus, and to get away in that time had to be on the alert. I at once got my photographs at Bowne and Shepherd's, who are fair photographers, and having made one or two other purchases, drove to the Bombay Exhibition, which had been opened since I was in Bombay last.

I was very glad to see it, for nothing can be more interesting than viewing the early idea of any people, of publicity in their products. It is held in a temporary building of some size, the outward annexe of which is devoted to a fair show of machinery, and to vast models of elephants and velvet houdahs. Ascending the inner steps, there are quantities of those carved sandal wood and ebony boxes, with which the care of lady owners of side tables have made us familiar in England. This brings you to the central hall on the ground floor, which is nicely arranged.

The roof is supported by a variety of pillars, surmounted by the name of each district at the top, and underneath the products of each. Take, for instance, Scinde. Here we had the cotton and silk fabrics of that district, and so on for each of them. Then there is a counter of the woods of

Bombay Presidency, and I admired the black wood, which seemed to me of a finer grain, and richer glow than the best rosewood.

Stalls of arms, toys, and, in the centre, some splendid cloths of almost fabulous prices, for ornamental devices. The whole hall was hung around with the richest draperies.

Beyond this there is a descent, where there are stalls of oils in their respective conditions—castor oil, linseed oil—and I was much struck with one of Messrs. Rogers, exhibiting bone and other manures. You then ascend into an upper gallery, which is devoted to jewellery, paintings, and photographs.

There was a fair painting of Her Most Gracious Majesty, which I was glad to see was a particular object of interest to the natives, especially the females, who crowded round it with the most lively animation. Views of Venice also attracted their attention very much.

The paintings would have troubled my friend Millais and the "hanging" committee, and some of them at least would have scarcely claimed or secured the best place in Burlington House. But there is room and time for improvement in that article. The idea of a native artist seems to be, that reproduction of exactly what is, is his duty, and they don't understand shading off that car-

buncle which good living and an easy n d l e placed on the nose of Mr. Alderman ——, o of the Nawaub of, &c.

The jewellery was, of course, very good, and fanciful in design; and there were fine specimens of tigers' claws set in rich gold. Arms, both old and modern, mingled models of men, women, and be the younger portion of the native

One thing I misse xhibition, which was a collection of the nimals, beasts and birds of prey of the districts. Beyond a very clumsy representa n wood of a tiger with a surprised sepoy in his mouth, there was nothing illustrating the natural peculiarities of India. I dare say on a future occasion the authorities, who have done very well on the whole, will remedy this.

I then regained my "shegram," or cab, and drove up to Mr. Justice Melvill's, at Malabar Hill, where I reoccupied my old quarters. It was very charming to find oneself, after six weeks' roughing it in India, surrounded by all the luxuries of life, and the pleasant and talented amenities of my host, as compared with my friend the brick-maker of Moultan. And Melvill and Sir Charles Sargeant had recently preceded me in my trip as far as Delhi, so that we were able to compare notes.

After a good night's sleep, and tranquilly gazing

5137

at the wretched sea, so lately an object of horror to me, I breakfasted, made grateful adieus to my kind hosts, and drove to the Byculleh station of the Great Indian Peninsula, and started once more on a railway trip of great length.

The first thing worthy of notice was the "Bhore Ghaut," which is managed on the same plan, with reversing stations, break vans, &c., as the one I have before described going to Jubblepoor. But this is infinitely finer and grander than that.

The enormous height you gradually arrive at, the splendid foliage of the trees, the trees themselves, the course of the torrents on the mountain sides, all united to make it an almost unequalled sight. I think what struck me most was at the great height looking down into the valley, deep enough to prevent my looking down for any length of time, and tracing along it for miles the old road to Poonah.

We ascended these hills in perfect safety, and when at the top rattled along at a merry pace, while the unhappy travellers in "the old coach days" must have plodded most wearily along the flat, despairing of surmounting the hills which faced them. When to this is added the idea of being hauled by bullocks, out of which I don't think the driver of the "Southampton Telegraph" could have extracted a continuous trot of five miles

an hour; ah, it must have been dreadful, and I should have turned back and gone home. I pardoned the absence of the torrents which my fellow passengers described as a great addition to the scene, because I recollected that if they had been in full play, I should have purchased that enjoyment by the presence of the Monsoon, which would have twisted the poor little Kurrachee into every imaginable attitude, and I had before me also my sea voyage to Galle and Sydney. So I overlooked the absence of the torrents.

Getting over the mountains, we came upon the flat sandy region of the Deccan, and at six o'clock reached Poonah, passing as we entered that city the fine new Government House, by which Sir Seymour Fitzgerald has given a memory to his government of Bombay.

I had travelled with a Major Tanner, to whom I had been introduced on leaving Bombay, and who I discovered to be a Wiltshire man, and it mitigated the dulness of the road to discuss Yatesbury, Lockeridge, Calne, and other places at home, mutually familiar.

On arriving at the station he kindly invited me to dine at the Poonah Club, and started me in a cab for the "bund," or river bank, and its nice gardens, and a general drive through Poonah. I got to the club in time, had a famous dinner,

and took the mail train, which had left Bombay four hours after mine, which started at half-past nine, and which I had preferred as giving me greater certainty of daylight for seeing the scenery of the Ghaut.

Nothing occurred worth recording that night or the following day, except that I was warned by bad fare to supply myself with some hard-boiled eggs and bread, which I could eat in the carriage, washed down by various "pegs," which I also provided myself with.

The country towards evening began to get much more interesting. A line of granite mound, with immense blocks, began to ornament the dry plain, and some of them with the remnants of fortifications looked very picturesque, Rucport especially. We began to enter the Madras Residency.

For a long time we appeared to be approaching the sea, these high granite rocks having all the wildness of the sea boundary at Tintagel in Cornwall. But as we went on we found that we had descended into a low flat valley, with more green in it than I had seen for some time. In fact there is plenty of water and irrigation in the part round Madras, and the water is well stored in large tanks.

My impression of the word "tank" I found to be quite erroneous. They are in fact vast ponds, possibly helped by springs, but mainly intended to

preserve the rainfall, for irrigation pu[illegible]s. [illegible] naturally leads to more trees, and [illegible] er green of the "paddy," or rice fields, [illegible] an agreeable relief to the eye, after the drough[illegible] f the sandy Deccan. I had had the pleasant ne[illegible] of the promotion of my son-in-law to be Private instead of Military Secretary t[illegible] art, and he sent me a telegra[illegible] ay he would meet me, four miles [illegible] s, at Perhampore station.

Before we got th[illegible] with a gentleman, who turned out to be [illegible] ykehamist, and we fraternised, and wish[illegible] er good-bye, and he sent me, to Madras, a present of some beautiful melons. At Perhampore arrived, not my son-in-law, Captain Awdry, but my daughter, his wife. Fathers and daughters in general may imagine the delight it was to us to meet after five years' separation.

She was accompanied by one of the aides-de-camp, who supplied her poor husband's place, he having suffered a severe fall in galloping across country, and much injured his arm, and so was unable to bear the shaking of the carriage.

He met us on the steps of Gindry Park, however, where I arrived after a pleasant green drive of eight miles, mitigated by passing a horrid monument to Lord Cornwallis, of the ugliness of which I hear the municipal body are so sensible that they

propose to take it down. I found this a charming place, situated in a park of five miles circumference, and full of the most brilliant flowers and flowering trees. It is needless, and would be wearisome, and like a Chelsea catalogue, to give anything like a list of the various varieties.

I was shown into a charming suite of rooms, twenty feet high, with sitting-room, bed-room, and bath-room adjoining, and the walls covered with that beautiful white "cheenam," as they call it, which is a composition of lime, the art of making which is said to be lost to the natives.

This suite opened into a balcony or verandah all round, which, when I chose to have the blinds up, disclosed beautiful views of the park, and nursed the breeze from the sea, which, at Elliott's Beach, is about two miles off.

I breakfasted, and refreshed after my long journey, began to look about. My "Peaon," which is the Madras name for a servant, unpacked my trunk, and I soon began to lose in my ears the echo of the railway wheels, with which for the last fifty hours they had been afflicted.

My noble hostess was unwell, I was sorry to find, but Lord Hobart appeared at lunch and kindly welcomed me. We drove out in the cool, and it was a pleasant change from the rail.

I slept that night right well, but being more

intent on that than on anything else, and the whole arrangements being complete within a minute after I got into bed, I did not sufficiently exclude the mosquitoes, and I woke up the next morning a sad spectacle. This is not surprising, as practically with open doors and windows I slept in the park. However, I set to work scratching, and I think I can settle the point whether it is better to be raw or itching. I decide it in favour of the former temporarily, and during the day; but when night comes, you re-open old wounds.

Ah, when the stern Monitor comes to me, may it be in a land where there are no mosquitoes, as I don't think I could die itching.

On Saturday we drove into Madras, where Lady Hobart held a reception in the park attached to Government House. About two hundred and fifty of the age, and wisdom, and youth, and beauty, of Madras assisted at this ceremonial. I must say, taking the fair extent of the park here, and the immediate vicinity of the sea breeze, and the pleasantness of the house, I should very much prefer this place to Gindry. How far my having nothing to do but gape about, and having no quiet business to get through, influenced my opinion, I don't say; but certainly for choice give me Government House, Madras, in preference to Gindry Park.

We dined in a large open verandah, where the sea breeze was delightful.

The next morning sad news arrived of the death of Lord Hobart's stepmother, which put an end to various kind hospitalities and trips which had been projected. Sorry as I was for the cause, I was not unwilling to rest a bit, after a long travelling time, for, with the exception of three or four days at Kurrachee with my brother, I had been more or less on the move for seven weeks.

We went to cathedral in the evening. That is a fair building, and we had choral service. They sang the hymn out of "Ancient and Modern," "For those in peril on the sea," as I was told in good wishes for a ship-load of ladies and gentlemen who had gone home by the last mail. The next day there was to have been a party, which was postponed, owing to the bad news. Tuesday we went on to see Madras; and first we visited the arsenal, where we saw piles of Schnieder rifles and old, returned "Brown Besses," which are said to be destined for the native troops. I was much struck, amidst an interesting collection of old arms, with the smallness of the hand-place for grasping the swords. A female would not have found the majority of them too large. From this we went on and saw General Niel's statue, and the "Black" town and post-office, and among other places "the thieves'"

quarter, which, as the black servant described it, was for the sale "of what was Sahib's." I take it this meant "for the sale of stolen goods." "'Twas mine, 'tis his." The new railway station, photographers, &c., were next visited. I came to the conclusion, that as regards greenness and space, Madras beats Bombay; but as regards stirring life, Bombay exceeds it.

I take it this is brought about by the more numerous presence of Parsees at Bombay, who clearly are the money-making industrial class of India.* And Madras at present does not court much trade, from the badness of the harbour, and besides that, it is a more roundabout route to Madras *viâ* Galle. The green at Madras, however, if I must live at either, is a great temptation. We passed a curious temple and tower called Mirapola, belonging to a strict sect.

Madras has two rivers which are in or near it. The Comb, which falls into the harbour actually, and the Adiar, which gives the name to a district, in which is included the Government Farm. The latter is crossed by a very handsome bridge, called the Marmatong, and it is curious to see the number of "Dobes," or washermen or women, who plied

* For further information about this curious sect, if you can get it, read a very nice lecture by the Hon. C. D. Postan, an agreeable American gentleman.

their trade below the bridge. This is performed by dashing your new shirt violently against a rock where the water is low; and as there is a persistent bar at the mouth of the Adiar, I should be curious to know whether it is formed of shirt buttons. Mine, and I only depend on one, are all vanished under the Indian treatment.

In the evening we went to the band stand, and the Governor's band played till dark to the cool accompaniment of the sea breeze, and it was very delightful.

The rank and fashion of Madras assembled here, and I chatted very pleasantly with several well-informed men. There is a fine esplanade, as broad and as long as that between Hove and Brighton; and the broad expanse of sea makes it a great mitigation of the heat, which is daily increasing. We got home to dinner, and the next day took a rest.

While we were at the photographers I was much surprised by being very warmly addressed by a native gentleman in a light blue dress, who presented himself to me, and reminded me of his having been called to the bar under these circumstances. He came with a certificate from Mr. Critchett, the celebrated and well-skilled oculist, saying, poor fellow, that he had lost one eye already, and was likely to lose the other, and

finally to die, if he did not promptly return to his native climate, and begging for some remission of the full time for keeping his term. I happened to take a part in his favour, as keeping the rigid number of terms is one thing, but killing a man inch by inch and eye by eye is another; and he was called to the bar. I had quite forgotten the transaction, which only was one of ordinary business.

The worthy man had followed me about, having learned I was in Madras, and greeted me with a profusion of thanks, and said he should be so sorry if I left the country without seeing a specimen of the native dances, and hearing their beautiful music. It was kindly intended by the gentleman, so I gladly accepted the card of "Mr. C. P. Lutchmeepatty Naido," and promised to attend the next evening. "Naido" I found to represent his caste, as all the gentlemen present ended in Naido.

Accordingly, after croquet, we dined early, and Mr. Awdry, my son-in-law, Dr. Drewett, Captain Foote, one of the aides-de-camp, and myself, started for a journey of twelve miles. As usual in these Eastern parts, for such a distance, we changed horses midway, and at last with a most brilliant lime light burning, and a dreadful sound of tom-toms struggling with a band playing an English waltz, we were received by the host.

We first of all were presented with a lime apiece, and then were ushered up a double line of dark beauties, to each of whom I was introduced, to a chair raised above its fellows, and which, I was informed, was for the honoured guest who had done him the excessive honour of coming.

I assented to this, and prepared to sit down in a lower chair; whereon he seized hold of me and inquired what other chair could hold me than the best and highest. Seeing how matters stood, and that my poor self was the honoured guest, I, with many bows to the assembled dark ones, took the seat of honour, with much shame on my part, and hearty laughs from my friends.

Having seated me, my host suddenly disappeared, and returned labouring under an immense garland composed of roses and gardenia, which smelt intolerably strong, and placed it round my neck amid the "haughs" of his Indian friends. He then reappeared with a bouquet two feet high, of great size, and a large tinsel-silvered peacock at its top, which with much solemnity, and many bows, he placed in my hand.

If my friends of the Inner Temple Bench could have seen me sitting thus adorned, I think they would have been, if not pleased, surprised. But I was not yet out of the wood, for he salaamed up to me with a silver flower pot, and watered

me, nosegay and all, with rose water, "to keep my body cool." This was a severe infliction, for in honour of the occasion I had put on my best black coat, and to this day—and till I can afford to buy another—it bears, and will bear, the marks of that precious rain. I hope the fashion will spring up in England by the time I get back, and then I shall do well. If not there is a risk impending over the enduring Poole of Savile Row. Then I stilled the English waltz, and said I so much preferred to hear their beautiful native music. On which the tom-toms sprung into active life, or rather their players, and all the din of Greenwich Fair arose within five yards of me. The earnest way in which a violin player plied his trade astonished me. This was too frightful to stand long, and I accordingly so intimated to my host, or rather that I was so very much pleased with that, that I would pass on to the next thing.

The "naucht" girl was introduced, and much as I had heard of their performance, I must say I was miserably disappointed. I was told that I should see in pantomime the feelings of a native who had a lover's quarrel with him, and then was restored to his regard. This was the programme which my host obtained from the lady who performed, and which he rendered to me.

All I can say is that though I never had a lover myself, or quarrelled with or was restored to his regard, still I can form some fancy of the emotions which would affect a young lady so situated. But I saw nothing of this, and one business I saw, which seemed to me to apply to the three emotions equally, viz., squatting down on her hams. If I were loved I should not adopt that line, nor if I scorned, nor if I was very pleased. But so she did, during the whole three stages. It was a poor affair. The only good fun was that Dr. Drewett, whose work on wines is so well known, was the recipient of nearly the whole of her brightest glances. Whether this was owing to a good personal appearance, or that she recognised in him the youthful Bacchus, I know not, but she clearly thought him no "light wine" or "small beer."

Ices and champagne were then handed round, and a fatal sweet cake. I, regardless of health, partook of all, feeling that I was a garlanded ox for the sacrifice. We exchanged various salutations with such of the Hindu who spoke a little English; and my host having told them that I was a Queen's Counsel, they asked what counsel I gave Her Majesty. To which I replied "Good," which appeared to impress them very much, as he tapped the side of his nose and wagged his head with great emphasis.

At length, having got, as I was told, into the third act of the young ladies' performance, I thought, as we had twelve miles to ride, we had better be off. So I inquired of an English-speaking darkie whether we should give offence by leaving. He assured me not.

Accordingly, assuring my host how much everybody had been pleased, we passed again the double row of gentlemen, all standing as before.

In the centre of the room I was accosted by the father of the host with a speech he had obviously prepared, for getting into the middle he stumbled at an English word, and recommenced. Not knowing precisely what to say to him, I shook him heartily by the hand, and with much courteous solemnity of manner, replied, "All right, old cock," which seemed to gratify him very much, as he salaamed exceedingly. When we got to the door the lime lights were again shown, and the united Indian and English band struck up, I suppose in compliment to the nation generally, certainly Her Gracious Majesty would have accepted such a row as none, "God save the Queen." Our host renewed his expression of gratitude, and I went home, not sorry to have created an evening's amusement of some interest by doing a good-natured thing. And I will do somebody else another, some day, in case I should ever go to Lapland.

We got home about one o'clock, and I endea
to preserve the garland and nosegay, but the
withered before I left Madras. And that tim
now fast coming, and my poor daughter beg
to be very sorry at the chance of the short visit
old father terminating. But we had more cr
and at last the guns announced the arrival
P. and O. steamer. We started with much
tude on my part and my daughter's for Lor
Lady Hobart's kindness, and arrived at the
Government House in time to see a cruel
which, however, gave us the opportunity of
the boats and catamarans in full operation.
again drove through the black town, and at
arrived at the pier. In the middle of this t
a gap caused by the breaking in upon it of a
iron ship, which cut away about fifty yards.
traversed at present by a rope, hanging bridg
I was carried across in a chair by bearers.
was hoisted up on high, it seemed danger
either of my two-footed steeds made a stum
I should inevitably have gone down into th
We got safely across, and were then put
large dockyard boat, which th
gallantly and kindly had lent us,
catamarans with His kindn
by saying, hem
happened.

We got to the ship safely, and after looking at my cabin, I would not let my daughter stop longer, as it was getting dark, and I regretfully and affectionately watched her through the rough sea, and across the pier, a slight moisture of the eye preventing my seeing more of them after they got into the carriage. And thus I left India, after a stay of two months, and having achieved two of my objects in this journey, seeing my brother at Kurrachee and my daughter at Madras, leaving to see my other brother at Sydney, and my two boys at Otago.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSIONS AS TO INDIA.

I FIND it very difficult to give my conclusions as to India. It is a great and grand possession, no doubt; but with all deference to various paternal Governments who have ruled it, I do not see the tokens of civilization which I should have expected in the population, after a rule of one hundred and fifty years. There are doubtless Parsees, and some Hindus and Mahometans, who show great advance, especially the former, but the common population are just as ignorant, just as naked, as when the first Indian was invented.

Then taking this difference between the two branches, I cannot help thinking that with a view to a factitious popularity, the Government are too ready to appoint natives to such offices as Superintendent, &c. The lower class natives are sufficiently remote from them not to appreciate this favour, and thus it seems to me that these natives

are placed in positions of trust, which one day they may abuse, without giving the Government the popularity they desire.

Again, another thing struck me. If India is ours, it ought to be wholly ours. An indignant patriot will, upon seeing this, kick his heels high up in the air, and put down his ears "ut iniquo mentis asellus," and talk about the robbery of private right, &c., caused by annexations. Well, letting his halter out a little to give him play, I answer "Nonsense;" we have done all these things *ex qua* Punjaub and Scinde. Well, if these, why not the Deccan, and Beloochistan, and Scindia, and Holkar. We keep up at a great cost residences and so on, but you would find it very unpleasant to walk in Hydrabad without an order from Salar Jung, the Nizam's minister, and he may die to-morrow.

Some of those potentates I have named have doubtless recently done us good service, but they may change their Asiatic minds, and break the worthy patriot's head, which I should not much care about, if it did not involve risk to those I do care for.

The Khan of Khelat, for instance, who resides in and possesses Beloochistan, has recently given a meritorious officer who has the agreeable duty of looking after him, great trouble. Well, what

is the result? The officer threatens to withdraw the resident. If he is withdrawn, the officer knows that the Khan's life is worthless, and that his sirdars have quarrelled with him, and would kill him immediately the agent was withdrawn.

Then another Khan would have to be set up, whether friendly to us or otherwise depends, and just at this moment very much depends, on the dangerous proximity of the Russians, the other-side of the Oxus. Surely it would be better to settle this matter by annexing at once, and following Sir Andrew Green's very reasonable advice, of well fortifying the Bolam Pass. That is the obvious entrance for a hostile force into India in that quarter, and we leave the door wide open.

Of course I found the topic of conversation was the expedition of Russia to Khiva. At present the independent and warlike Affghans present a formidable obstacle to their further advance. But I think it is overlooked at home, that a very sufficient risk is involved in the Russians securing a better start for their spies into India. "We have plenty of known Russian spies in India at present," said a well-informed gentleman to me.

I found conflicting opinions as to their occupation of Affghanistan. One set of people thought it dangerous; another said, "Whoever is first in Affghan (by which he meant foreigners), will be

treated for ever as invaders and enemies, and I should like to see them try." I don't think that, and though I know it is adverse to the opinion of one who knows infinitely more about it than I can, I think the great mistake of our rule in India is our not ruling it as a conquered country. I believe it would be better for the natives themselves, and better for us. We have conquered it in part, why not altogether? And if I am right in this, though probably wrong, that brings me to make a remark or two on the conqueror.

That is to say, the European soldier. He is to my mind spoiled by over care being taken of him, and too much effort being made to make him feel himself quite at ease. The British soldier is the very incarnation of pluck, but I think the garrison at Moultan would have to go through a considerable "baptism of fire" before it is inured to a change from its present peaceful occupation. And around them exist a terribly powerful, revengeful lot of people. Our next mutiny, if not looked promptly after, will be heard of in the Punjaub. A more vindictive looking set of ruffians swaggering along with looks of deadly hate at Europeans, I never saw. No respect, no appearance of considering them the upper race, was the style of every Punjaubee I saw.

I was told, of course I cannot test the authority, that they are getting together a lot of concealed

[illegible] what they [illegible] and forbid [illegible] artillery, [illegible] there will be [illegible] I don't thi[illegible] and Lucknow [illegible] the possession of the native[illegible] has warned us, [illegible] will be well if prescience [illegible] warning in other beforehand.

So much for wars and rumours of wars.

Now a few words on the civil population [illegible] think in the first place that we want a g[illegible] some mitigated coinage to replace the ever[illegible] rupee. It is argued against this that the [illegible] would absorb it, either by hiding it, or the [illegible] facture of gold ornaments. But in either c[illegible] don't suppose the Government would let them [illegible] thing, and they would therefore be doing good [illegible] business, which the vast quantity [illegible] discovered gold would doubtless supply. [illegible] a rich young Russian, had a bag [illegible] which I would [illegible] and this was [illegible] The individual who thre[illegible] hundred pound[illegible] happened [illegible] him into [illegible] ld [illegible]

to be attended by two supernumeraries, in English melodrama, if our coinage was the same, and much of the effect would be lost.

Sir H. Stracey, I am given to understand, had an idea of a smaller coin, to be called a "hind," in imitation of a "franc;" but a little ill-timed laughter suppressed that very good idea.

This brings me to consider the self-imposed tax under which Indian incomes fall down, viz., that of the rupee. Call that two shillings. It is the start in the price of everything. Consequently, the price of every shilling article is doubled. And if I am right, this is very material to India. The object there is to secure an adequate share of this valuable coin per mensem in the shape of salary. And if you inquire about a man, the answer is not that he is wise, or decent, or virtuous, or able, but that he draws such and such a number of rupees per mensem. There is, therefore, but little saving or fortune-makin[illegible] these days, because people will[illegible] their expenditure. The [illegible] dreadful drawback. [illegible] nded by a body of [illegible] only do something, [illegible] a gentleman's car- [illegible] footman, and two [illegible] es off the horses.

Think of the equipages going to St. James's so attended, and Colonel Hogg would have to pull down one side of St. James's Street to make room for them.

With regard to viands, I left India some stone lighter than I went there; not that I desire to present myself as other than a stout gentleman, but I ate neither beef nor mutton in its pure and simple form during my stay in India. And if I may be allowed to use the expression, I never saw there either comfort or cheese worthy the name of either. Of cheese I give this instance; a landlord brought me with pride a piece of a bright red cheese, which I recognized at once as inferior double Glo'ster, and triumphantly introduced it as prime Cheddar cheese. This was the prevailing character throughout my trip.

Then for comfort, though, I got reconciled to the verandah mode of surrounding a house. It is cool and suitable to the climate, and admits of the bath-room and other arrangements.

But comfort is not to be had, and you must permit yourself to indulge in luxury instead.

I have just purchased my second bottle of carbolic acid, to have it out with the fleas, having already used one.

Then as regards the lie of the country itself, from Jubblepoor to Lahore, I don't know how

many hundred miles, it is a dead flat. The Deccan is a dead flat; and with the exception of the Himalayan snow range at Phillour, I saw, barring the Ghauts, no hills.

It is true I might have gone to Outacamund and the Neilgherries, but I am speaking only of what I saw during a two months' trip, and I confess I was disappointed. Hill produces the best result of scenery, and it was monotonous to a degree to pass through eternal plains. So that altogether, with these drawbacks and the shortcomings as regards food, I cannot report favourably of India.

Yet much was redeemed, not merely by the hospitality, but by the warm-hearted friendliness of all I met there. Home and home influences are still dear to the Anglo-Indian, as I could well imagine, where amidst their happiest time the sad thought must cross of sacrifice of wife or child awaiting them. This is the bitterest part of Indian life, that the child just becoming interesting in its young ways must go home, and mother must go to settle it, and she bears her hidden grief that her time must soon come to part; at least, if she is a good woman, and thinks of the poor man left without either wife or child in the hot land.

I was lucky in the time I chose to go to India; for starting the first of January, I had two tolerable months before me. But I would advise

CHAPTER X.

CYCLONE—CEYLON—GALLE—MAIL COACH—COLOMBO—KANDY—KING GEORGE'S SOUND.

"Up anchor, and away," says the gallant and gentlemanlike Captain Perrin of the Peninsular and Oriental ship China, and we steamed rapidly away from the rolling surf of Madras, and got to see the Southern cross and the false cross at sea more distinctly. The former is a disappointing constellation, as I had heard so much of it. It is not very bright, and at times the false cross looks the better of the two. But at twelve o'clock at night I ceased to be a star-gazer, and opened my mouth rather than my eyes at the wonders that arose. For we were on the edge of a cyclone. Captain Perrin was more than equal to the occasion, and ran seventy miles out of our course so as to get clear of it. That was a terrible night, and only succeeded by a worse day and night; and the end was that we arrived a day late at Galle, and then

too late in the evening to get with safety into that dangerous harbour. So we stood out to sea, and woke up in the morning fifteen miles from shore.

As we neared Ceylon our wearied eyes were refreshed by the everlasting green of this beautiful island. It was a fine clear morning after the storm, and we sighted "Adam's Peak"—about which there are numberless traditions—and the "Haycock." At last, about half-past seven, we steamed safely to our moorings, and gladly landed.*

I was received very kindly by the Peninsular and Oriental superintendent, and I found a young friend also in the office. Thus with a very nice fellow who I had come on shore with—a Russian, M. Pessarief—I went to the Oriental Hotel.

This is a strange place. It was the property of the Oriental Hotel Company, which I believe has ceased to be troubled by its debts, and is now, I think, in private hands. It is well and actively kept by Mr. and Mrs. Barker, and having endeavoured to drown, not in the bowl, but in a warm bath, the sad memories of the "China," we made a capital breakfast, and began to look about us.

The singularity of the place is this. Standing out in the ocean, Galle receives the flying visits of all nations. We have had in the last week a

* I was unfortunate here, for I lost the Lottery for time of arrival by only half a minute.

steamer from Madeira, Rangoon, two from China, one from London, one from Bombay, one from Australia, so that in the verandah and at dinner we had the most wonderful mixture of nationalities —Dutch, French, German, and Italian—all uniting to make a most inharmonious discord. But it was very pleasant.

In the afternoon we had a charming drive through the cocoa-nut trees to Wag Walla and the cinnamon gardens, where, I am ashamed to say, I was victimised by a sapphire merchant. I won't say what I gave for it, but I will confide the fact that it was glass, and worth twopence. But I have the satisfaction of knowing that it came from Birmingham. It is therefore a great traveller, and I shall have it set accordingly when I get home.

That night we had a good dinner, and the least possible quantity of champagne.

Sunday morning I went to church, which was very well conducted; and in these parts it will not do to quarrel with a little ritualistic absurdity. After church I drove to tiffin with Captain Bailey, who is a remarkable specimen of a man getting, and increasing his comforts about him, by virtue of his office. He is superintendent of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, and so has facilities for furnishing a beautiful verandah at the back of his house with every variety of fern set in

beautiful corals. He has also a
furniture made of the ebonies and
the country, all exquisitely carved.
lightful visit, and returned home, aft
the Superintendent of police, rejoicing

Dined and took a stroll down by the
and inhaled the fresh sea-breezes. W
that the Barada would not start for
the 14th, so, though Galle was very
determined to make a start for C
Kandy on the Monday morning. So
gentleman, M. Pessarieff, and another
and myself, started on the mail. Th
very fair conveyance. We stopped
half an hour for breakfast, and anyth
charming than the whole route cannot be
Such vegetation! "Shoe" trees of brigh
another colour, bread-fruit trees, jack wo
trees, cocoa nuts, and bananas, formed a
arcade, with the sea always close to our le
and a great part of the way fifty yards onl
left. A good level road enabled two fre
horses, changed every seven miles, to gallop
Colombo, seventy-two miles, by half-past fo

We passed several good sized rivers, cro
wooden and girder bridges, and marvelled
are hothouse plants with us, growing like w
the roadside. Such a scene of rich luxuria

beauty must be seen to be believed; and though I have not read Sir Emerson Tennant's book, so as to be free in my first impressions, high flown as I have heard his descriptions are, I cannot believe that they are exaggerated. Colombo is a nice bustling place on the sea shore, with a good esplanade running along it, and, as is usual in these places, the town, Government House, &c., is contained in the fort.

I did myself the honour of paying my respects to Her Majesty, and her representative, Mr. Gregory, by leaving my card at Government House, his Excellency being at Nimera Ellia, called by the planters, Nuralia, where there is a cold station with a freezing thermometer, and where they were preparing a "Gym Khanna" for this week, consisting of races, &c.

I then drove round the town and saw the lighthouse, and got some photographs, and did those things which people ordinarily do on arriving at a fresh place.

We then had a famous dinner, under the new auspices of a retired barrack-master, Mr. Lambe, who three days ago had embarked in this hotel the "Galle Face," and the hotel at Kandy. He carries it on very nobly, and I prophesy that in a very few years he has either made his fortune or——. I hope his fortune.

There is a large lake of five hundred acres,

which adds very much to the appearance of Colombo.

Next morning we started at seven o'clock for Kandy and the Coffee Land, and went by Mr. Molesworth's railway, through even brighter and greener country than yesterday. At length we reached the bottom of the wonderful incline, by which the elevation of Kandy, sixteen hundred feet above the sea, is obtained.

We passed at the foot of the Allegalla mountains, and crossed a fine river, the name of which my pen is too bad to write, and toiled up the twelve miles of the incline.

Here the scenery assumed a totally different and even more beautiful appearance. In the foreground the splendid creepers leaped from tree to tree, as if the whole forest had agreed to a general embrace, while the distant view was broken by the "Bible" rock and other frowning cliffs. This Ceylon is undoubtedly the garden of the world, and I can quite understand Adam, driven from Eden, establishing his "peak" here. The scenery was so beautiful that the incline seemed short, and we were quite surprised when we drew up to the Kandy station.

I refitted, and by the aid of a barber, bought some coffee sticks, and then went to tiffin.

We found some five-and-thirty set down; it being the circuit time there was an assemblage of coffee

lanters to serve on the jury. They rather complained that some of them had had to travel forty miles, in order to make "due deliverance between our sovereign Lady the Queen and the prisoner at the bar." This is owing to the width apart of large towns in the island; but it would astonish some of our English squires to be summoned such a distance. The distance is reckoned as the crow flies.

It has been mitigated by a recent law, which gives the jurors ten shillings a day, but which, I will undertake to say, will not pay their hotel bill.

Kandy is very nicely situated, and but for a large lake in the middle reminded me very much of Baden Baden. That is to say, it is in a basin formed by large hills, with a valley running out of one end of it. After dinner we drove out to the Botanical Gardens, of which Mr. Thwaites, of world-wide reputation, is the Curator. We were shown by the kind Curator two hundred varieties of fern, an Amherstiana in most brilliant red, or rather maroon blossom, and I was very pleased to fall in with a "gold mohur" in full blossom, about which I had heard so much at Bombay. It is a splendid sight, as the whole tree is covered with the brilliant red blossom. There were also fine groups of palm, of which there are fourteen varieties, ratans, and other tropical trees. The river runs through the garden and gives great variety to the grouud.

We returned to dinner, and that brings me to consider coffee planting. This begins a few miles from Kandy, and is obviously much in favour, as we saw large clearances of fresh ground made, and the holes dug for the young plants.

They say that this year the crop promises very favourably, and the return on an acre bought at £2 or £3 promises to be very good.

The planters themselves, with two or three exceptions, seemed a hearty genial race, chiefly young men, and, as far as I could judge, appeared to enjoy admirable health. They were very kind in giving information, and readily joined in a party to welcome an old fellow just from England. The coffee is all shipped for foreign parts from Colombo, and I went to one plantation about four miles from Kandy, where I saw the various processes to which it is subjected, before it forms "coffee for one."

It must prove a good customer to the railway, which I understand is a most paying concern, and the colony is very rich, and always has a surplus.

Part of this they mean to expend in forming a harbour at Colombo, but I don't expect much will come of that, as it is a purely open roadstead.

After a pleasant chat with the coffee planters, I went to bed, and slept well till next morning. After breakfast I went, with an introduction from the Chief Justice, Sir Edward Creasy (who had

kindly met me the day before, and arranged that I was to go to him on the return journey), to Mr. Justice Stewart, who was holding the Circuit. I heard a man tried, and my friends of the preceding night were on the jury.

I then went to the Bhuddist Temple, which is of great sanctity, and very curious. It contains a tooth of Bhudda, which is not shown to ordinary visitors, but was a short time ago to the King of Burmah, who is the only Bhuddist monarch now existing. The carvings are very curious, being chiefly of elephantine design. There are eighteen wooden columns in the court-house, which is attached to the temple, and are very curious, representing the lotus tree.

I then went to the Pavilion, which is the Governor's Kandy residence, and is peculiar, and has a prettily laid out garden. By-the-bye, opposite the hotel there is a potato tree, so called from having a blue flower exactly like the blossom of a "forty-fold," only about the size of the crown of your hat. It was in full blossom, and exceedingly beautiful. This, and the purchase of some photographs, occupied me till two o'clock, the time for the departure of the train.

I did not visit Lady Houghton's Walk, as it is called, on account of my leg, but sent my young Russian friend, who reported a lovely view, and

a hot walk. He started for Neuralia, and again reported that I had missed nothing but the chance of going over a precipice, as they have a nice way of turning on their zigzag road, almost at right angles, kept back only, not by a drag, but by a stick cut for the purpose. I was rather glad that I had denied myself that enjoyment.

The train bore me through this grand and beautiful scene again back to Colombo, where Sir Edward Creasy's carriage met me, and took me out to Mount Lavinia, where he at present resides. Here I had a pleasant and chatty dinner, and we talked much of old times.

When I went to bed, being warm, I put all my things in the window-seat to cool. In the night it rained as it only rains in the tropics, and my things were totally drenched. Sir Edward kindly lent me a shirt, and being a Chief Justice, and not a "puny" judge, it fitted me.

After breakfast he kindly drove me out to meet the mail on the high road, and I gladly repeated the beautiful trip to Galle, where we arrived at half-past four.

The Australian steamer had arrived, but no news of the "Behar," which was coming from England with the mails. So we had to linger a few days more at Galle.

The poor landlord was at his wits'-end for sup-

plies, for steamer after steamer arrived, and all more hungry than the other. They told me it was the custom at Galle, on the decease of an ox or a sheep, for the residents to put down their names beforehand for this or that joint.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the verandah of the hotel. There were old arrived passengers who had made their purchases of tortoise-shell or ivory, and who viewed the twenty-times offered goods of the merchants with comparative indifference.

Then came a newly-arrived steamer, and all the passengers rushed, according to their respective means, into the market to make their purchases, getting the things twice, three times, nay, even four times below the first charge.

If I had a very great knave, I should send him for society, and companionship, to Galle to be a merchant there. At last, after gazing at the S. S. Baroda "rolling lazily," for some days, the Behar arrived, and we prepared to start.

We were ordered on board first at two, then at six, and finally at nine. We fulfilled the latter, but did not leave actually till twelve. We had on board the "Baroda" the passengers from England, some from China, and our fellow companions from Madras. Altogether, a good and cheerful party, but of whom somebody stole my umbrella, a

"shady" offence. We then sped merrily along, not getting out of the hot weather so soon as I expected, as the tropics lasted us for four days. No land nearer than the "Cocoa Isles" two hundred miles off.

At last I was aroused by news about seven one morning, that we had reached King George's Sound, a coaling station situated in Western Australia; and here, oh miserable day! our future trouble first broke upon us. I heard a great tumult on deck, and on enquiry found that on the pilot joining us, we had, in answer to his usual formal inquiry, "All well on board?" replied, "A case of modified small-pox, ill since April 19." I must say the captain and doctor had kept their secret admirably. We had been buoyed up with hopes of landing at King George's Sound, plans had been formed, and all was hopeful, when it was suddenly overclouded by this fact.

All communication with the shore was forbidden, and a very pleasant gentleman, Mr. Cuthbertson, who was going to fulfil the office of Manager of the Bank at Adelaide, was forbidden to get into the Adelaide steamer, and compelled with his family ultimately to come on to Melbourne.

I had, a few days before, from the bad living in India, broken out all over in dreadful boils. But the others, after the first grief had expended itself,

borrowed the ship's boat, and proceeded to fish, shoot, &c., but not to land.

Staying on board I entered into secret counsel with the captain touching our present calamity. Presently a steamer came hovering round us, and we hailed it, and asked where the health officer was. Answer, "On board." We stated that we had a communication to make to him. "Send it on board with the letters." But this officer, whose positive duty it is to board each vessel and ascertain its condition, from first to last resolutely refused to fulfil that duty. The agent also of the ship held aloof.

Whereat the passengers called a committee, of which I was elected chairman, and we drew up a statement of the facts, which were that the man took the small-pox on the nineteenth of April, had been isolated in a boat all the time, and was then getting convalescent.

This the captain enclosed to the officer of health, and called his serious attention to it, and begged him if he thought he had not sufficient authority, to telegraph to the Governor of Western Australia, and acquaint him with the facts.

This reached him at two o'clock, and we had not done our coaling till six the next morning. From the time we sent the packet till we left, we saw and heard nothing of our friend the agent, or the Board of Health man. Such of our party as could get

about in a boat fished and shot gulls, but I was lame and could not go.

We saw in the evening the Adelaide mail sulkily depart, leaving the passengers behind.

We at once set to work to prepare to face the Melbourne authorities. Fresh committees were appointed, one to draw up a memorial to the Melbourne health officer, and the other to pen a memorial to the Governor of Western Australia, to remonstrate with the conduct of the King George's Sound man.

I was elected chairman of both, and more beautiful and argumentative documents could not be produced. The memorial we sent, and a copy to the *Melbourne Argus.* What the fate of that is I know not, but the very argumentative address to the Melbourne health officer, I am sorry to say, shared this fate.

We arrived off Melbourne Heads about six o'clock in the morning, and passed the pleasant time noticing the spots where we were told by the sailors this or that wreck occurred. At seven the health officer came on board, and I and another of the passengers, told off as a deputation, handed him the document, which he received as follows: "Oh yes, I quite understand, but I have a duty to perform," and doubled it up and put it into his pocket. Alas, for our anxious labours! We

[illegible]

... have [illegible] the [illegible]
... my [illegible] England had [illegible]
... it. For I am sorry to say I admit, [illegible]
... to being [illegible].

... this time it was blowing [illegible]
... assengers resolutely refused [illegible]
... and there was no agent [illegible]
... them ; and so we [illegible]
... ame Goddard [illegible]

in order to land the party. About two permission arrived, and the greater part of our passengers landed.

We gave them three hearty cheers as they steamed under our stern, which they as heartily returned.

I had determined to go on to Sydney, and we started next morning at six o'clock. This was grievously disappointing, as I had intended to take a hasty view of Melbourne, but I did not approach within forty miles of it. However, two days more, and at seven o'clock we were passing Botany Bay, and approaching Sydney Heads. It had been a beautiful passage to Sydney, and we had admired the fine bold coast of New South Wales.

CHAPTER XI.

SYDNEY—QUARANTINE—SIR HERCULES ROBINSON—CHIEF JUSTICE—UNIVERSITY.

We were introduced to Sydney Harbour by being shown the spot where the Dunbar Castle was wrecked, and all lives lost save one, who was washed up to a ledge on the rocks, and found two days afterwards. It was a miserable event, as it was laden with fathers and mothers who were bringing back their children who had been home for education.

Our fears of quarantine were beginning to arise, and this sad story was no help towards soothing them.

But we could not help admiring the beauty of Sydney Harbour, which is unequalled, I am told, by anything except Rio de Janeiro. It was certainly the most splendid place, I had ever seen. The harbour itself is seven miles long, but I am told that measuring all round the various inlets

it contains, including Manley Beach, the Bright of Sydney, it measures as much as eleven hund miles. This will give you an idea of the vari and number of these inlets, which are all s rounded by beautiful trees.

At last our fate appeared in the person of pilot, who, instead of coming on board, directed ship's course from his own boat. This looked suspicious. Everybody was enquiring, "W does Sydney lie?" The answer was, "To left." Our bow kept turning to the right, presently we fairly left the Sydney direction a

At last a gentleman on board, who had at Sydney, sadly proclaimed that we were g to the quarantine ground. We had fondly h that, having landed the peccant Lascar at bourne, and he having been previously kept isol in a boat far off from the passengers, there c not be any infection, and therefore no quarant Under the direction of the pilot we cast anc and began to look around. Some houses similar to the Melbourne ones were on the side, but the *locale* was infinitely prettier, and had anchored in a very pretty bay, and so far seemed well. But still to be obliged by law, to in Paradise, and seven miles from the h where we would be, appeared execrable.

And we continued fondly to hope that, as Sydn

was intensely jealous of whatever Melbourne did, and as they had been rigid with their quarantine, it was just possible that Sydney might think that, having vindicated not the majesty, but the Republicanism of the law, they might set us free.

False hope. Dr. Alleyne, the officer of health, shortly came alongside and informed us, pointing to the hill-side, that that was our destination. Again we fancied, as at Melbourne, that the agent of the ship might visit us.

He, we found, was Mr. Moore. But whether he had better engagements, or truly stated the next day that he had been engaged with the Government on our behalf, I know not; but this, our first day in quarantine, was not blessed by a visit from Mr. Moore. I fancied that the agent of a great company like the Peninsular and Oriental would have started the moment the ship was telegraphed, to have assured the passengers, either that he would do all he could to prevent our imprisonment, or that he would see that our cells were made comfortable. But Friday passed and he came not. I had been so disgusted with the treatment of our Melbourne effort at memorial, that I declined to write any more.

The more ambitious penmen among the young men wrote letters and sent them to persons to whom they had letters of introduction, entreating them

to get us out. For myself and another passenger, luckily we were summoned to the ship's side, to behold my brother and Mr. and Mrs. Dumaresque, and the son of the other gentleman. It was something, and a good deal to see a friend under such circumstances, and we greeted them heartily. They were very kind, and my brother, who had some influence at Newark, for which place Mr. Lloyd, the Colonial Treasurer, sits in the Assembly, promised to approach him in the interests of his brother and his fellow passengers. He did better than this, for that was in vain. For he and Mr. Dumaresque sent us forty dozen of oysters, and a lot of fruit, eggs, and butter, which helped to relieve our sad durance, especially the oysters, which were very difficult to open.

Dr. Alleyne came frequently alongside, not on board, as he is ordered to do by the Quarantine Laws, nor did that devoted officer at any time visit our quarters or inspect us personally. Therefore, for all he knew, we might have had the plague. Saturday morning came, and I got very sick of the ship, and as a boat was going on shore to the quarantine ground, I packed up some traps and departed.

For it had become very unpleasant on board, for this reason. I had all the voyage been on very pleasant terms with the captain. He was in this

predicament. He had to leave the following Sunday week with the mails, and necessarily wanted to clean and purge his ship before he started on the return voyage, with twenty-nine fresh passengers, who had booked themselves for home. Consequently, he kept ordering the boats to convey the passengers to shore to "serve their time," as a Tipperary gentleman termed it. This, however fair to him, was unfair to the passengers, as we were thirty-five souls, and Dr. Alleyne had admitted that he had on shore only twelve beds. So I should have had to join my fellow-passengers in a just quarrel, or have joined him antagonistically to my fellow-passengers on an almost equally reasonable ground of dispute. So I determined to be quit of both alternatives.

I had not been on shore long before my brother came again, to say that the Government were in deliberation, from which I inferred that the Circumlocution Office is not limited to our hemisphere. In the afternoon I received a visit from the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, and Mr. Ducane, the Governor of Tasmania, an old Carlton friend, on a visit to the Governor.

The latter kindly enquired when I would come to stop with him; to which I promptly responded, "Now." He declined this, and I then told him we hoped for the pleasure of his company and that

of the Executive Council to dinner next week. He laughed, and said, "Ah, the Quarantine Laws are a relic of barbarism." The Tasmanian chief cruelly reminded me of dinners we had had together in England, and how good the Mayonaise was.

They were followed by Mr. Deas Thompson, a *ci-devant* prime minister of New South Wales, and Commodore Sterling, who commanded the Clio in those waters. So the noon passed, till at last the bold Moore, Agent-General for the P. and O. came, being his first visit to the ship.

I need not say, I fear, I expressed myself to him in unpalatable words; but as we were not permitted to come close together, it ended in words only, and he went away.

When I landed I had no idea where I should sleep, but Mr. Carrol, the superintendent, proposed that I should chum in with the doctor, who had been appointed to look after us. This was a very "hedge priest" indeed, but I consented, and my things were taken to a cottage, with two rooms, one of which he occupied, and I had the other. I was so far glad of this, as I was suffering from boils, as I have said before, and he kindly made my poultices and bound them on. Sunday was varied by some food being landed, at what I called Lethe's Wharf, the wharf of the quarantine ground, and the arrival of two bodies of washerwomen to wash

the ship's and officers' linen. But nobody for the poor passengers. Mrs. Murray presided over the ship, and Mrs. Knight over the officers' things.

When she had done the officers' things I trusted her with mine, and I am sorry to say she stole them. But that is neither here nor there, as I got some more. Yet she should not have done it. The passengers paid me a visit, and inspected the various quarters which they were to occupy. On Monday a deputation came over, and the various cells were allotted, and they returned with the understanding that they would not quit the ship without a report from me that full arrangements had been made for their comfort, beyond the twelve beds of which Dr. Alleyne had boasted the possession.

To my surprise they landed *en masse* about four o'clock. The captain had become peremptory, and they had to quit the ship. Moore had sent food, which provided them with a meat tea. I had existed, by the kindness of the purser, Mr. Ritchie, a first-rate officer, who I wish all the good luck which his kindness and care for us deserves.

At six o'clock on Monday, after dark, a Government boat arrived with bedding, &c. Let me say that the dwelling places were more than half a mile off up the hill, and no Government servants came with the things to help them up. The captain

of the boat simply bundled them on shor when he had completed that, "up anchor back to Sydney. This was really too bad Lloyd, for if any of the things miscarrie but he is to blame, and I dare say the rate of his constituency, if ever they see this, pertinaciously inquisitive why he did not tak pains to save their money, let alone the pa sengers' comfort. I was the only person at their arrival, and I had to rely upon the Lascars, and the three men Moore had s wait upon all of us. And here came out the selfishness of some of the passengers wl passed favourable amongst us during the vc

The moment they heard the things had a the men of the party came down and ma most unreasonable requisitions for the su their lot. Oh, it was too bad. I stayed th half-past nine alone, serving out the thing then toiled up the hill on my poor boil and, almost famished, got some cold meat thanks for my pains.

Accordingly next morning I resigned all tions into the hands of a committee of thr whom our little Republic was governed fc remainder of the time we were shut up was ridiculous enough to s gentleman of much considera

off, carrying up two cans of water, while his wife swept out her premises in a velvet gown. Everybody got their own water from the spring, and Moore's caterer gave us the poorest supply of food imaginable.

Here, however, we were established. And the little colony was lit up by the fires of the washerwomen and their presence, and the visits of various friends of the different passengers. One poor fellow and his wife were sadly situated. They had two children at school at Manly Beach. The man was to return with the ship, and the wife remained behind. The children paid a daily visit, but were compelled to remain a few yards off, so as to avoid infection from touching their mother. She, poor thing, having come from England, was unable to embrace her children, being carefully guarded by a policeman. The consequence was that the interviews were drenched in tears, and were miserable to both mother and children.

The younger part of the enforced colony took to racing, had some quoits and boxing-gloves from Sydney, and enjoyed themselves as only buoyant youth can. The elders played at whist; I cut a stick, which I successfully "whittled," and chaffed the doctor at intervals. So the days passed, we receiving constant intimations that the Government were "considering us," till at last one Saturday

[illegible] the Colonial [illegible] I read it joyfu[illegible] was received with thr[illegible]

[illegible] left for [illegible] which more [illegible] first steamer [illegible] with my frien[illegible] his first intimation wa[illegible] each passe[illegible] I remonstrated [illegible] he had only done his [illegible] I replied. "That [illegible] to think th[illegible] of his duty," and there t[illegible]

[illegible] turned out a k[illegible] to him for his civility in [illegible] me to dinner at a [illegible] from Sydney, where I [illegible] with his wife and an [illegible] family.

My brother had put my name down at [illegible] and I was well received. This is a most h[illegible] institution, for you ar[illegible] in, bedded, ar[illegible] a cheap rate, and it [illegible] all strang[illegible] have only to be prop[illegible] mem[illegible] brother was. He h[illegible] y [illegible]

the Union, leaving me to choose between the two. I fixed on the Australian, and very glad I was, as it turned out, that I had done so. I spent the next morning in viewing the lovely harbour and George Street, and meeting my fellow-passengers at the steamer, and in the evening drove out with Moore to his house. We were enjoying a very good dinner and chatting pleasantly, when a telegram arrived, which announced that a second case of small-pox had broken out at Melbourne in the ship, the second officer having taken it. This I have no doubt arose from his having accompanied the poor Lascar on shore at Melbourne as we came down, and having generously manipulated the blankets which covered him. Here was a business! I could not tell that, on arriving at the club, I should not be greeted by Dr. Alleyne on the steps of the club, and requested to withdraw, and then who was I to ask to take me in? I approached with fear and trembling.

Beyond a few expressions of regret, nothing was said. That my apprehensions were not ill-founded I discovered the next day. I have said that my brother had put my name down at the Union also. I had selected the other. When to my surprise, I got a letter from the secretary at the Union, "begging me, in justice to the feelings of the members of the club, not to avail myself of the nomination." 'Twas

not as if I had been in Sydney some days, and had not been to the club at all. This appeared to me an inhospitable surplusage. I replied in courteous, but not very satisfied terms, "that if the members did not displace me, I intended to stay where I was during my stay in Sydney." But they did more. Three of our passengers had selected the Union, and had slept there. These they turned out into the street, and they subsequently became applicants for admission to the "Australian," and were admitted. Whether the members of the Union held themselves more liable to infection than those of the Australian, from less devotion to personal cleanliness, or what other reason, I know not, but this was the contrast between the two clubs.

I need not say that before I left Sydney I addressed a grateful letter to the committee of the Australian, thanking them for their generous hospitality, and trusting heartily that they would not suffer from it.

I went out six miles the next day, to a beautiful place belonging to Mr. Dumaresque, who married the niece of our Premier, and my immediate neighbour in Wiltshire. It looks down upon Rose Bay, one of the numerous beautiful inlets of Sydney Harbour, and with its princely Norfolk Island pines, bamboos, English and foreign flowers, is a place which may well make its owner content with

a temporary absence from England. His lady drove away to shop in Sydney with an exquisite bouquet of roses, &c., for a sick friend, and her equipage would not have discredited her, if she had gone to call in Carlton Terrace.

I went home delighted, and wrote letters to her sisters, describing her comforts, and the happiness of herself and child. In the evening I went to the theatre, and saw "East Lynne" very fairly acted, although one of the gentlemen made constant and very fervid appeals to one, "Good 'Evens," whoever that gentleman may be. There is an incident in the play, where a lady having misbehaved, returns to her husband's house in the disguised quality of governess. She reveals her identity by the impossibility of resisting an embrace of a dying child. It reminded me of the poor mother in the quarantine ground, who it required all the stern vigilance of the Sydney Dogberry to prevent her folding her arms round her nice little girl.

Always in a new place I go to church and the theatre, for it seems to me I find the public more in masses, than amidst the streets. For example, I assisted at a wedding of some smartness at the cathedral here. It all seemed very much like an English wedding. The same tarlatan "over blue," the same bright hopes and faces; and the party drove off to a breakfast much as usual, and the

papers the next day noticed among the company, "Messrs., &c." Next morning I went to visit Mr. Whitton, brother-in-law to my friend John Fowler, who occupies the position of head of the Railway Department. He lives on the north shore, which is in the contrary direction to any I had been in yet, and gave me fresh views of the harbour. His house is on the top of a hill, and commands most extensive and beautiful views. He was very kind, and his wife also. He offered to take me to a picnic to see the Zigzag, which is one of the sights of New South Wales. But the withdrawal of Webb's line of steamers to San Francisco, or "San Fran," or "Frisco," as it is indifferently called, made a sailing voyage there needful; and I foresaw that if I was to see my boys in New Zealand, I should have no time for excursions.

So I very reluctantly declined his kind offer. Next day I went out to lunch with the Chief Justice, Sir Alfred Stephen. He is a most genial, active man for his years, very popular, and during the period that he was Acting-Governor was reported to be as efficient at a review as he is on the bench. He has another very nice place, with an observatory at the top of the house, which commands the harbour and neighbouring scenery.

There were assembled the Postmaster-General, the Premier, Mr. Parkes, the Commodore, and

various other distinguished gentlemen. I was not particularly pleased with the Premier, who, like everybody else in New South Wales, has materially risen in life. Ungracious people at home are accustomed to complain of the honourable member for the Tower Hamlets; but if I may have my choice of a Premier, and must submit to a democratic selection, then I say Mr. Ayrton for choice. From this it seems to follow that you should know when you are well off, or better off. But the Premier here has a fine massive head, which indicates that he has the great talent that he is universally admitted to possess.

Next day I chartered a cab at the rate of one pound per diem, which is rather dear, and drove to the museum, which does great credit to the colony. Considering that that colony is only seventy-five years old, of which the first twenty-five must have been wasted for collectional purposes, there is a well-arranged and perfectly systematical collection of fossil remains, birds, beasts, shells, &c., which reflects the highest credit on Dr. Krebs, who is the Curator. Then to the Exhibition, University, and round the city. The progress here is remarkable, but otherwise I am tempted to think that Sydney is now slumbering on its past oars. Melbourne is going ahead, and is the object of and reciprocates an undue jealousy.

The fine territory called the "Riverinand," long, be a point to be settled at the point bayonet by the volunteers of both countri bourne, very likely, assisted by the land busters.

I had still been tranquil at the club, a now seen all of Sydney that I had time my passage by the Hero steamer, and ship's side by four o'clock. Here I Parkes and Mr. Lloyd, and the various the Government, and five hundred pe sembled to do honour to Mr. Saul Samu master-General, who was going to N and England to arrange a postal con His co-religionists were there in numbe had previously voted him a handsome but there were quite enough of other pe indicate that this very kind and able ge universally popular.

I received much kindness and civil on our way to New Zealand, and I think that I repaid it by forgetting, us at Wellington, to repay him some c which his secretary had advanced on r

My only consolation is that I route from Venice and back, whic some of his expenditure on my b

The voyage to Auckland was

incident varying the dull monotony of a steam voyage, except that Mr. Vŏgel, the New Zealand Premier, having sent a Government steamer for Mr. Samuel, I became the nephew of Mr. Johnstone, a member of the Upper House, who most kindly adopted me, and gave me a lift to Wellington, by which I saved a day—the Taranaka, the ordinary steamer, not starting till the day after us. It was too foggy to see "Mount Egmont," which is visible in fine weather along the coast for a hundred miles, but I believed it was there.

At Auckland I was again member of the club, and made very comfortable. It consists of one broad street—Queen Street—and a quantity of suburban villas, which are in places with the familiar names of "Epsom" and "Newmarket," which recalled the fact that the "Derby" was being run while we were there.

I saw remnants of that fine muscular bishop, the present Bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Selwyn, and had the pleasure of accompanying his son, and Mr. Still, a brother Wykehamist, who has joined the Polynesian mission. Mr. Selwyn was ill, and with old Wykehamical strength Mr. Still carried the poor invalid about on his back. It made me feel very old to recollect that I had been at Trinity, Cambridge, with Mr. Selwyn's uncle Tom, and had been intimate with Charles, the Vice-Chancellor,

both now dead. Mr. Selwyn, in his vivacity and talent recalled them both, and Mr. Still proved that if Winchester has "tunded" boys, he had not suffered.

Mr. Samuel and myself took a long drive round the plateau which surrounds Auckland, and we had charming views. The harbour on one side and the Manakau on the other, and the country around. We admired the villa residences, which beat Clapham and Balham Hill hollow.

One particularly struck us, belonging to Mr. Murdock, the manager of the New Zealand Bank. "Pinus insignis," "Wellingtonias," and all the trees which we prize, flourished in luxuriance.

That reminds me that at Mr. Whitton's, at Sydney, there was a fine Pinus Austriaca, which I admired, and he instantly said that it was an Insignis. I quietly informed him that though they beat us in Norfolk Island pines, which with us won't grow out of doors, we had improved ourselves in the knowledge of imported trees. I bought a "meri," which is an imitation in green stone of a Maori war club, and attached it as a remembrance of Auckland to my watch chain.

We passed a very pleasant three days at Auckland, and I held it in better preference to Sydney, for the gentlemen there take a better part in arranging things than at Sydney. I made a bad

investment in whist, as I lost eighty-four points clear off the reel. I had very bad cards, but they have some very good players there, and it was with no small triumph that they bagged the points from me, just from the home country.

We started in the "Luna," Government steamer, for Wellington, and arrived there about six in the morning. I was delighted to find there as Chief Justice and acting Governor, in the absence of Sir James Ferguson, who had not arrived, my old sessions friend Sir George Arney, who came to see me in bed when I was laid up with a bad leg, and very kindly invited me from the club, where I had been again introduced, to Government House. I had, however, been so comfortable at the club that I thankfully declined his offer, and passed the day in bed.

He has the pleasant manner of old days, and is universally popular. I remember the time when he was the only man I dreaded at the sessions; and I cannot but think that he made a mistake in accepting the Chief Justiceship. He only gets eighteen hundred a year, and I honestly believe that he departed on the eve of making a much larger income at home.

I managed to stroll up to Government House next day, and discoursed with him upon the Maori question. His view was against the war, on the

ground that it must be done by volunteers; and that if you took away a butcher for that purpose, you would shut up his shop, as every man conducted his own business. This is the story. They made the Maories take an oath to her Gracious Majesty as Queen, and then drew a line which they termed the King's country, giving them leave to come into our country, but forbidding our subjects to cross over to theirs.

A man of the name of Sullivan was working the wrong side of the King's line. They, that is to say, the Maories, shot him down. The murderers fled to the King. The King appears to know the murderers, but refuses to give them up, as being his subjects. There the quarrel stands.

I hear there are forty thousand Maories and about two hundred and fifty thousand English. I don't pledge myself to those statistics, lest I should fall into the same snare as my friend Trollope, and give people in figures what they cannot understand. I have no intention of "cutting a figure," but I think that is a mistake. Well, I don't think that with an incident of this kind having occurred, and possibly to occur again, the English housewife will quite feel as much at home with her husband out at work, and the Maories in her precincts.

I am not the least a bloody-minded man, but I think forty thousand is too alarming a number to

be let rest with an unsatisfied murder on hand. Exeter Hall *non obstante,* I am for the three colonies uniting, and reducing that number materially. There are some friendly tribes; but conceive a mitigated war, and a slight success on the part of the natives, and where will then be the friendly tribes? Savage life is the same everywhere. I am for a war of *reduction of numbers* after this murder. I played at billiards and whist with my hospitable hosts at the club, and with better success than at Auckland.

I bought some walking-sticks of a barber, who rejoices in the title of "Professor," and left Wellington very pleased, and regretted to part with my good friends the Johnstones.

We had taken our places in the good ship Alhambra, passing along Banks' Peninsula, and viewing by moonlight the Kehore range of snow-capped mountains, and punctually arrived at the indicated time at Dunedin, the port from which my sons are distant, the trifling amount in those parts, of one hundred and twenty miles.

On arriving I went to their correspondent, and found there two letters which had miscarried, so that they don't know that I have arrived. All the more pleasure to them when I turn up suddenly in person.

It is like the other harbours of New Zealand, a

very striking entrance up to Port Chalmers. A very quaint little railway leads up to Dunedin, with awful curves, which would have thrown out any line in England, as impossible. It, however, travels very well, and you are landed at the foot of the town, in some land reclaimed by convict labour from the harbour. The prison, I am told, shows each year a respectable balance, as of course the redeemed land is the most valuable round Dunedin.

The progress of the town in this direction is remarkable, as Mrs. Edwards, the Wiltshire wife of the Archdeacon, pointed out from her garden, where she showed me a quantity of houses, all of which had been built in the ten years they had been there.

It was a pleasant home memory which the Archdeacon recalled to me, that the last time he had been in the same room with me, was at the Angel Hotel at Chippenham, when I was Chairman of the Wiltshire Archæological meeting.

I had many accounts to give Mrs. Edwards of our mutual neighbours and friends. I was lodged at the Criterion Hotel, which I can recommend for civility, cheapness, and comfort to any future visitors to Dunedin. There is one main street, Princes Street, which contains the chief shops, university, banks, and post office, with a fine obelisk in a central place. Other streets radiate

from this one, and the town is built with great attention to regularity.

I secured my means of departure in the way to my boys "by Cobb's American Coach," by booking my place and getting the promise of the box seat from a lame gentleman who I thought was merely an official of the booking office.

I then purchased two New Zealand sticks, and went home and re-arranged my trunks, by which time it was the dinner hour. I had become very sick of the ship fare, and having noticed some oysters in a shop, I ordered some, and dined off them, as fine and good as I could have procured at Scott's at the top of the Haymarket.

I had accepted the Archdeacon's kind invitation to hear the bishop preach, and have luncheon afterwards and meet him. But my leg, which I had injured at Sydney, was so bad that I had to stay in my room all day, and despatch a note of apology. The leg, however, made the day pass agreeably, as it enabled me to make the pleasant acquaintance of Dr. Alexander, a St. Helena gentleman, who not only attended to my wounds, but kindly sat with me and entertained me with his experience of Dunedin, and other countries which he had visited.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Edwards also kindly paid me a visit and helped to while away the time. I was to start at half-past six next morning, and in

order to be sure of being up, I only laid down on the sofa instead of going to bed.

When the coach drove up with six fine horses I found my kind friend on the box, and learnt he had done so to secure the box seat for me. I had no idea that he was anybody in particular, and speedily took two shillings out of my pocket to reward his kindness. Judge of my horror when I learned in the course of the journey, that the intended recipient of my small douceur was no less a person than Mr. Chaplin, the proprietor of the coach and a cousin of my friend in England, Mr. Chaplin the member for Sarum, since dead. Luckily it was dark, and in the confusion I missed him, and so was prevented doing what I am afraid would have offended him, although it would have been perfectly unintentional on my part.

CHAPTER XII.

COBB'S COACH—NED DEVINE—PALMERSTON—PIGROOT—GOLD FIELDS—BLACKSTONE.

We started, three on the box, the middle man being a candidate for the Gold Fields in the Provincial Council, and as like the type of a Manchester bagman, in dress, manner, and everything else, politics included, as I ever saw a man. The pilot, for he was no less, was a Mr. "Ned Devine," who handled the six as easily and as skilfully as if it had been a single horse, and I proclaim him against all comers the first coachman in the world.

The way he managed at a turn of the road, the short turns of the streets in the town, and the awkward places on the road, were to me, not unused to four, a marvel of skill and strength. I took hold of the reins once or twice, and the weight of them, with the six horses, without bearing reins, was quite enough to have knocked up a man, without any driving or guiding. His day's journey was seventy miles.

The first stage was thirteen miles, and passed up and down a gorge of mountains, finely wooded, but with turns and twists in the road, round which he went at a pace which would have overturned the Exeter Telegraph, twice a week, with four horses, whereas we had six.

We changed in the bottom, and went another thirteen miles with six. At the end of this stage we breakfasted, and had a very fair meal at Warhomout's. We then started again with a fresh six, and arrived at Palmerston. Cobb's coach had, up to that time, been a fairly comfortable conveyance.

It being hung on leather springs exceeded, to my recollection, the elastic movements of the various steamers I had come by. By holding on to the iron, and keeping my legs strained tight, I managed to sit there as far as Palmerston. But the Candidate had been an uncomfortable neighbour, and my leg had made no "progress," which was his chief point, owing to his proximity.

I had been warned that the road would be tolerable to this place, but execrable beyond. This turned out to be the case, and it reminded me of home politics.

To the end and limit of old Palmerston, everybody seemed pretty secure, and, Tory as I am, I was fairly content. Then when he was gone, and after

the brief "Derby" ministry, we began dipping into the sloughs of despond, plunging into deep ruts, driving down precipices, and running all sorts of risks.

No such pilot as "Ned Devine," no stories sad or cheerful on the road, and when we drove off it, each crotchety tussack, like each crotchety member, making an impediment and jolt, to the discomfort of the passengers of the Government coach, or, in this case, her Majesty's Mail. Oh for the Derby Dilly! Having passed up the "Shag Valley" I fairly gave up my seat on the box and got inside, where I found my fellow passengers consisted of a rough north of Ireland chap, going to have a try at the Diggings, and a poor pennyless girl going to service at Nazeby.

After a ploughing match, for it was no better, and crossing either several rivers, or the same several times, and changing again, we arrived at "Pigroot," a euphonious but well deserved name for the place where we were to sleep.

I descended half smashed, with every bone in my body nearly dislocated, and entered the hut of which I had received such serious warning before leaving Dunedin. Its looks quite answered the prevision of my friends. The "up," or as they call it, the "down" coach had arrived, and we found the joint dinner table graced with the presence of four ladies

who were going to Dunedin. I use the term "ladies" as a generic term, indicating my respect for the softer sex, but only in that sense. We dined poorly enough, assisted by "Ned Devine" and the other coachman.

All along the road we had been pestered by bets, and conversations of the most animated kind, with reference to the respective candidates for the districts through which we had passed. Here the controversy was confined to the respective merits of the two candidates for the superintendentship—Mac Andrew, the present superintendent of the province, and his opponent, Mr. Reed. Ned Devine manfully supported Mac Andrew, and Harry Nettlefold, the other coachman, Mr. Reed; and warm and excited was the debate. The Candidate who joined in seemed a "measuring cast" kind of man, who I think was waiting to see what the opinion of his constituents might be before forming his own. The ladies looked on impartially, and I listened.

As far as I could judge myself, I inclined to Mac Andrew. First, because of the better argument of Ned Devine, who put it, "if a man does what is right, isn't he right?" to which Harry Nettlefold had no immediate reply, nor did it seem to admit of any. Mac Andrew not being able to carry a majority in the Council, has peremptorily dissolved it, which seemed to me a fine exercise of

power. Ned offered four to one on him, of which offer there were no takers. After a prolonged discussion on this point, and various anecdotes about a rough mayor of Cromwell, who seems to be a quaint fellow, and who had been told that in speaking of the Governor, he ought to say "His Excellency," addressed him in that way instead of "Your" on the occasion of a meeting. We prepared for bed.

I had determined to avoid that proceeding, and spread my travelling bed and great-coat on the table, and abided there. It did very well, but that I woke up at three, and failed to discover from my watch that it was not five, at which hour we were to start. So I had two hours sitting by the fire, which was kept up to give us a cup of coffee in the morning. In obedience to raps at respective doors, the various snores which had sounded through the house, abated, and having shaken hands with Ned Devine, I got into "Cobb" again with my fellow-passengers, under the pilotage of Harry. I was comforted by finding that Harry had been the competitor for driving honours with Ned at Melbourne, where the vigour of competing companies, between Melbourne and Geelong, had culminated in twenty horses in hand! This is really no joke, as first of all he told me himself, and next it was confirmed by Mr. Allen, who had seen them at work, and various other people.

We started with lamps, and my reliance on his skill was amply sustained by Harry, who guided us with safety through a stage, as bad as that by which we had approached Pigroot. Up on banks, down into ruts plunged the vacillating and fluctuating "Cobb," and we terminated the second day's ploughing match at a place called Kydburn, where we changed for four horses, and trotted with comparative absence of shaking into "Naseby," otherwise "Mount Eden," which mountain gives the name to a lofty range of snow mountains four thousand feet above the sea.

Naseby, as it has been renamed by the Government, is the site of a large gold field, and we had seen for the last five miles parties of six or seven digging out the stuff from which they extracted "the root of all evil." The road as we entered passed through a kind of morass of sand and *debris* formed by the various "races," as they are termed, in which the miners wash the stuff. These races are lined with rough stones, which they remove when the water is passed down, and the small lamina are found adhering to the stones.

Wages of employed miners vary from six to fifteen shillings a day. The price of gold varies from three pounds ten to three pounds fifteen an ounce, and is within a shilling the same price. The banks buy it, and send it down to Dunedin

under an armed escort. This, I should think, is needless, for a burglar or robber would have a difficulty in getting away with his plunder, as there are only certain houses in the route between Naseby and Palmerston, to which he must resort for maintenance. It is not like England, where he would have his choice of roads, and villages where he might lie secreted.

Naseby, like all the other places, was full of politics, and I was entertained during breakfast by the account of a local politician to the Candidate, of the respective chances of "Oliver" and some other fellows. I, after a mild breakfast, walked down to a gold-washing place, and saw the process. This was within two hundred yards of the inn where we breakfasted. I beg its pardon—hotel, which is the universal name of every pot-house.

We changed coaches here for greater lightness, and I was happy to part with my two fellow passengers, whose journey ended here. The Candidate delayed us here by various conversations he held with a variety of people, for he was approaching the scene of his candidature.

I upbraided him, and threatened to have a bill with "Armstrong for ever," the name of his opponent, put on the coach; for I also was within a stage of my boys, to see whom I had come to the Antipodes.

The road had mended, and after thirteen miles an outside passenger halloed out, "There's a buggy at Blackstone Hill," and upon drawing up there was Mr. Allen with a very nice pair-horse buggy, built on the American principle, ready for me. I wished the poor Candidate good-bye, and was somewhat sorry to find that he had ascertained at Naseby that he would be probably beaten, which would be a loss to him of a guinea a day during the sitting of Parliament, and the loss of a chance of a billet or Government appointment. I felt, however, that the welfare of New Zealand did not rest on his re-election.

I was soon up in the buggy, and Mr. Allen had promised the boys that he would put his white handkerchief on his whip if I had arrived, which was uncertain. We had to drive about five miles, and as soon as we had ascended from the bed of a river which we crossed, and got upon the flat ground, he hoisted his white flag, and I saw one of the boys and his dog starting violently towards the house, which was in sight, with the news.

I was most kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and the pleasure of the meeting with my jolly boys I need not describe. I was immediately taken by them, lame and tired as I was, to see the premises, the wool-shed, and all the scenes of their daily occupations. The station was rather a surprise

to me, although I had been prepared by my previous ride, for the total absence of timber; but it is situated in a depressed part of the Hawkedun range, with a distant view of Blackstone Hills, and is treeless.

It being now December, the hills were partially covered with snow.

The house is a one-storied station, with stabling, store-house, workshop, and other buildings adjacent, and a well-populated dovecote, which gives a homely appearance to the other buildings.

The humanising presence of a lady is visible in an enclosed garden, and behind a gorse hedge there is a frame for preserving some geraniums and other flowers. Reckoning that it was June with us, it seemed strange to see chrysanthemums, our winter flowers, in full bloom.

The boys were very anxious that I should see the formation of a fence, made of sods cut from the moor, like you see in Devonshire, only more artistically made, which, when finished, is sown with gorse, and makes an admirable fence.

A skilled man at this kind of work was at it, and considering that he worked without a line to guide him, was wonderfully accurate in its direction.

We then sat down to dinner off an excellent sirloin of beef, and I made a capital meal, and the master and boys, as we were to have a pigeon shooting

match next day, went
while I, not having been
having suffered maceration
pain in my leg, retired to a
description of a passenger,
as it was "as hard as a board
and which suited me exactly
my leg, I was asleep almost
pillow, and so continued till
when I was medically attended
who dressed my leg famously.

I then got up, and soon af
arrived, who were to be parta
match. I was foolishly tempted
had better have rested my leg,
well, as the jar of the discharge
and made me shoot uncertainly
famously.

We then inspected fourteen thou
sheep, which had been driven in
partition. Mr. Allen told me that th
acres of ground standing in a mass.

We then came in to dinner, and
turkey, which it was amusing to see
our united appetites. After dinn
gentlemen proved that it was
accomplishments with a squ
Mr. Rollands played the

moniously. I was taken back thirty-two years by Mr. Adam Rolland singing "The heart bowed down," which I had heard Borrani sing when Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" first came out. The third gentleman then went home, and after prayers we all retired.

I slept well again, again in the morning was attended by my "medical boy," and our friends departed. It then came on to rain, so I rested my leg, and with a recent memory of the events I have described, posted them up herein.

We went one of the days to the sheep washing apparatus, which is on an extensive scale, suited to the twenty-six thousand sheep on the run. It is very elaborate, and is one of the many expenses attending the preparation of wool for export. The gentleman who orders his pair of smart trousers at Poole's, has little idea of what the wool has gone through, on its way to his legs.

We had one or two courses after Maori hens, a strange kind of bird, not quite a water-fowl, but very like one, and which runs like an ostrich before the dogs. The feathers are rather pretty, and the body, boiled down, distils an oil very famous among the squatters for rheumatism. My boys had provided me with a bottle, which, packed in my carpet bag, has had the effect of driving away a rheumatic attack I had suffered from. It therefore must be

… prepared to su…
… …
… the keep…
… the Communi…
… Mr. Allen told …
… and he …
… Commandm…
… to s…
… Dun…
… boys …
… and their k…

… sufferings …
… I had …
… realized a …
… necessar…
… hundred : a…
… of a squ…
… They have …
… my boys. …
… at pres…
… and I hope to see …
… in the futur…
… Merewether Brothe…
They accompanied me to …
…, and finding the mail …
…, one of my boys …
were only two passengers.

got on the box, and I concluded that I had one left inside. But he had overlooked two babies who were concealed in the straw, and who, when I wished the boys good-bye and success, most heartily set up a profound roar, which lasted till breakfast-time at Naseby.

Ah! it was a serious wrench to leave these good young fellows at that distance from home. I shall probably never see them again. But I consoled myself that I had done the best I could for them, and contrasted their hopeful future, with that of the one at the bar, or another in the church. I cheered up, and took to whistling, to partly drown the noise of the babes in the straw, and reached Naseby.

There all the quiet humours of election by ballot were going on. If secrecy is one of the objects of the ballot, in that respect, it is a complete failure, for it was perfectly well known and talked about that "Oliver and Latour" would win by a considerable majority. But I am bound to say that it produced among a very rough set of gold diggers perfect order and quietude, and an absence of those broken heads which one has witnessed in an English election of far more orderly elements. A man to whom I noticed this with satisfaction, however, said, "Ah, you should wait till the evening, when the drinks begin to tell." How this was I know not, for "Cobb's" coach drove on.

I had thought two babies too much, but, attended by a considerable escort, another woman and another baby got in. This, however, was a nice little smiling infant, and only joined in the general cry when nature prompted it to apply for its maternal nutriment. The mother, however, had confidence, I am sorry to say, in me, and whenever an extra jolt obliged her to replace herself on the seat, she entrusted this sweet child to my holding. A German also got up here, a photographer, leaving Naseby for Port Darwin. Who he is to photograph there I know not, but I wish him all success, for, like the majority of Germans I have met with, he was far in advance in education of my countrymen of the same class, and helped to while away the long evening at that disastrous "Pigroot" by talking of Bismarck, and the events of the Italian war, with which he was quite familiar.

It seems he had not made himself in every way politically agreeable to the powers that be, and shook his head when I suggested his returning to Germany.

We had the passengers by the down coach to sup with us, and I suspect, one of the ladies was a housemaid, expected by Mrs. Allen. But I did not venture to ask her, as her manners, though those of a housemaid, were illustrated by a bonnet and flower of a duchess.

I slept on the table in the sitting room, and in the morning at five o'clock parted with Harry Nettlefold, and proceeded with six horses in hand, under the direction and skill of Ned Devine. At dinner we were joined by the successful candidate for Naseby, Mr. Oliver, with whom I had a pleasant chat touching railroads, and on the course of the new one projected through that country.

There are some lakes, farther up the country than I had time and health to go, and as their waters flow down to the sea, I presume that it will follow their course, till they have turned the flank of the high ranges, and then branch off through the Shag Valley to Dunedin.

Not all the skill of Ned Devine, which is infinite, could make the journey otherwise than revolting to Palmerston. The babies crew, or cried, the miserable vehicle rolled furiously, and I mentally enquired how much I would take to perform the same journey again. It was a large sum at which I estimated it. I am in hopes I persuaded the honourable member for Naseby to bring forward a motion, for either improvement of the road, or the speedy formation of the rail, and if so, I shall have a stone put up to my memory about "Pigroot."

At "Palmerston" I changed to a large coach, the extra room in which was speedily filled by five more ladies, and one additional baby, who joined his voice

to that of the other three. T
suffered from sitting with their b
and altogether, as I was miserab
not a pleasant thirty-two miles.

I don't know who my greate
wish him no worse than to
with those babies, those invalid
"Cobb's" coach! At last we
and my legs were so cramped that
lifted out by two men and placed
I soon recovered, and after th
miringly wishing good bye to
first whip in the world, I repa
Criterion, where I found famou
good dinner. I was in bed by
The next morning I was up and
freshed, had my friend Dr. Ab
and dressed and went out.

This was the day of the polling
Andrews and Mr. Gillies for the
tendent of the Province. I
had the privilege of seeing D
some other gentlemen exercise th
voting. So

there, that

freely

Gillies

be

the ballot covers a multitude of minor offences. Conveyance to the poll, with placards all over the carriage and horses, with the candidate's name "for ever," was perfectly legitimate. A band of music in the Mac Andrew interest paraded the town.

Ah, my dear Mr. Mundella, or whoever you are who have stifled the expression of my opinion, by the patent of this solemn mockery, I will tell you a secret. You have not in your tinkering legislation forbidden me to put in my hat for whom I am going to vote. I know I may not tell anybody, but by that means I shall lead them to a strong inference of how I am going to exercise my right of "secret" voting. The five to oners had it their own way, and though the numbers have not come in from the country, there is, I believe, no chance of the result being altered, and Mac Andrew is the Superintendent of the Province of Otago for the next four years. He gets, I am told, six hundred a year, and the members of the Provincial Council get one guinea a day during the sitting of Parliament, with the chance of a "billet," or Government appointment, if they are friendly to the Mr. "Glynn" of this ilk. Of course this prompts the candidature of many a loafer, who has no pretence for occupying a seat. They must change all this, and the better sort here begin to think so.

I occupied the remainder of the
some purchases for my boys, and
as a present for Mr. Allen, as he w
and shelter round his house; din
d'Able, and in the evening went
and saw a very creditable perfo
Fairclough in "Richard the Thir
fair, and it was interesting to se
house took the best points of S
His "courting scene" I have seen
formed by eminent tragedians at h

The "supers" were well drille
and I looked in vain for a rep
theatrical story of the man who
the presence of an eminent trage
of saying, "Stand back, my lord,
pass," rendered it thus, "Stand
and let the parson cough." C

pleasant of the colonials. It has a strong flavour of the muscat grape.

I write this book with fear and trembling, for I find from people at the dinner table, that authors must be careful how they offend those quick-witted colonists. However, as I have been particularly civil, and have not expected anybody to give me up the best room, and have not said, while the judge's lady and others have called upon me, "Oh, bother these colonial ladies, I wish they would stop away," and have not exposed myself to the playful waggery of a gentleman, for there are wags here as elsewhere, who, finding I was going to a town, preceded me, and accurately describing me, told the landlord that I was travelling with a panorama, and should be gratified by being asked to exhibit it at a private view in the hotel, much to my indignation. As I have done none of these things, and none of them have happened to me, I leave myself to the tender mercies of colonial critics.

I picked up last night, from the man who made the shoes, the real story of the horse shod with gold. As it varies from the story I have read at home, and is of unquestionable veracity, and seems to me to include some picturesque details I write it down here.

"In the early days of Victoria, when gold was first discovered, there was at Beechworth located

[illegible] Mr. Cameron, who kept a store. The [illegible]
diggings included a number of penniless
runaway sailors, and others with no means
yet. Mr. Cameron was a liberal man, and
a number of these people with food, tools, and
necessaries. He was no loser, as the people,
poor, were honest, and amply repaid him
gold they acquired. Time moved on, and
worth became entitled to a representative in
ment. The qualification was two thousand
Mr. Cameron was amply qualified, but the
diggers determined that he should be retu
no man had yet been so returned. In a fe
four men collected the two thousand pou
presented it to Mr. Cameron. No other c
was thought of, or allowed.

They then determined that he should pr
the nomination in an unusual manner, and
now a jeweller at Dunedin, was applied to,
four golden shoes for the horse on which h
ride. He undertook to make them, and was
to Mr. Johnston for the gold. He said, "[illegible]
much gold as you want, [illegible] it well." [illegible]
[illegible]

There is a great deal of proud rough gratitude in this, and is very striking. Tofield has over his shop as his sign, two golden shoes painted, and it was owing to my asking him what it meant that he told me this tale. I had heard it before as an instance of the plenty of gold, and the profusion of the diggers, but the real story of the gratitude of the diggers, and their pride in their benefactor, has not I think yet been told.

Now comes the melancholy part of the tale. Mr. Johnston, the man who supplied the gold, and had realised some sixty thousand pounds, and Mr. Cameron, the object of the supply, have neither, owing to injudicious speculation, sustained that position. Such are the sudden turns of Dame Fortune's wheel.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSIONS AS TO NEW ZEALAND.

I MUST not quit New Zealand, which I do to-morrow, without offering a few conclusions at which I have arrived, whether rightly or wrongly I cannot say. But I give them as those of a passing looker-on. New Zealand is prejudiced, both in its present and future by the severance of its several provinces. That leads to conflicting interests, to rival, small political assemblies, and altogether defeats the unity of action which can be found at Sydney or Melbourne.

Auckland was the head place, but upon the decision of an appointed commission Wellington was fixed upon as the seat of Government, being more central. But from Auckland to Wellington is thirty-six hours' steam, through a restless sea. From Wellington to Dunedin is again nearly three days. I leave out Nelson, one of the smaller provinces, and Christchurch, the Canterbury settlement, midway between this and Wellington. Well, this must

create what has been called a great disruption of continuity, which I don't see how it is to be got over.

Dunedin, being chiefly colonized by Scotchmen, is clearly the place of the colony, and having gone into the connection with Melbourne, is still likely to do best. Wellington also seems to cling to the same alliance. Auckland is, I think, a little asleep. But taking the three places, if anybody wants to see a colony in its infancy, this New Zealand is well worthy of a visit.

I don't think it is understood in England. People have heard of the Maori war. That is confined to the Northern island, and there are none or nearly none, I mean "Maori," in this the southern island, including "Southland," which is now part of Otago. These Maoris are a great difficulty to the northern island, because they are there and are unpleasant neighbours, and to these southern parts, because, if occasion arises, the Southerners have to bear their share of the general expense of war, being but little concerned in it.

An Otagoist complained to me that Otago was a long-suffering country, for that they had contributed largely to the last Maori war, aud had not that, snapping his fingers, to show for it. It is like two brothers, one living in a fever district, and one out of it, but having to pay half his brother's doctor's bill. How long this will last, who knows?

But it has a tendency to create an ill-feel between the north and the south; and in the shuffl of the cards of the future, I can see this, as be a dependant of the Republic, or whatever it tu into, of Melbourne, join it, and a separation fr the north. And Wellington, being the seat Government, naturally excites most attention, a this southern part is comparatively forgotten, a Wellington also is the best land.

But then people read of Maori murders, and th confuse the whole of New Zealand with it. It sur was very absurd to make the native population New Zealand take an oath of allegiance to our m gracious Queen, and then draw a line of partiti and call it King's land, over which we are not allow to pass, but the Maoris may come over it into (land. This seems to me to require remedy, and cannot but think the remedy is war.

However, be that as it may, taking the wh islands together, it is obvious that immigration sadly needed. Taking this southern part, and t north, I cannot think that a million people would too many for the necessities of New Zealand.

The wages I ascertain to be as follows. This l applies to Otago:—

			Per ann
Agricultural Labourer, with board and lodging...			£
Ploughman	„	„ ...	£50 to £
Shepherd	„	„ ...	£40 to £

	Per annum.
Man and wife—man labourer, wife as laundress and general servant	£70 to £80
Female servant	£36 to £50

Eight hours a day is considered the working time.

Beef is 6d. to 8d. per lb., mutton 2½d. to 3½d.

These are Dunedin figures, and are much cheaper in the country.

I think I can rely upon their accuracy, as they were given me by the Archdeacon, who not only gave his own experience, but also that of a gentleman who he consulted, and who had had large experience in the employment of labour.

But I wish to give one caution in putting down these great temptations to emigrate. There is no such thing wanted as a "housemaid." I mean by that, the bright creature, who on Sunday almost puts to shame with her clothes the clergyman's wife, and who nicely arranges her "fall" before commencing her devotions. She had better stop at home, and plague us. She is not wanted here.

But a good stout young woman from a village, who has been taught to roast, and boil, and wash, and keep a house clean, may go out to-morrow, as many as they like, and get these wages.

And as a rule I think the relation of master and mistress and servant, is made very pleasant here. There is a mutual reliance to be placed in each other, which makes things pleasant. So again the footman or "Jeames" of domestic life had better abide

where he is. Grooms capable of treating a horse, ill or well, as the case may be, are much wanted.

And all fair mechanics are sure of an eight hours day's work, and a full wage. When we see crowds of these poor fellows earning an insufficient livelihood at home daily, is it not time that they should know that a hundred thousand of them may live in plenty here. Tell Mr. Arch or Mr. Potter of this, and go to Dr. Featherstone in Victoria Street, and he will help you to it.

The further I get on in this country the more certain do I feel that war is impending in the Northern Islands.* I therefore recommend to the squatter or the emigrant this southern island of Otago. There is room and pasturage, my friends, for you all, and really language, customs, and everything will make you very soon forget, or rather not forget, but cease to deplore, those little spots of England which we love, rich or poor.

I am fairly delighted with New Zealand. Its drawback is the interposition of the sea between the principal towns, but all it wants is people—industrious people—to become a great place.

I am rejoiced to have selected it for my boys.

* Since this was written the Government, who had moved our troops from New Zealand, [illegible] back to the Gold Coast; insisting [illegible] protectorate here, and ignoring it in [illegible]

They are difficult of access, and they are beyond "Pigroot" at present. But send them people to make roads, send mechanics to lay the rail, and feed the "iron horse," and New Zealand, with its grateful tribute of mines and produce, will soon bring them nearer to that great haven of all emigrants, success. I am now off to Melbourne in the Claude Hamilton. I probably shall never see my boys again, but I say, "Good-bye, and God bless you and New Zealand."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BLUFF—STORMY WEATHER—COUNTRYWOMAN.

We started at two o'clock, and the Archdeacon an another divine wished me good-bye at the railwa station. We had a cheerful captain, and all wer well till we reached the Bluff, which is the por of Invercargill, and with a railway running to tha place. It is a miserable spot, with about twent houses, but we had the satisfaction of temporaril occupying ourselves with a meal, in still water.

I say temporarily, for upon leaving the Bluff ou troubles began. That night was the saddest I eve passed. A head wind of undoubted fury, and th stout little ship was twisted into every possib contortion. The dinner faded away, and the alb trosses were the better for it. The storm we on for two days.

First the mainsail flew from its bolt ropes, a then the smaller sail followed suit. We had bring her round to the wind to get hold of th

refractory sails, and oddly enough, after we had got hold of them again, and set them right, the wind, as if fancying that it had done its worst, and had failed, moderated, and left us more alone for the rest of the voyage.

When I say "we" did this thing or the other, don't imagine for a moment that I had any share in reducing the erring sails to reason. I lay helpless in my berth, leaving the arrangement of matters to Providence and the captain, feeling that whatever happened, no interposition of mine would be of the least avail. As the wind moderated I came out of the shell of my cabin.

I found among the passengers a Wiltshire girl, who had married an American, and had been with her child to see her mother in New Zealand, and was going back to Missouri. She would hardly believe that at so great a distance from home she had fallen in with a neighbour. But she was assured when, telling me she lived at St. Edith's Marsh, I replied, "Don't you mean 'Tidy Mash?'" which is our local pronunciation. She brightened up immediately, and said, "Oh, I am sure, sir, you are all right." We then conversed about her neighbours and friends, her home being about four miles from me.

We had also on board Mr. Mundy, a capital photographer, who had been making the tour of

New Zealand, and returns home with an a collection of views, well executed, and as had seen, the places exceedingly like. He to publish them in England, and if he can them cheap enough to have general circul views will do more to promote emigrati than a dozen popular lecturers.

He is, besides, a well-informed man, me many interesting particulars in descr various views. He must have gone th infinity of labour, and no small risk, in l in the interior. But that it would be anticipating his own labours, I would re many of the things he told me, which terest you, sir, or madam, much more poor lucubrations. But here the last w out, and there the coach was overturned passengers drowned, and this was a pl of the footsteps in the hardened sand of th and extinct "Mao," which he has sent of to Professor Owen, whom Heaven long

This interesting and pleasant compa terially beguiled the long days, and gav to think about in the dark hours, when I on my back in my cabin, deprecating sea si

At last, one fine [illegible] was joyf nounced that we were [illegible] e He I was quickly on deck [illegible]

quarantine grounds and buildings, which I had eschewed in favour of Sydney. A pilot came on board at Williamstown, the head of Hobson's Bay, and I conceived that all was right, and in imagination breakfasted at Melbourne. But behold, our troubles were not yet over. There are two ways up to Melbourne, one by the Sandridge Railway, and one by the River Yarra Yarra. Unhappily, I suppose to save the owner's expense of railway transit for the cargo, the captain determined on the latter. Yarra means winding, and repeated "very." The river certainly justifies its name.

We were going along, much elated at our speedy prospect of deliverance, when suddenly a bump, and a turn of the bow landwards, and it was soon clear that we were hopelessly aground.

She was backed hard astern, but all in vain. This was about eight o'clock, tide falling rapidly, and we learnt only likely to flow again at half-past eleven! "Those stones, sir, must be covered before we can move," said the pilot.

How anxiously we watched those stones! At ten o'clock, the Derwent, a Tasmanian steamer, quite light and empty, passed us to take the mail for Tasmania from the Suez boat, the China, which we had heard had followed us into the bay.

The passengers on the Derwent treated us in

passing to some derisive remarks, which we bore patiently, but I must confess I was delighted when we saw round the next reach, our friend the "Derwent" in a similar predicament to ourselves, hard and fast aground. Here she was speedily joined by another similarly derisive steamer, and we had the cold comfort of believing, that they had changed the side of their laugh to the other side of their mouths. But this is a great reproach to the otherwise go-a-head city of Melbourne.

Three steamers aground within a mile of each other, and all for want of about a mile and a half of ship canal, for which there is the unoccupied marsh land lying ready to their hand, and which would receive, opposite Melbourne, the waters of the Yarra, and be always kept clear.

They tell me it is often talked about, but Ministries are of short-lived duration, and just as one Government has determined on carrying it out, it goes out, and the plans are pigeon-holed by their successors.

I know nothing of the politics of Mr. Francis, the present premier, but I wish him, most heartily long political life enough to complete the trumpery bit of ship canal. There we lay fuming and wishing anything but blessings to Victorian soil, which clung so steadily to our bottom, but at length one o'clock came, the stones began to be covered by the flowin

l a Geelong steamer, the Dispatch, coming
us so effective a back-wash, that we fell
) water, and were once more off for Mel-

CHAPTER XV.

MELBOURNE.

HERE we arrived without further let or hindrance, and after wishing the captain better luck next time, and my fellow-passengers good-bye, I chartered a cab, and was quickly deposited at the very comfortable "Hotel Menzies."

There, after the usual operations of warm bath, treating my wounds, for my boils are still bad, and dressing, I soon addressed myself to seeing Melbourne. Considering that this city is about thirty years old, it is perfectly marvellous what piles of stone and cement, bricks and mortar, have been heaped upon the toes of poor old Time. Multiply the present Melbourne by a few more years, and on the present scale, it will be one of the first cities in the world, especially if they make that ship canal.

It has had the advantage over Sydney of having been laid out first of all more recently, and next under the favourable circumstances of gold digging.

Melbourne had wealth to begin with, and, therefore, there is less to pull down than at Sydney. While George Street and Pitt Street are the principal streets of Sydney, Collins Street, Bourke Street, and Swanston Street place Melbourne far above its New South Wales neighbour. The buildings are not only superior, but banks, theatres, churches, and other institutions, have followed suit in the same fine proportions.

Collins Street is very nearly as wide as Regent Street, and is longer.

The inequality of the ground also gives a picturesque appearance, and they are so laid out as to make a great facility for finding your way about.

The post-office and town hall are buildings which would do more than credit to our Board of Works, and the public hall at the latter is of proportions which would astonish an Exeter Hall speaker.

I shall have to return to that hall by-and-by, but I give it now that passing notice. There is also a building which contains a fine library, a gallery of paintings, and a well selected set of plaster casts from Rome, Naples, and Paris.

In the entrance lobby there is a good selection of native curiosities, and a large room is set apart for produce specimens, corn, wood, ores, among them the "Welcome" nugget, valued at ten thousand pounds. The picture gallery has a few

originals; and I was struck to see the crow[d] the picture of the brigands extracting the ... from their prey. This had recently arriv[ed] ... was obviously a matter of great interest ... Victorians.

I ascended to the library, which I foun[d] ... filled with students. A civil sub-librarian ... that the books most in demand were tho[se] ... applied sciences and reviews. Novels wer[e] ... garded, and there was a fair appreciation ... logical works. Law books, by the unsoiled ... which they were familiarly bound, seemed ... no demand, with which I cordially agree.

There was a constant crowd going in. ... Saturday, and it was interesting to see pe[ople] ... decently-dressed people explaining the d... objects to their children.

I cannot help thinking that, taking the ... amounts of population, Melbourne in this ... reads a useful lesson to the inhabitants ... metropolis, who by no means throng the ... Museum to the same extent, or with the ... object, to learn.

I went to the theat[re] ... I saw the "C... Brothers," with a very ... "Chateau R... and a farce at which I ... ever done at the Olym[pic] ...

I went to the ...

the Victorians have wisely laid out, so as to have "lungs" to their city as it progresses.

Melbourne is essentially a place of business, and all along the principal streets you see indications of the various trades and speculations in which they are engaged. Here there is a large crowd of eager-looking men, through which you have a difficulty in threading your way. These are outside speculators on the various gold mines which are either floating or sinking in the deep waters of the Melbourne market.

There goes a man nearly in rags, who is pointed out as having last year so many shares in such and such a mine, but who by unfortunate over speculation is reduced to his present state, and has sought comfort in drink.

Even the dear ladies are not above exertion in these lines, as I noticed one affiche, which stated that that was the home of the "The Victorian Ladies' Silicicultural Society, limited." What that is I leave to more learned people to discover; at present its operations appear "limited," as the premises in which they are carried on appear small.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred—happiness and good luck to him!—has left behind traces of his being here, in the various tailors, hair dressers, &c., who are prepared to dress either him or his royal hair, should he return.

But one of these recipients of royal bounty rather struck me. It was posted up, "Portmanteaus neatly repaired or exchanged." Whether the royal traveller has cause to rejoice in the neat repair of his valise, or congratulate himself on an advantageous exchange with the proprietor, I know not, but he described himself as being under the patronage of "H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh."

There is one little defect in Melbourne which attracts notice. All the drainage is above ground. This I have no doubt, as time rolls on and wealth accumulates, they will soon remedy. But having secured a high pressure of water they are enabled to sluice daily these open sewers, and you are surprised to see a small brook running down and across the side of the street, by which means the flushing is secured. This makes the streets very clean, and beyond an occasional smell is very effective; but now and then a cart backs into the gutter or brook, and while waiting to load or unload an accumulation rises up round the wheels, which is neither pretty to look at or sweet to inhale. But this is easily set aside, and arises simply from the haste with which a great city has risen from the ground.

I assisted, amongst other things, at a concert and organ recital at the large room in the Town Hall. It contains a brilliant organ, they say the second

largest in the world. It was certainly very good, and was listened to with rapt attention by an immense crowd. I was almost ashamed of my travelling dress, as I found myself unwittingly in the best place, surrounded by opera cloaks and white ties, which would not have disgraced an Albert Hall concert.

They don't encore, but approval is expressed by applause after the piece or song is concluded, and the performer reappears and bows or curtseys. In fact a call.

The Victorians are a little too plain and matter-of-fact in taking things as they are. For instance, there was a beautiful contralto voice and a very beautiful lady, and very well got up, who sang, I think it was, "Oh bel momento," and very well she sang it, but in the uneuphonistic name of Mrs. Cutter. Now, I think Cutter is not a name to marry to sweet sounds. Surely Schnudh would have been better, or adding an "ini" would have improved it. But it was a famous performance, and the organ went and was played right well.

I was impeded in getting to Ballarat by two wet days, but I had seen the gold diggings in New Zealand, and I suppose they are much alike.

I cannot leave Melbourne without predicting a fine future for it, and I still think that they will not be satisfied without annexing the Riverina, so

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as I hear the first accounts of its productions, and I daily eat them. But time and October, when I must be home, will not tarry for me.

One thing I was struck with in these Melbournians was their use of Yankee phraseology, which I had not found elsewhere. For instance, when I went to the bank to change my letters of credit, I was very kindly received by a gentlemanlike man, who, when I had explained my purpose said, "Certainly, would you like to operate now?" However, they are a fine population, and I left Melbourne with regret. I then shipped myself on board the good steamer City of Adelaide, and with the company in my berth of a small boy who was going up to Queensland, duly arrived at Sydney again.

CHAPTER XVI.

MELBOURNE TO SYDNEY AND NEWCASTLE.

On the voyage I had been a good deal embar[illegible] by finding from a gentleman on board that h[illegible] bound for Sydney to catch a ship of 1200 ton[illegible] one of Green and Wigram's, which was to sa[illegible] San Francisco next day. I was sorely perpl[illegible] what to do. I had telegraphed from Melbour[illegible] my brother at Newcastle to say that I should [illegible] on to him, and asking him to secure a ship f[illegible] This sailing next day seemed so very prompt [illegible] feared to neglect it, and at the same time I w[illegible] willing not to meet my b[illegible] and his family [illegible] throw him over in an[illegible]ment with [illegible] ship. However, I w[illegible] in getting [illegible] berth, for a man had [illegible] for me, which announ[illegible] reasonabl[illegible]ms, a [illegible] King, [illegible]ald [illegible]

carriage would meet me next morning at the steamer when it reached Newcastle.

This was charming, although it gave me too short time with him. After a smooth voyage, in about six hours, we got into the port of Newcastle, I having previously dined at the club, and got my wounds attended to, and done one or two other things I wanted to do in Sydney.

There was the carriage waiting, and I was soon at my brother's, which is about two miles out of Newcastle. It is a lovely spot, standing half way down the hill on the right hand, bounded by the sea, with Port Stevens in the distance, backed and surrounded on the left by a fine hilly wood, in front the shipping in the port, and all round the high Liverpool range, which is the back-bone of this colony.

There cannot be a more beautiful view conceived. He has become possessed, by marrying a very nice lady, of a good deal of the property around his house, which, with the coal under it, and the neighbourhood of Newcastle, will ultimately be of great value.

He is superintending manager of the Australian Agricultural, and in addition to overlooking the small amount of 250,000 acres of pastoral land, and its consequent labour of shearing and washing countless sheep, has to manage the detail of the

Company's large coal works at this place. This and looking after seven children occupies his time in a way that made me grudge the leisure he kindly bestowed upon me.

We went on board the "British King," and saluted the Captain, and I began to see San Fran. looming in the distance.

I had purposed, if I had time, to go up to "Warra," the little farm of 250,000 acres, and to Mr. Wyndham's vineyards at "Dalwood," to which there is a rail. But time pressed, and I was obliged to be content with visiting, at his very nice cottage at Warraton, Mr. Turk, who, besides "squatting" on a large scale, has a vineyard here, and a very pretty place.

We went by rail, and he met us at the station, and then we were conveyed home in a way suitable to the receptions of this country; that is to say, he drove us a certain way, then we were met by my brother's carriage, and as Mr. Pepys says, "so home."

I could not help feeling very sensible of this hospitable treatment, and wondering how far my best friend in England would have sped me on my way home, especially if the roads were as execrable as these were.

Time, however, went on, and a Sunday came, on which, after going to church in the morning, I bid

adieu to my brother and sister, and their chicks, cheerfully, but sorrowfully, as I did not feel well, and 7,000 miles and no surgeon on board, seemed a considerable risk. But as the sailing of the good ship "British King" seemed uncertain, it was agreed I should be on board by five o'clock, so, after laying in a store of gargle and other condiments, I shook hands with my brother Ned, thanking him heartily for his kindness and goodwill, and surrendered myself to the custody of the first officer.

And thus I parted with our Australian colonies. I very much grieved that I had not time to go to Tasmania. First, because, from all I heard of it, I had formed a high opinion of it; and next, because I should have liked to see the Governor upon his throne.

Of the respective colonies, I have formed this opinion. If I were a young man going out into the world, I should not select New South Wales as my place of location. First, because the gentry there, like in the City Common Council, hold aloof from any participation in the Government, and it is therefore inane, and as one can judge by their acts, entirely in the hands of a not superior class, and becomes entirely a Government at the dictation and mercy of the mob; and so men, again, not of a superior sort, boil up to the top, and become Prime

Ministers, and all sorts of things, but feel th selves in all their acts under the arbitrary and au cratic dictation of that hard ruler, Democracy.

Till the gentry rouse themselves into actio fear this state of things will continue, if it does come to worse. In the meantime there is a sle inactivity about Sydney which cannot comp with the greater go-aheadness of Melbourne.

Melbourne, that is to say, Victoria, I quest whether it has not culminated to nearly its b It has not enough back country to sustain it. wants the "Riverinand," and I suspect will hav some day, in spite of Sydney. Gold has made and if the gold continues to lend its yellow it has enterprise enough to continue its pre progress; but if that fails, I can see a worse fu for Victoria.

I don't see why Queensland, which gets its mainly through Melbourne, was separated Victoria, except for the purpose of making som kings of Queensland, and other governorships. told that life is pleasanter at Sydney than bourne, and I can fancy it is the case. The residences on the Bay of Sydney, I dare say, more pleasant inhabitants than the same folks of Melbourn and I can believe th Crawshaw said of one to live on, ar

They have enough gold to give it the help which precious metal has given to Victoria; they have c and in the other parts its substitute "lignite," ar have given before the present wages, which of co would abate as the population increased, and tl was a greater choice of hands: but taking all thi into consideration, and assuming that they will l the good sense to alter that nondescript l Parliament which I have adverted to elsewhere, l for Otago, as a place which fits best the surplus th and sinews of Old England. The climate is adı able, as I found by being there in its cold weatl and for a gentleman who likes good things, Dunedin oysters are fit for a prince.

These are my views about these colonies. I d vouch for them as absolutely accurate, but they those of a plain common-sense man, who w without prejudice, and simply says what he thi If I am wrong it is not from intention.

CHAPTER XVII.

SAILING VOYAGE ACROSS THE PACIFIC.

I AM now on board the "British King," and have the pleasant prospect of seven thousand miles in a sailing vessel before me. I am the only passenger, but I have a snug cabin, with this exception.

It is two feet wide, though long enough. In the middle there is a projection of four inches to admit of a window, which is delightful for the purpose of admitting fresh air.

But if you will take the trouble, dear sir, to survey my person, you will notice that I, like other persons, am not of a uniform thickness all the way down. And it is an untoward circumstance in my formation that that increased bulk exactly coincides with that four inches which circumscribes the general width of the "bunk."

Consequently, I am reduced to this state of things. Two feet, minus four inches—that inequality of person, or rather excess to which I have adverted. So that,

on the whole, my sleeping time is not by far the most agreeable part of the day or night. However, I am getting accustomed to it, and find sleeping on my back an evasion of the difficulty.

We started about five o'clock Monday morning, the 7th July, towed out of Newcastle Harbour by a steam tug; and the first week all went well, and though I rather suffered from a "sea change," and was uncertain at times whether I stood on my head or my heels, giving rather a preference to the former, still we made famous progress, and if we could believe the log, traversed some two hundred miles and upwards per diem.

But on the 13th, as if to mock our good hopes, and show that we must not be too proud, such a storm assailed us as I never had contemplation of. Two sails were blown clean out of their ropes, and spun over the ocean, to the benefit of those fish, whatever they are, who are fond of sails; the sea came over both sides of the ship, and flooded the cabins, sitting-room, and mine included. A horrible trampling over my head seemed to imply that all the devils of the sea were bent on crushing me under-foot, and when I inquired what on earth was the matter, I was told that they were only hauling the "spanker."

What that was I knew not, but reflecting that we were some thousand miles from "anywhere," I did not

feel happy, "spank" he ever so pleasantly. At last the storm abated, and if it be true that pleasure is the absence of pain, certainly it is, in its naval interpretation, the absence of storm. It is truly delightful to emerge from the place where you are "cabined and confined," once more to pace, nay to prance along the deck, and to have all those bright delusive feelings which prompt you to boast that every Briton is a "child of the sea."

Alas, on the twentieth again came another storm, during which, I broke sadly the fifth commandment, if the sea really is my father, as it was only a repetition, with frightful additions of the former evils. But I have infinite reliance on Providence and Captain Quine the commander, so I get gradually inured to these tossings. We are now come to rather the reverse, as we are going about two miles an hour, the sails flapping idly against the yards, and San Francisco seems as hopeless a terminus as Cromer on the Eastern Counties.

But Captain Quine is a pleasant man, and has studied his profession and its legislation, and in the absence of wind we have pleasant talks about sailors and their fate. And, naturally, we touch upon Mr. Plimsoll and his movement. And I cannot but fear that philanthropy, as usual, is going ahead a little too much.

I do not doubt that there is some ground for his

imputations of insuring ships with the intention of losing them, and let all means of enquiring into that be given to him, and let adequate punishment be awarded to the execrable wrong-doers.

But, as for believing in the wholesale accusation in that fine cartoon in Punch, I respectfully do nothing of the kind. I have had professionally to do with many of the first shipowners, and I cannot believe this of the Wigrams, Norwoods, Brocklebanks, Beazleys, and others, the largest shipowners in the trade. And if a crusade of public feeling is to be instituted against them, let us also look at the other side of the question, and see what the "poor sailors," on whose behalf this sympathy is aroused, do towards deserving it.

Let us take the case of this ship. It was bound from London to Sydney. Thence to California with coals, and then back to Liverpool with grain. It is well found, and everything is supplied to the men, as regards water and food, at rates much in excess of the usual allowance.

It belongs to Beazley and Co., of Liverpool, and Mr. Graves, the lamented member for Liverpool, whose memory will live beyond the limits of his party in the House, was one of the joint owners.

Captain Quine, through the medium of the Government institution in London, engaged in that port twenty-seven men, at a cost of £4 5s. Of

this 1s. each was to be deducted from the men's pay.

On Christmas Day, a good dinner was found for the men, and a bottle of beer each. They came forward by a deputation and thanked the captain, for having provided so well for them. Before morning, the mate reported them as very drunk. Upon inquiry, it was found that they had broken bulk of the cargo, and two cases of champagne were missing. The captain instituted a search, and in various "bunks" empty bottles of champagne were found. But in vain he endeavoured from the rest to discover the thieves. They all were silent, and declined to be "informers."

Well, you will say, "Why did not the captain wait till he had a police court handy, and give them in charge." That is all very well, but you see he would have been unable to prove his case, and such are the regulations, that even if he had proved it, all the costs would have fallen on him.

This is so well known, that part of a captain's instructions are to suffer, and bear, and as much as possible avoid the police courts. This was a bad return on the part of the "poor sailors" for the kindness which had been shown them.

But what happened when he got to Sydney? Out of the twenty-seven, fourteen claimed their discharge, and left the ship, and, deducting the

advance made to them in London, and their "tobacco" money, left behind them all the wages they had earned since their leaving London. So that they punished themselves.

They have always some excuse, and in this case, after being questioned by the captain, a man at last said, "We don't like the mate." The captain replied, "Well, he has always appeared to me to treat you well, and I have never heard him call you out of your name," a phrase for abuse.

But they stuck to this, and the probable reason is that they got £5 a month for the voyage home. Well, they lost of course by this, but what was the result to the ship? Fourteen from twenty-seven leaves thirteen.

If you are to talk about ships being lost, just conceive the condition of this ship with only thirteen men on board who knew anything about her, or the position of one rope from another. But this was not all.

After discharging cargo at Sydney, they had to go on to Newcastle for coal. There three more men ran away from the ship, leaving only ten men to form the crew accustomed to the ship.

The captain was therefore driven to get his hands from the crimps, who still in these ports hold their own with the "poor sailors." Of these, three came on board suffering under delirium tremens, and one

was ill. Of course the delirum abated, and we have done well since. But it is a grievous hardship to the poor shipowners and captain, and also to the "poor sailor" himself. But let us see whether that is all.

Say—as I earnestly hope we shall—we arrive safe at "Frisco," as it is called. I am told that by far the greater part of the crew will again "levant" there; again leaving behind the pay they have already earned. This is further injustice, through their own wilfulness to the "poor sailors." Though by getting higher wages in the local ships, they will so far make it up to themselves, and they have got their keep and lodging from Newcastle to "Frisco." But how will it stand for the poor captain and owners?

Say, that six or eight of his crew stop with him. They are going to load wheat home. That, I am told, is a most dangerous cargo, from its slippery character, and is very liable to shift. To get home safely with this slippery lot, the captain will in the first place have to ship men at £7 a month, or won't get them at all, and next twenty of his crew will be new to his ship, officers and everything. And if the ship is lost, you will have Mr. Plimsoll and others insisting on the villany of the owners of the "British King."

There are rascals, doubtless, in all trades, but I

trust if they are hung, drawn, and quartered, it will be on better grounds than the poor shipowners are arraigned upon. And I very respectfully ask Mr. Gladstone, whose goodness of heart and kindness is unmistakeable, however we may dissent from his present views on politics, I respectfully ask him to apply his great powers to remedying the cruel condition of the men through these crimps.

One man on board this ship has admitted that he, a rough fellow, and one who could have got as tipsy as a lord for a sovereign, had got to Liverpool after a long voyage, with £70 in his pocket. At the end of *one* week it was gone! and he had to go to sea again.

Oh, gentlemen of the House of Commons, turn your philanthropy in this direction; do away with the Board of Trade, make what you pay that august but peddling body into a fund for pensions for old mercantile mariners, and you need not trouble about the one knave who insures his ship to sink it. He is a unit in the shipowning body, and is not so much worth looking after as the pith and marrow of your mercantile navy, and their preservation from these sharks.

That last word enables me to apologize for this long digression, and to tell you about our catching a salt-water monster of that persuasion. We were all hailed by the man in the forecastle with "shark

alongside!" Even I was roused from my nausea, and got upon a tub and looked over into the "Mediterranean blue" sea. And there sailing slowly along was the big beast. He was going the contrary way to ourselves, and had a most ridiculous air of a man of business going along, taking no notice of the crowds who were looking over the ship's side at him.

We passed the word to the captain, who as quickly rigged the hook, and put a piece of pork on for a bait. He dropped it down just before his nose, and the "man of business," taking it as a part of his daily occupation, made a fierce grab at the pork. This time he missed it, and it was "try again." Having gone out a little to sea from the course of the ship, our friend took a sharp turn back, and this time not only took the bait, but hooked himself most securely. By this time all those noble tars who are slow enough in hauling on a rope, were all excitement to get the brute on board. The captive held on, and a noose was made and fastened round him just under his fins, and "heave ho," and he was on board. What a shindy he kicked up, and how he bit the iron stays and ropes, and hit out with his tail! In a minute he had rolled himself up in a coil of ropes, and he was very difficult to extricate. A blow with a hatchet made his tail free, and he was then hauled off into

mid-deck and measured. He was nine feet, and a blue bottle-nosed shark. I never saw a poor gentleman so quickly disorganised. In five minutes his throat was cut, his head off, his backbone out, his tail cut, and his heart eviscerated! That poor member beat curiously after having been out of him ten minutes. Steaks were cut off him for the sailors, and I begged the head, and entrusted a sailor with the jaw, to take home, and for him to clean. This morning I am rather down in the mouth, as my friend's teeth, jaw, and all have worn away the lashing with which it was tied, overboard, and is gone to join his other "disjecta membra." They promise they will catch me another in the tropics. If they do I hope they will hold his jaw better.

Here we are bidding our last farewell to land. We are four thousand miles from Newcastle, and I had hoped only three thousand from "Frisco." But we are off Pitcairn's Island, which was the island that the mutineers of the Bounty resorted to, and which, with the aid of some Sandwich Island ladies, they populated, till they were removed to Norfolk Island, after we had abandoned it as a convict settlement. This and Elizabeth Island we had fondly hoped we had left behind. But we were concerned to find that circle sailing had brought us back to them. We gladly bid them adieu, and stole on

sadly over the "calmy." I suppose that is the right word for the sea when in a state of tranquillity.

This is the unpleasant state of things which contrasts unfavourably with a steamer. If there is a fair wind, it is all very well. You have no smell of oil, no rumbling of the screw, and you simply sail on smoothly and pleasantly.

But with no wind, or what is worse, a perverse wind, which takes you the wrong way, and brings you back again, you long for the much-abused screw to drive you through the dull "doldrumming" water.

For four days we have had this state of things, and July is now gone, and we are got into August. However, we are approaching the line, and with all going better, and a fair wind, shall soon be there. I will occupy my time and yours, sir, by noting down some few points of behaviour, which it may be well for you to observe on a voyage of seven thousand miles.

I say 7,000, for the captain has just given me under his hand this calculation, "Distance sailed since yesterday, 200 miles. Distance from San Francisco, 3,180 miles. Distance from Newcastle, 4,804 miles, making 7,984 miles. But that counts the circle sailing and the adverse wind traverses. And I expect we shall have to submit to nine thousand miles, before we are at the haven where we

would be. So that is a long way, and in case you are ever its victim, these things will be of service to you. First of all, get a cabin to yourself. This is well, for though a companion may be very pleasant, you cannot tell how unpleasant he may be.

Lay in some private stores, potted, and private grog. If you don't want to drink it yourself, there are others on board whom it will propitiate, and believe me, that friends at sea are more palatable than even friends on land. You want them more and oftener. Bow down before the steward. Give him your best smile, and your softest words.

But don't think after all this, that he will wash his hands after killing a sheep, before he cuts your bread for dinner. Don't hope for it, because I have observed him, and know he won't. This applies to all matters of cleanliness, and if you can keep yourself clean, it is well; the cook's dirt, the steward's dirt, and everybody else's dirt you must bear. Oh! as to sea sickness, that entirely depends on your individual stomach. But I advise you to lie much on your back, night and day, and consult the roof of your cabin. You have seen folks on land often refer knotty questions to the roofs of apartments. The same view applies to your cabin, and with tenfold greater force. You will ask about sleep. I cannot help you [illegible]
go to bed at half-past ei[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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of the two principal airs, and though the first conveys auriferous information with regard to California, one does not see why the mariner enquires of the pretty maid where she is going, he himself announcing his destination to be Rio Grande. But my poor head failed to make this out, though I often thought of it.

Here we have broken out, or rather the wind has, in a fresh place. Ten knots an hour through the night. No equator yet, but I shall soon have the pleasure of dropping a line in that quarter.

Aug. 6. I have been aroused this morning, early, by an invitation to see a "dying dolphin," which the first officer has caught over the stern. It fulfilled all the predictions which have been made on its behalf by "dying" various colours. It was a very pretty, and a nicely formed fish. He was very welcome, as I understand he is good to eat, and it is the first fish we have had "on the line." Whether we shall pass that individual to-day or not, seems uncertain, but we are close on it. The fresh breeze keeps up, and hope helps us to bear it, and the first mate told us lots of "blockade" yarns last night, and altogether, I do not despair.

One of the negro tales he told us last night made me laugh. A negro, taking a mule to water, the latter, who had not been out for several days, was rather uptious. Whereon the nigger said, "Oh!

been travelling over, and the people have talked her language, I feel myself getting more and more within the dominions of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, whom Heaven preserve! And oh, foolish old Mundella, and silly Odger, and vacuous Potter, and windy Arch, and you their idle and pernicious comrades, by whatever name you are called, your existence does not by any means abate my joy, that I am in the same world with you. What can you signify? Don't you see people are getting wiser and finding you out? And my belief is that you will no longer make money by your trade. I wait for twelve o'clock, the arbitrary eight bells of the captain, to learn how far from Newcastle, which we have left behind, and how far to Frisco, which we eagerly seek. This calculation has been handed to me. Distance sailed from Newcastle, 5,877 miles; to go to Frisco, 2,150 miles. So that we are a deal more than half way, and a fine breeze blowing on our quarter, whatever that is. To-night is again so beautiful that I am tempted up on deck, and there it is beautiful; and it is the first time I had been there since we started. It is curious to see the affection of sailors for their ship while with it, and yet they will desert it the moment the ugly crimp shows his face.

They have painted the ship green and white from top to toe, and the deck, to which I now ascend,

is really very pretty. And all this is done with a good-will which seems quite inconsistent with abandonment of the vessel at the first opportunity. They will sail into Frisco with perfect pride in their ship, and then sacrifice their wages and pride of ship, all for what? A glass of grog! We have had a famous blow all night, and some part of the time have done eleven knots.

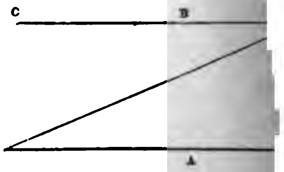
But the captain is apprehensive of some "doldrums" three hundred miles further on, and this evening at tea bet the second mate that we are not there in fourteen days. May he lose his bet, and be as wrong as possible!

Another Sunday is passed, and we have been five weeks in this miserable element. A sham of good food for dinner, that is to say, two fowls which look more like two deceased crows than anything else. This from no fault of the owners or captain, who are perfectly liberal and good, but simply that John Chinaman, who is cook, for want of a better, is a dirty beast.

The steward makes a tasteless blanc mange, on which I have mainly existed for five weeks. The captain reckons we are seventeen hundred miles from Frisco, and he has prophesied "doldrums" to-day, but we are going twelve knots an hour, and let us hope that he is a Balaam in his prophecies.

Last night I slept clean off three hours. Oh,

won't I sleep when I get back to ever——. We have to-day pa... hundredth milestone to Frisco. Th... like; at any rate, we have nothing ... distance to go as we have come. Th... ever, have been baffling for some days ... begun to long for steam again. B...



wanted to get from A to B, and y... ha... port and then to starboard, and ... ally would find that you had travelled mor... distance orginally contemplated fro... A yet even not much more than half tha... when you had reached C. This is no ... superiority of steam, but I really dou... whether its smells, motion, and sea-sickne... more than abate from it.

But here, this August 15th, a horrible ta... be told. All day long it had been ... eautiful, three o'clock. Then certain ... sy... prompted me to appeal to the c... ain w... would not be well to shorten sail

for the window of my cabin, so close to my ear, that I should have darted my last sigh of all at him.

Next, over my head all the crew danced a devil's tarantella. The captain objurgated, the two mates joined, the wind did ditto, the objurgation was in sea phrase, therefore, I don't repeat it; everything was what they called "battened down," that is to say, active preparation was made for suffocation; a civil war broke out among the wine-glasses and the tumblers, and death and fracture strewed the plain. Neptune had a small local procession through the cabin, for which my coat and some other things, which shall be nameless, partially formed the decorations, and finally the steward, a poor white-livered creature, as if to indicate that "All was lost now," as M. Bellini so beautifully puts it—sat down in my chair, feeling that all human distinctions were at an end, and gaped at me.

It is in vain my repeating the incidents of the night, or to reproduce the roarings of the wind, the rushes of the water against the ship's side, or all the troubles of that eventful night. Suffice it to say, that at four o'clock the fury of the wind, according to the best authority, culminated, and gradually moderated till about ten in the morning. Then I mustered courage to go on deck, and a most singular spectacle presented itself.

This you will understand is a full-rigged ship, and when in full sail, presents an object which even I, hating the sea so bitterly as I do, must perforce admit to be of great and exquisite beauty. The full swell of each sail, royals, stay-sails, main-sails, fore-sails, &c., are all of such exquisite cut and accurate adjustment, that Poole might not be ashamed to say "I made it." All these I had seen pranked out in full glory and pride at two o'clock, covering, save the masts and main yards, all the iron about the ship. I went out, as I say, at ten the next morning. Beyond a few tattered remnants, which hung dejectedly here and there from the main yards, as much as to say, "Do not deride me in my rags, but I once formed part of the main-sail," not an atom of canvas was left to show where clothes had been on the ship.

You, sir, have probably witnessed the prompt and active justice which overtakes the discovered, but well-dressed "Welcher" on a race-course; how he suddenly decays into a ragless beggar from a fine gentleman. I do not know, sir, whether you have the privilege of being married, if so, I ask you to beg your good lady to picture a similar female disrobement, which I find myself unequal to describe, and you can mutually imagine the change which had taken place in the aspect of the ship. Every single sail in the ship had been torn from the

bolt-ropes, and in tatters and fragments formed "vestimenta maris deo" on the Pacific Ocean.

Well, the weather gradually abated, the captain rigged a "storm-sail," for, to our mortification, with no sail to set, a beautiful fair wind set in, as if to say, "I just wanted to show you what I could do, but you may go on now."

All the day following was fine, and by this "Sunday morning" all the sails are reset, and we have made such progress in the meantime as the poor little jib would enable us to make. This has all happened at the expense of a set of sails to the owners, and I fear a bad injury to one poor fellow from being crushed between the yards. But we will do our best to cheer him. Now it is all over, I am glad to have seen this, which I fear I have poorly described, though it was just what seemed to me to happen, and which the second mate described, to use his own words, as "a very frightful storm indeed, sir."

I think he must have been sincere in this, as he immediately swallowed a mouthful of almost putrid fish, which I think nobody would have eat who was not intensely glad to be alive and able to eat anything.

So much for storm; we are now, I fear, gradually getting too calm, but we are going on to Frisco. The last two days have been occupied in repairing

No wind, and what little comes at times, blowing towards the Sandwich Islands, and away from Frisco.

Aug. 18. Sail ho! a fine ship on our port bow, which we are gaining upon, and in the morning at eight o'clock, find ourselves alongside of. We exchange signals. They are out from Liverpool one hundred and twenty-five days, we give our time from Newcastle as forty-five; we are both going to Frisco, we each dip our colours, then as poor Mr. Moore used to sing in his "Ship, ahoy,"

> "This meeting o'er, we part with pain,
> To sail o'er silent seas again."

for we leave the "Human," of Bath, U.S.A., not of Somersetshire, long behind. Oh, that she were of that latter place, and would put me down there, fourteen miles from Bowden Hill!

Wearisome, and more weary each day passes, till last night, when we had a glorious sunset. We have neither seen the sun rise nor set since we passed the equator. Four days ago the captain announced that we were within eight hundred miles of "Frisco." Since then it has been a foul wind, and his daily reports have been only of two, four, and six miles actual advance, and our real progress has been one hundred and fifty miles, sailing of course much more. A rat discovered in my cabin that morning, and another killed outside.

Sleep, nothing, till four in the morning. Another man smashed in going about. Oh, my enemies, whoever you may be, forgive me all the wrongs I have ever done you. You are bitterly avenged.

I must wait till twelve o'clock for a better report. Let us hope that the present light breeze will give me something to report at that blessed hour.

We are out of eggs, and have killed our last sheep, and the captain, with a baneful smile, "thinks," (Heaven save the mark!) that with a "favourable wind" nine days may bring us to "Frisco."

In my despair, being out of cigars, I have taken to a clay pipe, which ordinarily I abominate. The weather is beautiful, and I can fully enter into the state of a confectioner's boy, who has been permitted his free run with jam tarts, and then steals no more. So I am sick of this fine weather. My belief is that I shall in time take to rum grog, which is offered me every night. Each day at dinner I am politely invited to "try" some "corned beef," which I have before described, and which they eat with avidity. Milk, even preserved, is failing, and a more miserable dog does not exist on the face of the waters than the undersigned.

Accursed are they who go down to the sea in ships. We are painted from head to foot with fresh paint, and with the smell, and that I am of various

colours, as I have unguardedly leant against various parts.

I have dubbed the ship by the name of the "Dandy Collier." How very pleased the Yankees will be to see her, and how delighted I shall be to view her no more. The mates are always talking of what "bad weather" they will have going round "the Horn" on their way home. Ah! please God, I shall be in England.

Twelve o'clock, eight bells. Alas! and alack-a-day, by observation we have gone in the last twenty-four hours forty-two real miles, and are still six hundred and sixty-four miles from "Frisco!" A quarrel between the captain and first mate. If they were only on shore, I should view them with indifference punching each other's heads.

Tuesday. Hurrah! here's a little better breeze, and we are slightly getting on. We have been going about, and the magical words, "Hard a lee"* have sounded along the deck several times during yesterday.

A good token also has taken place. Our cabin has been holy-stoned, preparatory to having the carpet put down, which is preparatory to our going into harbour. How anxious I am for this may be imagined, when I say I was quite reconciled to the grind of holy-stones commencing at four

* The command for "going about."

o'clock, I having commenced my slumbers at two.

Six miles an hour is our speed, not wholly "in our course," but doing something like it. Again I wait till eight bells for the day's report. Hurrah! a fair breeze, but not quite in our course; but we are eighty miles nearer "Frisco," and the wind is freshening.

The captain is a real Job's comforter, and deals much in "Yes, it is better, but," &c. To-night at eight o'clock we go about again on the starboard tack, and it blows fresh all night. The mate entertains me with the stories of the Yankee mariner's songs for hauling on the ropes. "Corn broom," "hickory broom," "squeezes," "swabs," are their favourite words. What will to-morrow tell? Ten knots an hour all night. What will that leave us at eight bells to-morrow? Nothing to boast of. We have apparently gone about eighty-six miles; but while the wind blows and blusters, it has really done nothing for us as regards "Frisco," and it is all pretence. It reminds me of a Liverpool Scotch loafer, who having breakfasted off his national porridge, stood upon the steps of the Adelphi hotel, nursing his moustache as if he had fed off venison cutlets or beef-steaks. On which a gamin, with the cuteness of his sort, cries out, "Ah, get along home with you, and wipe the oatmeal off your whiskers."

We are beating to the southward, and shall beat. I cannot go on repeating these eight bells day after day; suffice it to say that we only travel nine—ten—thirteen miles a day, and the only spectacle is, "pontus et aer"—no ships, no anything.

One day in a calm we caught a variety of "Dirty Dicks," as the sailors call them, when fishing. They eagerly took the bait, were hauled on board, taught civilization, and restored to the sea. If they dislike that element as much as I do they would rather have been executed. Oh, truly, this is a nice thing to go all round the world, and to see it and its wife, but that pleasure is dearly purchased by spending eight weeks out of three score and ten years in a sailing vessel.

To persons about to travel I offer the recommendation to wait till the line of steamers is re-established. Now it is going to be shortly over, I am very glad I have been; but mind you, I would not start upon it again for all that Sir Richard Wallace is worth. Steam for ever. Somehow or other those large cylinders, and the nasty lubricated machinery, make the manners of steamboat officers pleasanter than those of sailing ditto. Nothing of the kind could be better than my friends, nothing worse than their food of its kind. But preserve me from more eating thereof; and I don't know that I care for much more conversation with my shipmates.

Hope begins to dawn on us. We went about last night, and this morning I heard the command, "Square the yards." That promised better; but, alas, to-day there is a dead calm. A sanguine steward, who is interested in our getting there, promises a breeze at three o'clock. He is interested because we are out of eggs, milk, and a variety of things. He endeavoured to persuade me yesterday that I like his muddy coffee better without milk. I then discovered that it was the choice of Hobson that he was presenting to me; for he had no more. He is right in the breeze, however. We have only one hundred and fifty miles to go. The weary time we occupy in catching Dirty Dicks, and making them bite the dog. We have seen two great whales, as far as I could judge of them, about forty feet long. They were about thirty yards from the ship. Last Thursday we expected to be in. Then Friday, and each succeeding day up to the day which is Tuesday, have we gone on with "hope deferred" making the heart sea-sick. I don't think there is a chance of our getting in to-night. It is now seventy miles, and we lie like a log in the water.

I have vowed I will go to bed no more, nor will I. It was so calm to-day that the captain went out to fish in a boat, but caught nothing. Then as we sighted "Point Pinos" and "Mutiny Bay" by the chart,

huge families of porpoises played
in honour of whom a breeze spr
fancied all was right, and at eight
I thought we were so imminent on
determined not to go to bed. H
by the captain that there was
hurry," and so retired. I lay a
when we went about again.

Still fresh breeze, but I lay
and then from exhaustion fell asleep
with the officer of the watch to cal
on the breakfast bell ringing at eight
man said he had not called me, as I
explained to him that had I been
not have required his services. By
learnt I missed seeing a large "schoo
but of the coast I missed nothing, as
calm; at least, what wind there was
our teeth. And here we were ag
only from Frisco, and likely not to g
Oh, mighty spirit of Watt, and your
steam, why are you not here ?

The lighthouse of "Santa Cruz" is on
nine o'clock, and there is a very fine stre
on the same side. The mountains, about
miles off, seem about twelve or four
feet high, and wooded to the very
a fine rare atmosphere, for w

plainly with a glass on the highest of the hills. There we rest, if rest it can be called, till better things and a livelier wind enable us to go about again. But this is too cruel, as we might have been there any time the last week.

At last we enter Yankee land through the "Golden Gates," and I must say the "British King" goes in a fair pride to Old England, the British Shipowners' Society, her owners, and Captain Quine. Painted from top to toe, polished even to her "belay pins," she enters the port of San Francisco as an English lady should present herself to a nation of captious envy, who have just taken a little bag containing three and a half millions out of the carriage. "Britannia, Britannia," &c.; you know the rest about the waves, and the Yanks don't quite like that fact; but let us forget those things, and gallantly enter America and San Francisco.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMERICA.—SAN FRANCISCO—RACES.

I CANNOT say that I was sorry to leave the "British King," for with my entire dislike to the sea, that would be paying that excellent vessel too high a compliment. But eight weeks and a day is too large a deduction from the ordinary "three score and ten" years of one's life, even if I live through them. Then to pass that time seeing no more than three ships, and some albatross, whales, sharks, &c., gives it a certain amount of monotony. But you may sleep well; and Sancho Panza says truly, "Blessed is the man who invented sleep." But I have described my bed. But, again, you may live well. I have told you how I fared, and for eight weeks they were wasted meals, though I am not a gourmand. But the time may be passed agreeably. There was too great a spirit of contradiction too freely expressed amongst my three friends the officers to render the passage of time anything

like that. "Yes it is;" "No it isn't," was the usual mode of expressing dissent, and as I was the only other person present, this was untoward. And the last fortnight was so entirely taken up by "baffling winds" that temper did not improve.

But, barring these little matters, the captain and two officers were very good kind fellows; and if the fare was not better, it was not their fault. And Captain Quine is a first-rate and most skilful sailor; and if his cook, "John Chinaman," was a dirty pig, I do not know that it was his fault.

And I had become good friends with the apprentices, and gave them a bottle of brandy, each Saturday night; and the crew and I got on very well, and they gave me three cheers when I went over the side. By-the-by, one of them was a quaint chap, and had gone through various vicissitudes. His last occupation before joining this ship was playing the Pan pipes and drum for a small show. The drum he managed well, for he was athletic and beat hard. But the pipes were a grievance to him, as he never had learned a tune on that, or any other instrument. Then I had got rather wearied of the air and words with which they accompanied the hauling of the ropes when the ship "went about," and which were,

"Do, my Johnny Booker,
Row me over, do."

So that on the whole, though I liked them all very well, I was truly glad when the anchor was let go, and the chair rigged in compliment to my bad leg.

Before entering these Golden Gates we had very nearly got into a great scrape. The captain had never been in these waters before, and took "Pedro" Point for the entrance to the harbour, and on the chance of getting in that night stood in for rounding that point. Luckily it was too dark, and he stood out to sea again for the daylight next morning. When that came and a nice intelligent pilot came on board, it turned out that this supposed entrance was fourteen miles from the real place. At last we began to move in. We were glad to find that we had beaten the Lady Cairns and the Eaton Hall, both of which had started two days before us from Newcastle, and we had passed *en route.* The "Newcastle" from Sydney, which I had rather thought of coming by, had beaten us by a week.

It is a fine bold shore as you approach the entrance, which forms a very nice back-door approach to America. The "Bonita" point on the larboard side, with its lighthouse and fog-whistle, lies, like a great watch-dog, to warn off hostile invaders. The point on the starboard is called "Lobus."

We had already begun to notice the tokens of approach to a considerable port, by seeing a number

of vessels—amongst others, a whaler, which is peculiar in having a sort of perch at the mast-head for lodging the look-out man.

We steered on till we came to "Fort Point," where there is a fine brick fort covered with guns, and on the opposite side a number of masked batteries; so that the two together would sweep the entire entrance. Our pilot thought that it was a needless expense, and I could not help agreeing with him, for I cannot imagine its being worth anybody's while to attack the distant port of "Frisco," even in the event of a war.

We then saw "Angel" Island, also fortified, and "Albatross;" also the "Clift House," a place of great resort for festive Friscans. We then skirted under the barracks and the military burying-ground, and showed our number, and hoisted our ensign and our "house-flag"—that is to say, the Company's ensign; and, finally, the sails were all clewed up and the anchor cast about eleven o'clock. I was prepared to land at once, and had ordered my baggage out; but we were boarded by a health-officer, which did not much signify. But presently a custom-house officer appeared, who said I might land, but forbid my clothes and trunks. This was very provoking, and I could not help asking him what he thought I was going to import, to which he replied, "opium." I fancy if I had been adroit

enough to offer him quietly a douceur, instead my idle question, his idea of my being an opiu smuggler would have been dispelled. I was, ho ever, so sick of my friend the ship, that I quiet slipped over the side without ceremony, an through an awkward, chopping sea, got land and safe. They are exorbitant chargers, the Friscans; and it cost me three dollars and half to get to the "Occidental," and s dollars the next day to get my "opium" o shore.

An English sovereign is twenty shillings. The reckon this as four dollars twenty-five centime A dollar is practically four shillings; so that you sovereign only yields you about sixteen shilling and ninepence, which is not enough.

I drove to the post-office, and was rejoiced to get a letter from home. It contained some untoward news; but as I had not heard for several months, owing to my change of direction, it heightened the pleasure of *terra firma* by a sentiment of being nearer home.

I was nicely greeted at the hotel, and almost immediately plunged into the mutton chops, which were the more delicious from being quite clean, which was a perfect novelty after two months' experience of dirt and "Dirty Dicks." I then came out, and soon discovered that the inhabitants

of Frisco, though free and friendly, were perfect specimens of unadulterated Yankees.

I was very thirsty, from having eat freely of meat, and turned into a "drink saloon," where I was accosted, and very heartily shaken by the hand, by a rough fellow, who had been on the wharf when I landed. He greeted me thus, "Well, stranger, I guess you landed from that British ship; what's her name?" I told him, and was then invited to liquor up, with this pleasing addition, "I'll stand treat, so command your own pison." This I did, and we drank to our better acquaintance. I then was accosted by one of the numerous agents for the railroad routes, who turned out a very good, useful fellow, and I cordially recommend Mr. MacCaul to any future traveller to Frisco. He took me to the ticket office,* and the bankers, and helped to buy a hat, and led me through the market, and, finally, was the means of getting my "opium" from the ship, and through the Custom House. Mr. MacCaul, I again have very great satisfaction in mentioning his name. I went that afternoon to "Woodward's

* This is not in accordance with what I had always thought a great absurdity in our railway offices, the not being able to get your ticket till a great crowd had assembled. Here my ticket took me over five railroads, pulling off the coupon at each change. The Brighton, I see, have adopted it since I came home.

Gardens," which is a Zoological Gardens on a small scale, but is resorted to by a good number of people. I then bought my photographs.

I had meant to go to the "Yosamite Valley," and see the "big trees," but the delay in our sea passage forbid this, and I contented myself with getting some nice photographs of it, and I can believe the great trees.

By-the-bye, as I passed through the market, I noticed over a prominent meat-stall the honoured name of "Lintot," and wondered whether it was a cadet of the house of our great south-country butcher, at Brighton. I then came home and dined, and revelled in green peas, and salad, and all the green things of earth, of which I had seen none at sea. I had a pint of Californian champagne, which was very good, rather lighter than ordinary champagne, but, oh, how good, and the iced water!

Then I went to the theatre to see a piece called the "Sea of Ice," where there was a very fair "set scene" of a frozen sea. It is a pretty house, again rather dear, which they apologize for by saying that all their prices are based on the wages that people get, and they being high, their prices are high. As in India, everything starts from a rupee, here it takes the more afflicting root of a dollar. I did not see how the wages question affected me, as I was earning none; but it is a plausible excuse,

light soil, so that on such an occasion as the present, a cloud of dust stifles you. We had a fine view of the city from the top of the mountain, and it makes one marvel at the energetic industry of man, to remember that this Frisco is only twenty-seven years old. The wooden houses are being replaced with "red rock" ones, which may or may not be an improvement, but that rather depends on the earthquakes.

I was fortunate in having a very intelligent driver, who told me all the things as we went along, and drove me at a good pace to the front of the "Grand Stand," where I arrived more dusty than I have been delivered to the care of Mr. Dorling's coat-brushers, who I am very sorry to learn will look after them on the "Derby Day" no more. I ascended at a charge of half a dollar more, and began to look about.

The race "track" itself boasts of no turf, but the light sand of the country made it a sort of run like "Rotten Row." There were three races. One a mile, for two-year olds, which was won pretty easily, and then a two-mile "dash," as it was called, for four-year olds and upwards. This race was lost by the second horse, purely from the jockey being beaten. George Fordham, if he had had the mount, would have won it. Then came a hurdle race. This was absurd enough. Four feet hurdles, and a

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] be learned.

[illegible]

Altogether [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] few minutes?" They are [illegible] from a paper now before [illegible] of a testimonial given [illegible], and says: "Mr. —— is [illegible] modern times, and has [illegible] fully what we will [illegible]. His statues, in [illegible] our of the 'Diskobolus' [illegible]

"and the gentle grace of the 'Venus Anadumine "(*sic*). This we say from personal observation." He must be a keen observer, but he does not spell well.

The pilot gave me a curious description of how the Vigilance Committee smoothed down Frisco. "Wall, sir, we found Frisco was 'intollerable'" (I have used two l's on purpose, in order to give his emphasis to the word), "so we determined to put it "down. Yas we did; and we erected Judge Lynch; "the first week we hung pretty frequent, and then "exiled the rest, making death the 'penalty' of their "coming back. Then we handed it over back again, "quite clean, to the law. It took us two months to "complete, and Frisco has been quite quiet ever "since." His detestation of the Roman Catholics was very great, and he prophesied that the next war would be between the various sects.

There has been an election here the last two days, and the Republicans have whacked the Democrats, especially in the item of mayor. I am off to-morrow at the bad hour of seven, so I here close my first experience of Frisco. Let me acquaint any future traveller that the fare from Frisco to Queenstown or Liverpool is forty-two pounds, with the addition of your keep along the road; and further, the fare of your "Pullman" car from Ogden to New York. Probably fifty pounds will pay the whole.

I shall go, if all is well, to "Salt Lake City," "Chicago," and "Niagara," and then get as quickly as I can to New York. I have then the passage across the Atlantic as a "bonne bouche," and the little trip from Kingstown to Holyhead. So I will now go to bed, very tired. But being up early this morning, I wish to say a few words on general topics. I admire very much the provision which is made for general education by the state schools. Consequently, almost without exception (and that, I am sorry to say, confined to persons who have emigrated from England at a certain age), every lad or child is informed upon what is going on, and may be termed intelligent. And yet, notwithstanding this, a real Republican (the editor of a paper which I won't name), in his leading articles, declares the Republic to be politically a failure. I must say I think they are ill-advised in not making a greater distinction between classes. It is almost nonsense to declare that we are all equal; we have Holy Writ for the reverse, besides the ordinary experience of mankind. Yet they assert and tolerate this dogma. The other day, at the races, a most ill-dressed man—and there were many of them—if he had the necessary half-dollar about him, joined the gentlemen of Frisco on the grand stand. Now, if this sentiment of general equality did them any good, it would be worth thinking

about; but it does not, and simply gives, what I won't call "the rough," but the man of seedy exterior, an opportunity of spending his half-dollar.

And by giving this amount of consideration to the lower orders, it has gradually led to such a system of corruption in state matters as is incredible. They have not fine feeling enough to appreciate what in other countries would be considered as operating as an actual bar to a man's elevation to a public post. Let me give this instance.

There was a contest for a judgeship, the judges there being only elected for a period, and not, like ours, for life. One of the candidates had been accused of misappropriating some bonds, and the matter was still under inquiry. One would have thought that such a charge against a man, who was an applicant for judicial station, would at once have made his case hopeless. For, indeed, I have known, and still know, gentlemen who fill a high station at the bar and have a large business, but against whom there is a "something." They may retain their practice, and so on, but they never hope to be made a judge. I ask the experience of my legal brethren whether such is not the case. What was the case with this worthy man? He was a popular man, and the "unwashed" voted for him as "a smart fellow," and he was elected. I was told that if he had kept honest—he was a

delightful beverage, and forbids fever and ague assail the young. Well, if you would like to buy this, it is for sale "at 20 to 50 cents, of all druggists and dealers." "Nasal catarrh" is also at once removed by applying to Dr. Abord, who differs, it is true, in some particulars from the general practitioner, but he promises to confute those differences to the "nasally afflicted."

An instance of recovering from hopeless consumption fades away before a statement of Mrs Kilpatrick, who, with "one lung and a quarter gone," is now ready to take in washing; and that she may not hide her three-quarter of a lung under a bushel, may be seen at 43, O'Farrel Street, room 5. I am particular in giving her residence accurately, as fourteen days would enable you to see her.

A patient, complaint not mentioned, gains "23 lbs. in three weeks." If there is any medicine which would produce the reverse effect, as a stout gentleman, I should like to try it. Another man is cured of deafness, and one totally blind, now "threads his wife's needle," but I think this tale is told in the interest of the sewing machine that is mentioned.

Then suicides are thus noted. What "Woodbine" is, I can only guess:—"Gone to the Woodbine Regions.—T. H. Washbourne, D.C., 'suicided' on the 3rd with a pistol—had an aberration.

assault

tragedy.

flying with

Deceased was badly

this trash eagerly read by decent

be a hint for some of our papers

advertisements are equally

and it is too much trouble to copy

will imitate this glowing language. So much for this.

I was done by the omnibus driver, who took me, I am sure, by the provision of the hotel people, to the river side at 7 o'clock. He got between me and my luggage, and boldly demanded four dollars for about a mile. It was just before the boat was starting for Oakland. In vain I told him I had only paid one and a half the day before for going 6 or 7 miles to the races. He kept dodging between me and the luggage, and I saw I was going to be left behind, so there was nothing for it but to pay. Rascal. My friend, Mr. MacCaul, was a little way off, and heard it all; and when I asked him why he did not interfere, told me that it was as much as his life was worth. May those dollars, or rather the drink arising from them, "capture," that is to say, intoxicate that "busman."

CHAPTER XIX.

FERRY—SAN JOSE—SACRAMENTO—SIERRA NEVADA.

We ferried across the bay, and then got on the train, hurried by the San Jose junction, which I was told I ought to have gone to see, and finally arrived at Sacramento, breakfasting *en route* at Lathrop. Sacramento is a fine place, and as we stopped there twenty-five minutes I saw the Capitol, and as much else of "J" Street, and "H" as I could in the time.

At "Colfax" we dined, and had a bad dinner. By-the-bye, at "Lathrop" a fine grizzly "bar" was on the platform, caged and very tame. We then began ascending the "Sierra Nevada," and this was a beautiful scene.

First there was the golden sunset, tipping the boughs of the "excelsa" and "insignis" pines till they showed a real glory. We went up a very heavy incline, the engine stopping for breath about every mile. I went into my sleeping berth about

eight, and half slept till we reached the summit at ten. By that time the bright moon was up, and all the gold of sunset was changed to silver. I don't think I ever saw such a splendid sight. But it was a little too frightful for a fellow with a head which abjures heights. I had taken the precaution of not looking out much, so as to avoid this. At last curiosity and the bright moonlight tempted me to look out. Inside the wheels, I saw a bright light some three thousand feet below. The permanent way had fallen out, and we were going over the unsupported rail! and the light was the moon upon the cliff. Some way further on, we broke an axle! If it had occurred at this point what trouble it would have saved in correcting the press!

We passed various gold digging camps in the night, aud a cascade, which was silvered up by the moonlight. [It is an extraordinary engineering work. We completely described a circle round one mountain they call "Cape Horn." But as far as I could judge there was little or no real risk. It was seven thousand feet high at the summit, but they went slowly round the sharp curves, and seemed to me to take every possible precaution. The descent really was nothing, and when I had sufficiently viewed "the fair Sierra aright," I went to sleep as comfortably as possible, only thanking

God heartily that I was at the bottom in a whole skin.

We then careered on to "Humboldt" to breakfast, and then travelled along the course of a river of that name, through a desert country covered with "sage brush," and so dusty that I did nothing but clear my throat with ice water. On to "Carlen" for "supper" as they call it, at three o'clock.

I slept wêll through the desert this night, and at seven we arrived at Ogden, the junction of the "Utah or Salt Lake City line." I determined not to breakfast there, and that I would have it when I got to Utah, as it was only forty miles. It was a ride perfectly well worth doing, for although to within twenty miles of Utah it was desert on both sides, still there was the Salt Lake all the way on one side, and the Gold Mountains on both.

There was about as much snow as you see on "Ben Nevis" the 10th of October, but they must be very good hills when covered. They are about a hundred feet higher than those at the top of Loch Lomond.

On this trip I fell in with a very pleasant fellow, owner of eighty horses which he had brought from Kentucky, two thousand miles off, to sell here. He brought them by train here, having driven them through the State of Illinois and then on by the train.

Now this good fellow was just an instance of the education of these parts. There is no distinction of classes on Brigham Young's line, which was made by himself, so he came in and sat by my side, and we talked all the way. He was attired in a blue old camlet suit, and a broad brimmed hat. In England he would have had a jacket and sleeves, and a pair of drab-coloured inexpressibles, and a volume of slang and a piece of straw in his mouth. We shook hands most heartily at parting.

I then chartered an omnibus to the "Walker House," the best hotel, where I found the Duke of Manchester and his son had been a few days before. There were no Englishmen in the hotel then, at least no travelling Englishmen. Fargo and Wells, the bankers, kindly gave me some money, for "London and Westminster" notes, though they had no correspondence with them. This somewhat appeased my internal longings, for we had arrived at eleven, and I had not breakfasted at Ogden; when to my surprise I found that in asking for breakfast I must wait till half-past twelve for lunch, breakfast hour having terminated. So I went up to Brigham Young's house, whom I found gone out for a drive, but his secretary was very polite. Some ladies, who may have been wives to this gentlemen, who, like Priam, is said to have a hundred, were walking about, but none whom I felt at all inclined

to abduct. I brought home Young's photograph, and he seems to be a personable man about seventy-two; and I hear from people who have been able to see him, is, though not educated, a courteous gentleman. I afterwards saw him in his carriage. He returned my salute, and I am told is very ready to receive strangers.

This point seems to be a favourable place to make a few remarks about him and the Mormons. He is the successor of Joseph Smith, who was the originator of the sect, and the recipient of the supposed revelation.

That he is an impostor, theologically, I think there can be no doubt, and his remaining disciples, I am sorry to say, are mainly furnished by our Welsh people and Scandinavians, who are people of low intellect. His flock are beginning to abate, and the "Gentile" interest has become stronger and gains in strength every day. So much so, that he has been obliged to establish an exclusive dealing system, where the true folks are designated by a large eye, and the initials H. T. L. Z. C. M. I., which being translated is, "Holiness to the Lord (eye) Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution."

Without these words or letters over the door no Mormon must deal there. This naturally evoked a counter "Gentile" sign, called Jumbo "creed," which is indicated by a gentleman leaning with his left

arm on a clock, marking twenty minutes to eleven (I do not know whether that means anything), in his hand a lion, and a chapter in Isaiah at his feet, and a scythe across his upright body. The legend is, "I am the Lord thy God, thy Redeemer, the Holy Holy One of Israel, God on earth, Lord of Hosts. Yea, verily I am Lord of lords and King of kings." This sign he put up on the twenty-sixth of February, 1869, but a crowd of Mormon youths tore it down, and the Mormon lot beat it to pieces. It seems to me as objectionable as the other, for although very true, it does not seem to be appropriate to the sale of "grocery stores;" and one would think no more so than the Mormon affiche, which "Gentiles" talk of treating in the same way.

But these five enigmatic letters filled me with some curiosity, and looking about I saw a pillar with the letter "S" at the top, and an "H" at the bottom. The intermediate letters were covered by posting bills, which I had the curiosity to remove, and as I gradually cleared the course of them, there finally appeared revealed the honoured name of "Smith," which had given me some trouble, and involved no theological point. There can be no doubt that Young and his apostles have done much by establishing a thriving colony at Salt Lake, and there are many people who, under his fanaticism, are infinitely better off than when they were in their

native country, though how many perished of want and privation in the transit to the land of promise, remains untold. But as regards his having made Utah a success for poor people, he deserves all praise.

The town and territory are laid out with great skill. Water, which rises in the hills, flows down the two sides of the street, and great use is made of it for irrigation. The grandeur of these natural aqueducts had been exaggerated, as they were flowing dirtily along, and in many places, where a street crossed them, were across the road.

The streets are also nicely planted with acacias and maples, and the "Townshend House," the second best hotel, is almost embowered in trees, so as to be very dark inside.

But this is the most and the best that can be said of Brigham Young. There are other sad tales. In the first place there is "polygamy."

This is a comparatively additional point of faith introduced by Joseph Smith, in a revelation, subsequent to the first.

A Mrs. Stenhouse, a relapsed Mormon, has written a slow book, but the very slowness of which, and its appeals to people who continue Mormons for any contradiction, seems to guarantee its truth, in which she points out the miserable effects upon the first wife, and those subsequently "sealed" to

Brigham or his accomplices. I have this book, and it contains the second revelation enjoining polygamy. Many special charges are made against Brigham from other sources, and I dined within three of the lady who has instituted a suit against him for divorce and alimony, which is at present a "lis pendens," he having pleaded "no jurisdiction" to the court where it was commenced.

By the appearance of this lady, I should say he has quarrelled with the nicest of his wives, for she is very good looking and appeared well nurtured; perhaps she is a thought too young for a gentleman of seventy-two, and there may be an "incompatibility" of temper.

I think I have realized several cases where the "sealing" was brought about for the object of gain. This is all very sad, but worse remains behind.

I went to try a sulphur hot bath, now the property of Brigham, that did belong to a physician, and he was making a good thing of it. One night he was summoned out to a patient, falsely, and was found dead. The "Gentiles" will have it that this was brought about at the instance of Brigham, who, I am bound to say, denies all participation in the murder; but it is a fact that the property now belongs to him!

Then a certain "Bill Hickman," called the

"Danite or Destroying Angel," has written a book, in which he credits himself with fourteen murders, which he said he had performed, "ex motu," of Brigham or other leading Mormons. Now, this book may be true or not, and I have it, but "Bill" gives such an account of himself, that it is obvious that every word requires such confirmation as, without it, it would be impossible to convict Brigham of the complicity charged against him. But there these charges are; and certainly I think enough has been confirmed to make me ask General Grant why he does not inquire into the conduct of Mr. Brigham and his Mormon associates. I could give instances, though it would be too long, where I think a grand jury "would find a bill."

What Congress will promptly do with this Mormon question remains to be seen; but with the introduction of the railroad and the infusion of Gentiles, it is obvious to me that the spiritual reign is over, and that Brigham will be the last king, and that Mr. Justice Lynch is getting his ermine, or rather vermin, ready to hold his court, and that then the "branch of a sour apple-tree," as the phrase is, awaits somebody, and no doubt he will die with his "boots on," another familiar phrase, contra-distinguished from dying in his bed. So much for Mormonism.

I then went to the court, where Mr. MacKeen sat in placid dignity. The counsel engaged were Mr. Roxburgh and Mr. Marshall, and the question, whether an alien could hold mining property. After listening with some attention for a good long time, I came to this conclusion.

The American Act of Congress (and there is no blame to them for it, for they were neophytes in such matters) was originally drawn by people who had no distinct views on legal matters; but there it is. And both these gentlemen cited the same extracts. It was so indistinct that I am bound to say it supported the argument of each disputant. This will be one of the many things this great people, when they have time, will have to clear up; but perfection here will require a century to establish.

I then went to dinner, and had some fair Californian champagne, which is very nice to drink with water. I also, in the evening, secured my first mint julep, which was undoubtedly good. I was so dead tired with the travelling and getting the money, which required some little argument, and the getting about during the day, that I went up-stairs at nine, and threw myself down on the bed in my clothes and fell asleep. I was woke up after a time, and heard a man next door put out his boots. I thought that it was time to get up, and washed and dressed, as we were to be called at five.

CHAPTER XX.

WEBER RIVER AND CANON—DEVIL'S SLIDE.

I HAD telegraphed onwards for a lower section of th sleeping car, which is easier to enter than the on above, and more suited to a paralytic old gentleman About thirty miles from Ogden, we reached the beginning of the "Weber" River, and began to toil upwards through the "Weber Canon." Canon means a rift in the mountain; for instance, "Chedder Cliffs," and the pass through it would be a canon. It is pronounced "Canyon," as if a "y" followed the "n." This was very fine, particularly the "Giant's Gate," where there are some fine rocks. Then we came to a curious stone, two hundred feet long, hollow in the middle, called "The Devil's Slide." I know nothing of this gentleman, but have heard him described by those who do, as a "slippery fellow," which he must well be, if, with the impediment of a tail, he could manage to get a slide out of these rocks.

The rocks about here were fine enough, but as we continued to ascend the so-called "Rocky Mountains," they turned out the most veritable imposture I ever met with, except at "Sherman" the summit, there was no token of rocks, and only there some granite boulders. No danger, but prairie land more flat than Salisbury Plain.

We also crossed a high and long trestle bridge over the Dane Creek, passed two nights in our beds on board, eat and drank at some good houses of entertainment, where we had good or bad meals, as the case might be, and finally came down an easy descent to a rising place, called Cheyenne, which is the point of junction for Denver and Colorado. I had rather thought of going to Colorado, which was perfectly easy from Cheyenne, but the news I had had from home, hastened me onwards. After that, we moved on to Omaha, which is a large central town. We had passed various small "towns," consisting of six houses, each made up of three "saloon" or drinking-houses, a grocery store, and the station. "Liquoring" forms some portion of an American's daily life. At Omaha, we passed over the "Missouri" river by a fine iron bridge.

There are three routes to Chicago from hence, and a corresponding number of touts persuade you to accept that of their employers. I was very nearly made a spread eagle of, by two taking me by

[illegible] their train to pas
[illegible] by telegram that
was stopped [illegible] miles along the line by
train [illegible] It was then eight, and w
wait till half-past eleven. This was a sad d
as, though some of the time was made up,
late into Chicago.

The land throughout the line was beaut
black, and I was so much interested in it, t
over after breakfast at Burlington, and g
papers from the Land Office, which I have
information of those whom it may conce
crossed the "Missouri," and reached "
which is a fine business place, and about se
miles from Chicago, found a fine wooded p
out for plots and roads, traced to form sites
erection of Chicago merchants' houses.

* This is their phrase for "any more passen

CHAPTER XXI.

CHICAGO—THEATRE—FIRE, ETC.

We arrived late at Chicago, for the last three miles was, owing to the trains before us, the lots of level crossings, notably, "Wabash Avenue," a street nicely planted with trees, almost passed at a foot's pace. On arrival at this great town, in this land of perfect liberty! I, very lame, sadly wanted my luggage carried. Seeing a "scallyway" standing there—of which description of gentleman more presently—I asked, how I should get my things into the street. To which he responded with perfect equanimity, "Wall, I should just carry them myself." This I did by slow degrees, wishing in my heart for an English porter who would accept a shilling, and vowing internally always to give one when I got home, in defiance of all directors and secretaries. I at last got to the Grand Pacific. What a marvel!

The town was burned to the ground two years

ago. The walls of this house, it is true, were left standing; but the fire rushed all through it, in its course of many hundred acres; and here it is, with its fire-plugs, and fine wide passages, and in size capable of standing the Louvre at Paris, or the Langham in London in its front hall.

I was again amused at their arbitrary rules as to meals. We arrived at seven, and I asked piteously for dinner, as I had had nothing since ten in the morning. I was told that dinner had just finished, but I might have tea till twelve o'clock.

Well, they might just as well have called the "tea," "dinner," as I had an English beefsteak, some cold grouse, and some splendid coffee, and did not know that I had not dined, and was soon ready to go to the theatre, about which, as a specimen of quick building, I was told the following story, for which I do not vouch, be it understood. The manager was sadly at the fire time, watching his theatre about to be certainly burnt. Whereon, he quietly returned home, and on his way called on an architect. They went to the manager's house together, concocted a plan of a new theatre, which he had built up in thirty-five days! This would astonish Holland Brothers, who built my house, very much—if true. I saw a pretty piece called "Davy Crocket," which was meant to pourtray "backwoods" life "sixty years since." I then

bought a pair of spectacles, to replace a pair I had left at the Salt Lake.

I went to bed after a mint julep, and was so tired, I could not get to sleep till after three, and then slumbered heavily on till ten o'clock.

Then I got up, and breakfasted, and concluded "to go to church," but an excellent man informed me that they had been in such a hurry to rebuild the "stores," that on the whole, "churches of most persuasions were uninhabited." So I read my prayers at home.

Then I strolled out to stretch my legs, and see something of Chicago. I don't think they are a very Sunday observing people this. Perhaps they will improve when the churches become "inhabited."

I dined to-day, and had all my dinner paraded before me, choosing from the list, and it got colder and colder as it went on. They don't know very well how to live, these Americans. They are too much in a hurry, but I should have thought on Sunday evening they would have had time. Very few people had wine, as the time was limited to seven o'clock, when tea began. I saw no reason why I should be denied a bottle of "Catawba," or American champagne, which was very good. At eight, I retired, and this time having got rid of my over-fatigue, went to sleep, and slept nicely.

In the morning I got up, chartered a ... riage, and drove round Chicago. I went ... bankers' first, and there found very kind, ... and intelligent agents of the London and ... minster (Smith Brothers) to whom I recom... Englishmen. I noticed as I drove along, ... into the pavement, and a long rein pend... the one-horse carriages, by which the h... fastened to the ring. This is a conven... their one-horse "sulkies" generally on... one.

I then visited the boulevards, and ... building a fine exhibition house, with ... domes, which I should say looked better ... last one, though perhaps not so large.

I then started on a failing expedition ... my photographs, and drove all over Chi... was only able to find some of "Athen... places in the world, and others of the ... of this place. But of the fine buildings ... place is putting up, none.

For instance, I wanted a view of th... naturally. I am indebted to a hosier for ... rate work printed to puff his goods, which ... "Central Pacific." Th... ... tells me that it sh... ... They mean to ... ... views of it.

In the morning I got up, chartered a nice carriage, and drove round Chicago. I went to the bankers' first, and there found very kind, and civil, and intelligent agents of the London and Westminster (Smith Brothers) to whom I recommend all Englishmen. I noticed as I drove along, rings let into the pavement, and a long rein pendant from the one-horse carriages, by which the horse was fastened to the ring. This is a convenience, as their one-horse "sulkies" generally only carry one.

I then visited the boulevards, and they are building a fine exhibition house, with two glass domes, which I should say looked better than our last one, though perhaps not so large.

I then started on a failing expedition to buy my photographs, and drove all over Chicago, and was only able to find some of "Athens," of all places in the world, and others of the "ruins" of this place. But of the fine buildings which this place is putting up, none.

For instance, I wanted a view of this Palace, naturally. I am indebted to a hosier for an elaborate work printed to puff his goods, which contains a view of the "Central Pacific." This is very odd, but a Chicagoist tells me that it shows their practical good sense. They mean to finish the city, and then have some views of it. I have no

doubt this is very good sense, but they might have pictures of those places that are finished.

I heard a good story of the fire. Lake Michigan is at the door of this place, and you might have poured volumes of water from it on the fire; and they were building some waterworks for that purpose, only they were not finished, and the fire anticipated them, and burned the waterworks. They are now completed, and this hotel has hydrants on every floor, so that this time they will be ready for the fire. There is a deputation of the editors of the *Texan Star*, who have come with their wives and families, and a pair of horns which they have put up in the hall.

There is one old gentleman whose hair on face and head indicate that his grandfather was a Bonassus. I wish I could get a photograph of him. I have been to see the "Palmer House," a building hotel, which is the finest and best illustrated front I know. I am sorry to say that owing to bad foundation, one side is showing cracks. Then I have got some relics of the ruins, and I think I have sufficiently realised Chicago to start this evening for Niagara.

It is almost impossible to believe that this place was burned to the ground two years ago, and has so risen from its ashes. I have learned the history of that old child of the Bonassus. He was a great

Whig when Clay was candidate for the Presidentship, and like the late Mr. O'Connell, he registered a great vow; I forget where. It was that if Clay was not elected, he never more would let scissors or razor approach him. Clay was not elected, and he has kept his vow. He is still more a Wig now, for I never saw a more hairy man. His brother editors told me, that his editorial articles have still the same vivacity as ever.

The horses at Chicago are remarkable for their good condition, not what we should call really draught horses, but all of them obviously well groomed and cared for. There is an establishment near the "Grand Pacific" where three hundred and fifty horses are stabled by the Omnibus Company. If I were a horse I should like to live there, for the tramway work is very easy, and it must be very delightful to a horse to get into his stable perfectly clean, and without the slightest smell.

The spare walls of the town are covered like ours with advertisements from "Mexican Mustang Liniment" to "Sozodont" for the teeth. I was struck by the "Liberty and Equality" which prevails among people of all colours, for two dark gentlemen seem to have died, and a procession came by playing, not the "Dead March in Saul," but something rather indicating the decease of his father's asses. It

wound up with a one-horse procession in carriages which contained the ladies of the dusky race. It was impossible not to notice that the "gamins" of Chicago have not such a view of the general equality, and the indefeasible right of all men to be considered alike.

I picked up from my friends the editors some nice Texan slang phrases, which rather tickled my fancy. If you want a man to go down the street with you, and he is not similarly inclined, he replies, "No, I am too much a looser;" a man who indulged in romancing and pretended to have known Washington very well, which from his age was impossible, used to speak of battles in which he had performed great feats, and had told Washington thereof, styling him "General." Washington replied, "Oh, don't stand on those forms. Call me George, like old times." This is the foundation, when any man is rhodomontading, for the audience to say, "Oh me, call me George."

They told me various others, which it would be tedious to put down. After taking another *petit tour de ville*, and seeing some immense "corn elevators," which seem to me like putting too many eggs into one basket in the event of fire, and the name of which I can only etymologically trace, through a purpose to "raise" the price of corn; I paid my bill—which, with all the splendour, was very reasonable—and went to the railroad. The

station here was very poor, through being the depôt of two large railroads, indeed three or four.

There was great confusion, and with my bad leg I should have had great trouble in getting my various things embarked, but for the aid of a charming Irish driver of my carriage, with whom I had made alliance. Here let me note that I got very cheap the most delicious pears I ever eat, which were delightful then, but from which I eventually suffered dreadfully. We passed through a nice country, well watered, and with pleasant-looking homesteads, to Niagara.

A telegram overtook us on the way, to say that poor Chicago had again succumbed to the fire king. This time it is the worst part of the city which was burnt. In fact, part of the very depôt of which I have complained above. They used it for storing hay, and a spark from an engine had set it on fire. The loss is estimated at three hundred thousand dollars, only half of which was covered by insurance. I take it it will have to go through still further purgation before Chicago, as a brick and stone city, can raise its head in security. At present all these suburbs are of wood. The wind blows there furiously, and though they have now Lake Michigan to put it out with, the fire defies all human skill. In the middle of the night I was called, though awake, to see the steam ferry by

which we were to cross the Detroit river into Canada. We did it successfully, though it was a long and delayed business, which they say they are going to remedy by a tunnel. The sooner the better. On reaching the Canada side my loyalty made me whistle the first verse of "God Save the Queen," and ditto of "God Bless the Prince of Wales," which elicited the remark from the American gentleman opposite, "Waall, you must be a Britisher, must you." I was too much engaged in looking out of window to make him any reply, and I felt a great delight in noticing the improved comfort of the farm houses, and thought "after all, there is nothing like an Englishman for making himself comfortable."

But I was sadly disappointed in being told by an English engineer, who was awake at the other end of the train, and made, in company with me, what I recommend to all English travellers, an early application to the washing place, that they were a colony of French emigrants. The early washing has two good effects. First, you cannot wash too early, and next you get clean towels, which is better than following fourteen or fifteen fellow-travellers, who don't improve those articles.

But gradually we got on into the English part, through beautiful scenery, and the autumn tint having seized the leaves—in fact, there was a slight

frost that morning—such glorious gold glittered on the maple trees, and shone in the sunlight as it arose.

I was the least bit shocked to find horses and cattle infinitely smaller than I had lately seen in America, but I consoled myself with the idea that it was right, and that my British fellow subjects had probably done some good purpose, in growing small horses, and then cattle.

If that object is not most important, I recommend them to follow the example of their American neighbours, and import from Lord Ducie, which is likely to answer their purpose, as one has recently been sold to return to England, at the modest sum of ten thousand pounds. This was a great triumph to the Americans. To which I responded that an English article was always worth its money, and when did they hear of an American import purchased back to America at a large sum! But all this was said and replied to in perfect good-nature, which is the character of the people of this country; and I may safely say, that with very few exceptions, it is only in a spirit of very generous rivalry that they cavil against us in any way.* On arriving at the foot of the Suspension Bridge, I met with the first railway evil

* I quite agree with Mr. Barnum in his answer to Mr. "Something." I recollect, as I correct the Press, that it was Mr. Golding Smith.

that had occurred since I left San Francisco. It happened in this wise. I had my ticket over the Erie railway. There is a rival route called the New York Central. The varlets at Chicago had made out my luggage cheques by the latter route, which was obvious to read. At the foot of the bridge there was a board which invites the passengers by the Erie route to change cars. I saw this, but knowing that my luggage was chequed by the New York Central, determined to adhere to their companionship, and crossed the Suspension Bridge to their depôt. There my luggage was sure enough, but I had extracted two miles gratis from the company, and had come to a station I had not booked to. They gave various reasons for the Chicago folks having given me the wrong cheques. First, that probably, or rather possibly, they were out of Erie tickets, and so had given me their own. Next, that it did not signify. I did not argue the first point, but I could not help pointing out that it materially signified whether I was left at one station with my luggage across a ditch like the Niagara river two miles off.

However, after some discussion—in which the officials were, I am bound to say, very tranquil, and I, I must admit, very much out of humour, which was no good—I arrived at the "Cataract Hotel," Niagara Town.

This is a pretty little place, with trees all down the street; and I had a nice room, with a pleasant aspen quivering in the breeze opposite my open window. I dined with some good-natured people; had a pint of American champagne to arm me for the sight, and then hired a carriage for the drive round at "a dollar and a half." I particularly noted this sum, and repeated it, as I had heard that the people of Niagara Falls were so much fallen as to be great rogues.

And now, I suppose, in justice to my friends, I must add one to the many miserable failures who have in vain attempted to describe this wondrous sight. The Yankee chap, who, after gaping at the Falls for some time, ejaculated "Well done, water," is the only person who has succeeded. But I will try.

I will begin by the Railway Suspension Bridge, which, to passing passengers, gives a distant view of the falls and of the river beneath. The train stops on the bridge a few minutes, and those who are content with seeing a little may pass on, and say they have "seen" the falls. But they have not seen as much of it as it really deserves. I had heard that the accounts were exaggerated; I therefore went with no undue expectations. I have spoken of the railway bridge hitherto, but there is another, running down by "Prospect Park," which is available

pension bridge you have a good view of all three falls. The depth to look down from your carriage to the river is something awkward for a weak head like mine. You are then pulled up by a curiosity-shop keeper, who proposes to photograph you, including a portion of the falls. It was less difficult to say "yes" than "no;" so I descended from the carriage, and had my bulky form represented sitting on a seat. The same process is repeated on the Prospect Park side, which is the main resort of bridal parties, and who well and fondly patronise the artist there.

This completed, and my connection with Niagara being established, I re-ascended the carriage, and drove on. In driving along we passed the Clifton House, where H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was established, and to which I advise everybody to go. It seems a nice "Hotel," a word for which, in America, "House" is almost uniformly substituted, and commands by far the best view of the falls.

I did not go there, as my travelling suit, from long use, had lost its first gloss, and I did not think I should do H.R.H. any credit, if I was discovered to be a countryman. At least, I thought the natives would divide English into two classes, some very well, and some very ill-dressed.

We then got on for the view of the "Horse-shoe." The best point is about one hundred yards beyond

brightly, when I saw it, and the Canada fall was one mass of prismatic light; but the most complete rainbow, as I saw it, was at the American fall, in which there is less confusion of water than at the other. I went home heartily pleased, and I believe that a great part of my pleasure was owing to my impression that the idea of it had not been exaggerated.

So pleased, indeed, that I submitted tamely to a charge of two dollars and a half for the carriage, for which I had bargained for a dollar and a half, my co-bargainer being of course out of the way. I slept well, though I rather dreamed that I was the subject of one of the accounts, which my coachman had insisted in giving me, of an unfortunate man, who, having got into the troubled waters above, and having a chance of landing at Goat Island, was by clumsiness or want of nerve, reeled over the falls, and only his leg found.

The next morning, on foot, I walked over Goat Island and Prospect Park, and amused myself by watching the number of men with long noses, and the ladies with snub noses, who celebrated their obviously recent marriage by being photographed, with Niagara forming part of their future family. An old German with six children, was "done" with his wife, and his "hostages to fortune," and showing it to me, remarked, "It is not so like me, I think toder man must have left his face in the sun's

eye." It was, in fact, more like the accepted photographs of Prince Bismarck Schönhausen, which I remarked to him, to his great satisfaction.

I am sorry to say, for the sake of human nature, an article of some value which I had put in my carpet bag when I dressed was not present the next morning when I dressed in the train. In the interval the carpet bag had been in my personal custody in the train, and rested under my head while I was asleep. It must, therefore, have gone in the hotel. Perhaps the man wanted it, but he ought to have told me, and I think I should have declined.

I drove up to the Erie depôt, after making some purchases "in memoriam," and we were kept there an hour and a half. I was nearly left behind, for having to say to the conductor, "Can I have a lower berth?"—taking just that time—the train suddenly started on. Luckily, they pulled up before they had gone a quarter of a mile, and I got in, with some labour to my leg. Upon remonstrating with the conductor for using me so scurvily—for I was not three seconds talking to him—he said they were an hour and a half late. This I acknowledged, and said that did not mend the matter, as I had the pleasure of waiting all that time on the platform. He then told me that at the foot of the railway suspension bridge they

had found the Great Western Railway cars in a totally disorganised state, five baggage cars burned, and the whole line blocked. Then in the most incidental manner imaginable said, after all the other calamities, "they killed the engineer, and the stoker is not expected to recover." This with all the coolness with which he would have announced that a large doll had fallen out of the carriage. This indifference to human life is one of the peculiarities I shall have to notice in the American character.

This was not a pleasant announcement to greet a passenger with, and when I adverted to the hour and a half lost time as likely to make us late in New York, he mildly replied, "Oh, we shall make it up." As I had heard that the road passed along the edge of a precipice above the "Delaware," this did not much comfort me, and I was glad to find that we did not "make it up," and that we arrived safely in New Jersey, the suburb of that city, at half-past eight, instead of seven. But we went fast enough to jolt me out of bed, and it was altogether a most uncomfortable passage. I could not help fancying that the remains of Mr. Fish were under each wheel, we jumped so. It was, however, charming scenery, and if I had been in a gig I should have enjoyed it very much.

At New Jersey my troubles began. I had a carpet bag and dressing case in the train with me, and on arrival naturally expected to find a porter to carry them to the ferry, some little distance. I had waited till they were all out, and found all things desolate, and no porter. Two American gentlemen who I had talked with in the train, not seeing me following them, came back, and pitying my bad leg, with the civility which I almost uniformly found in the better sort, insisted on carrying them for me, and put them into a coach for me.

I have said "almost invariably," but in this transit I encountered a gentleman of another sort. He came and sat on the arm of my seat, which made me very warm, in the first place, and then began very nearly, as well as I can recollect, as follows: "Oh, you are an Englishman, are you? Wall, what do you think of this country, where the darnedest free and enlightened people on airth live, and just look over the sea and feel for you poor slaves? Why, down in Connecticut I know a man——. But let that pass. You have had to pay up pretty smart about that cussed Simmes, and how do you like that? And take care——" He was proceeding with this unconnected jargon when the remainder of the passengers all made an exclamation of angry dissent, and silenced him,

when he said, "I only wanted him to know my mind." Of course, I neither answered him or took any notice, but was pleased to see that the other gentlemen redoubled their civilities, followed by the kindness of carrying my things; and a lady kindly offered me some wine, with quite a sympathetic face.

I had got as far as the coach. Well, I could bear all the reproaches of a native of the country that owned that coach. It seemed to me so old that it must have conveyed the "Pilgrim Fathers" to their hotel. Not an omnibus, but a booth on wheels, with a seat back and front, and a lifting-up cross-seat in the middle. One of the kind gentlemen who had carried in my luggage, got in first, to give me a hand up, and I was looking where to sit, as the flap of the moveable seat was up, when the conductor smashed it down on my leg, so as nearly to make me faint; under the remonstrance of my friend. But he never said a word of apology. Probably it was a conductor, vain of his inalienable rights.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW YORK, ETC.

Recovered from this, we crossed the ferry, and were at length landed in New York. At a slow weary pace we wended our way, jolted terribly over the tramways and ill-paved streets of the city, and it took me a good hour to reach the "Brevoort House," which being "up town," as it is called, caused me to be deposited last of our crammed passengers. I cannot think how such a go-ahead people as the Americans, with such nice tidy equipages, can stand such provisions by the railway authorities, of such worn-out miserable old carriages as this, and it was not rare, for I have seen similar ones at the door of each of the hotels. I tried in vain for a cab, but they will not allow them to enter the railway precincts, but condemn an arrival to this coach. How ladies can bear them, I cannot think.

I rumbled and grumbled over the ill-paved streets of New York for more than an hour, and was

seriously afflicted by the tramways, to get which laid down, I imagine surgeons and coachmakers have assisted. The former to get a job for replacing the injured limbs and spines of riders, and the latter to make money by mending cracked springs, &c.

At last I got to the Brevoort House. I am not quite sure whether I ought to speak well of this hotel or not. This is what happened. Imprimis, I can speak most highly of the cook, which you will say ought to condone all other failings, and he was admirable. But when I went in, and with all politeness asked for a bed from a silly young clerk, I got for answer, "How long are you going to stop?" I explained that I had not yet fixed my ship, on which he said to a porter, "Here show No. 42." I ascended three pairs of stairs, and was shown into a room in which I could barely turn round, and which I found would only give me access to my large trunk, when it arrived, by taking it to bed with me. I went down and explained, as I had done before, that I had a bad leg, and that it was a long way up, but the same young man told me that there would be no change. This young fellow was not absolutely rude, but very like it. He looked bilious, and I dare say is, which may account for his manner.

I then went to breakfast, and made a famous

first to Cunard's office, by which I meant to sail. On taking my ticket through to England at Frisco, the man talked much of the superiority of the Inman line, and to pacify the man I said, "I will see about the Inman line when I get to New York; make it an open ticket, and I can go by which I like." There was a good deal to look at in my other ticket for the railway, and I am ashamed to say I did not inspect the ship ticket. That was further owing to the man putting it into an envelope, and saying, "I would put that by safe till I got to New York." This I did, and travelled on in the security of having an open ticket. So I walked boldly into Cunard's place, and asked them to fill it up with their line. They looked at it and told me it was filled up for Inman. I was much exasperated at being done, and drove on to Inman's, who of course were very pleased, and filled it up for Thursday by the "City of York." I was sorely put out, and having by accident recognized a very kind friend calling at the "bar," he told me that a mutual friend of ours at Liverpool had great influence with all the lines, and would probably get me the money back from Inman's. I found the Scotia, Cunard's line, which I had always meant to go by, sailing on Wednesday, a day earlier, and I have taken a ticket by that, leaving it to the chance of whether my friend's influence is overrated or not.

would be continued by that servant of the Lord, Brother Tadger,' who again preached from his former text, 'Now Peter's wife lay ill of a fever.' This made the Susquehannah man quite indignant; but he resolved to give Beecher another trial in the evening. Again the hymn resounded, when the familiar voice of the churchwarden stated that 'Mr Beecher was still prevented from coming, but that, in his absence, that servant of the Lord, Brother Tadger, would address them.' The Susquehannah man fairly went to sleep during the third repetition of the sermon from the text, 'Now Peter's wife lay ill of a fever.' He went home, and had some oysters for supper, which everybody in New York eats at all hours of the day; and, what with the consequent indigestion and the repetition of Peter's wife, dreamt sorrowfully of that worthy lady. Next day, on getting up, he began to think that his trip to New York was a failure; whereon he packed his baggage, and got on to the ferry. Standing at the end, who should he see running down to catch the boat but Brother Tadger. The bells were tolling from a neighbouring church, and Brother Tadger, seeing the Susquehannah man looked respectable, applied to him to know what the tolling was for. To which the Susquehannah man replied, 'I don't accurately know, but I have a great suspicion it is for Peter's wife, as I am wàll

re she was tarnation bad all yesterday!'" This ither a long story, but the sequal struck me as ticularly funny. It was welcome to me, howr, as it gave me something to laugh at beyond own ailments. I failed in getting to Beecher's, m being ill, but I escaped Brother Tadger.

Mr. Parsons, an ex-judge and the present pr[illegible]nt of one of the large lines, very kindly invited to drive in his carriage round the Central Park: d it came to the door about half-past two. Fa[illegible] y delight at sitting on some well-stuffed cu[illegible], hind a well-appointed coachman—top-boots, and ckade in his hat—and a pair of horses bought [illegible] ice in London. Dear me, I forgot the ple[illegible] itimacy and freedom of the waiters.

As this book may reach America, I [illegible] naming Mr. Parsons' politics: but I [illegible] and they added pleasure to the ride. We d[illegible] round the park, and to the points of view [illegible] which Long Island and the Hudson could be s[illegible] saw the statues of Shakespeare and Walter S[illegible] and I could not help hoping that the acknow[illegible] ment and estimation of such common [illegible] prevent this great nation ever quarrelling [illegible]

We also saw the great Croton R[illegible] supply of the town, and the vario[illegible] and carriage tracks which are [illegible] genuity and tast[illegible] Th[illegible]

ally than Hyde Park—that is to say, the trees are younger; but they have judiciously planted a great many of the avenues with wych elm, which is a quick-growing tree and will soon look older. But I trust they are aware that this suffers much from the wind, and they had better begin to plant oak, which will stand it better. There is a small zoological house on one side of the park, and the crowds watching the animals were like ours. The company in the park was exactly like ours of a Sunday—not the first people, but those who have leisure on that day. I do not think I saw any marked beauty, and none of the fresh, rosy cheeks of even our metropolitan girls.

And now I must come to a great incident, occupying the attention of all New York. The country and commerce of the country was never more prosperous than at present, and anybody who has been here, or seen the unbounded supply of produce which is growing through the length and breadth of the land, must treat it as idle thought, that any over-speculation can bring this country to anything like permanent grief. But in truth all Saturday and Sunday New York was practically bankrupt, and part of Monday, though they say this afternoon the worst is over. In London, whenever there is a panic, and the "bulls" cannot bear the storm, the "bears" have the best of it, and one set of men

are richer and the other poorer, till it blows over, and possibly a few never rise again. But here the price has gone down, even below what the "bears" at the commencement of the panic bought at. Consequently, though better off, they are not much better off than the "bulls."

This panic has arisen from undue dealing in comperatively worthless railway stocks, and advances unduly made to them from large bankers. I write, you observe, no names, for such is the elasticity of American finance, that there is hardly a man who is to-day reduced to his last dollar who does not look forward fondly to a better future. The losses reported are enormous in amount, though they sound more from being calculated in the horrible dollar. So great was considered the emergency, that General Grant came to New York to endeavour to stem the tide. He was put up at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and as we drove by I carefully examined each window, to see if I could see him, but failed.

His purpose in coming was to see if by the advance of Government funds any mitigation could be made of the pressure which existed. It is understood that he declined. I take it he is right; for if a wilful man will be ruined, I don't see why the resources of a country, whatever its reserve may be, should be imperilled to save him.

The exchange doors have been shut since early

on Saturday, and continue shut on this day, Monday. I was interested to-day, in driving down Wall Street, to observe the various phases of countenance presented by these reckless gamblers, for they are nothing more. I stopped at the door of a large house connected with Liverpool, and I only saw one man who came out rubbing his hands, with a smile on his face. The rest all looked haggard and pale, and when they came out into the air, seemed to mutter an oath and looked straight before them, as if they could see ruin in the distance.

Wall-street, where the Treasury is, is a good broad space, but the crowd was as thick as in narrow Lombard Street, at our last smash. This is only a renewal of other panics which have happened in New York; and when will the race after the "almighty dollar" be run at a slower and safer pace?

All here are thinking of nothing else—I, of course, except the more prudent and better men—and that one pursuit seems to blind their eyes to all consequences. I hear that a great many of the sufferers are understood to have made large nuptial settlements, so that they are comparatively ruined, but "terrapin soup," and "bird pepper" await them still off the Stock Exchange. This is not very moral, but it is prudent, and a smash does not bring

such misery to families. I daresay I shall have something to add to this to-morrow.

I had been put up at the "Union Club," which is very comfortable, and where Mr. Parsons kindly wound up his pleasant drive, by giving me a capital dinner. It consisted of America speciatic, of which I thought a fish called the Spanish mackerel admirable. We then had a pleasant chat, and walked home, and "so to bed."

To-day, I took another drive round, and tried some shopping, that is to say, photographic views of New York, and a pair of patent-leather shoes. These latter I could not get, after going into, or rather down into, for they are on the basement, twenty shops in Broadway. They all told me "they had seen their day." The photographs were simply absurd. I sought them in shop after shop in vain, till at last a more candid gentleman than the rest told me "I should get them better in London." So, after having bought them at Frisco, Utah, and Niagara, I was referred in New York to London. "Bird pepper," which is very good, I also failed to procure.

About this Broadway I am disappointed. It is very long, but the shops are not so good as our Regent-street. And the trade is differently carried on. In a house, perhaps, six or seven different trades are carried on; and, wanting to get some

walking-sticks, I had to go up two flights of very steep stairs, before I came to the purveyor of them. I should say that New York, under "Cæsarism," which is talked of pro or con in every newspaper, will demand a Baron Hausemann to make a fine central street through the city.

Just let me say a word about "Cæsarism." Not because I think it imminent, or that I shall live to see it, but I believe it to be "looming in the future." Here, every person who is naturalised, and has gone through, I think it is, a six months' probation, has a vote. Well, that is an intolerable thing in any society of people or nations. Because it gives Paddy from Cork, or elsewhere, just the same power in the state as a man whose ancestor was at Bunker's Hill, or is otherwise respectable. But it further gives that idea of equality of all men, which is the absurd phase here. That eternal nigger is everywhere a servant, doing the house-work; and if you find a man holding forth on the indefeasible rights of man, and point to one of the niggers, and say, "I am glad you recognise that man as an equal," he shrugs his shoulders, and grins, if good-natured, and goes off on a fresh track. The consequence is, that among the lower order, there is that principle of independence which promptly becomes incivility. I don't mean not saying "sir" or touching their hats, which are matters of convenience in

more courteous nations, but it speedily gets beyond that, and a man is unwilling to put his hand to carrying your bag, or any other little item unworthy of a sovereign man.

I cannot help seeing that these views are constantly occurring to the better sort. It was constantly a matter of remark from Frisco to New York, and at all dinner tables. I am not going to betray any confidences, or to repeat what this or that man said, but it was so, and I shall be glad to see it increase. I landed in America with every possible prejudice against them, they have all vanished; their amenity, hospitality, and good-will towards Englishmen, has produced this effect, and I have not heard in any body of decent Englishmen more decent and respectful words of her Gracious Majesty and the Prince of Wales, than I have in every assembly of educated Americans. I think they are likely to visit our "tight little island" more than they have done, for they are tired of Paris and its restlessness; and I entreat our countrymen to rub off a little of that reserve they have towards them, and to see in American visitors, polished gentlemen, anxious to learn, and possibly to imitate.

The *Herald* is at "Cæsarism" again to-day, and connected with its articles is another proof of an intolerable system called "interviewing," which I

must respectfully remonstrate against. Throughout the whole of this panic everybody who has been thought worthy or capable of saying anything about it has been "interviewed," and the conversation between him and the reporter has been set forth next day verbatim. A gentleman whose name I won't give, because of a subsequent remark, was the other day waited upon, and the affairs of his bank, and his own affairs, estreated, and reproduced next day. I cannot for the life of me think how they stand it. The only excuse given me is, that these people rejoice to see their names in print, and so reveal all these things to the reporter. An unworthy motive, at any rate.

This day it has taken the turn of interviewing Mr. Fillimore, the ex-President. The reporter gives an account of him as a placid old man with white hair, in a small but comfortable office. He is received, and sits down, and the reporter requests his views on "Cæsarism." Then there are two columns of the reporter's questions and Mr. Fillimore's replies. A stranger reading this marvels where privacy, or private thought, can exist.

Of course this view of mine will offend Mr. Bennett, the editor of the paper, which I am sorry for, but still more sorry to speak ill of any American institution. Still I cannot help saying thus much.

What should you say

It is reported that at the last election he threatened to spend fifty thousand dollars to ... the judge who decided ... and did spend it, successfully. I ... a body of gentlemen interested ... and learnt, I am glad to say, ... over.

The Stock Exchange is not ... body begins to ... his way. ...

confined to Wall Street, for the commerce of the country was never more affluent, and the corn and cotton crops are abundant, and I am sorry to say the export of iron to England is getting larger. Oh, Potter! and all you other misteachers of the poor Welsh ironmen. . The panic has been created simply by the advances to a great extent to a lot of worthless boobies; and it is just as if, in a small way, our Stock Exchange had gone head over heels into the Chatham and Dover, and then suddenly had been called upon to pay. Well some men would have been ruined, as some will here, and nobody pities them, as nobody does here.

But the press must do its part, and I was sorry to see this morning that the "Herald" hoped to see a renewal of the "old state of things." No, Bennett, the old state of things, for the credit of America, must never be renewed; these gamblers must not be resuscitated, and the first step must be, in the new arrangement of things, "a fortnightly settlement of accounts," as we have in our Stock Exchange. Why keep your "lame ducks?" Let them waddle off into the obscurity from which they sprung.

Ah! unhappily I am wrong, the Stock Exchange has not opened, and will not open for a day or two, and the highly respectable house of Clews and Co. has shut its doors; let us hope only temporarily.

But this must be horrible to the people of New York. They have injudiciously made loans to railways, sold the bonds, and the buyer cannot take them. My heart bleeds to think, that this is all brought about by an indecent hurry to be rich.

The whole of my kind friends have been here to wish me good-bye and a good voyage. I quit the land with great regret, for I am really charmed with the people, many of whom I hope to see again, and I beg to acknowledge their great hospitality and kindness, especially that of my friend and co-Wiltshireman, William Blackmore.

It is only in vindication of these good men and true that I have thrown out these suggestions, adverse, it is true, to the general policy of the country, but agreeable, I fondly hope, to many of the more patriotic Americans. They are at present represented by the dollar. Best kid gloves are two dollars and five cents. Consider that exorbitant price. Let the price of things be governed by the ordinary rules of the rest of the world, and we shall see an improved lower population, none of the rudeness which results from the high wages, necessarily hard to keep up the expenditure, and we shall also live to see America the best home for the men of all nations, which the mind of man can fondly imagine.

I have arranged to go on board the "Scotia"

to-night, there to sleep. I am happily free from the "Inman," and have, through the kindness of one of my good friends, got my money back; and I shall go down to the sea "in a ship," silently murmuring, "All hail, Columbia!" I had ordered the man to bring the carriage early, so as to have another *petit tour de ville* before I quitted; and so, after a last testimony to that excellent cook (who may all goodness preserve!), I finally ascended my chariot, and drove off to visit Fulton Ferry, Washington Market, and Brooklyn. Washington does not equal (though it exceeds in quantity) in quality Frisco market, which, for variety of produce, exceeds anything I have ever seen. I don't recollect the vegetable, from whatever part of the world, which was not there.

After mooning about and reading the bills on the walls, and otherwise noticing things, I very reluctantly ordered the man to the New Jersey ferry, where I had originally crossed to New York. I then got to the Cunard Wharf in daylight and ample time, and was amused at the independence of the gentleman who drove me, who simply put down my things, and, without deigning me the slightest notice, simply drove off without wishing me good-bye or *bon voyage*. I respectfully inform him I was selecting between a one a[illegible] inclining towards the two-doll[illegible]

deposited my [illegible]
interview" New Jersey [illegible]
when an offer was made [illegible]
to receive a New York [illegible]
ily by the hand, and [illegible]
and so forth. [illegible]
d fortune to hold a [illegible]
Lottery, and [illegible]
d; and was glad to [illegible]
s an occasion. [illegible]
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dway I had the [illegible]
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"fixings," and made my cabin as comfortable and tidy as I could, and went mournfully to bed.

I say "mournfully," because, not only from the previous advices of friends, but also from ocular experience, I had discovered that I was going to have a terrible war with mosquitoes. The Cunard Company (fair wind to its ships!) have had to select a place for their wharf, and have done so. The New Jersey folks have to provide an outfall for their principal drains, and they have done so; and the two coincide. The consequence is that the victim ascends the altar on which he is to be sacrificed amidst an odour not of frankincense, and hears, amidst this odour, the deep hum of the sacrificial mosquito. I lay on my back awaiting the worst. Some playful warriors sung their war-song around me, leaving behind light stings and arrows, when, from the far-corner of the cabin, sounding as if mounted on a war-horse, came the oldest and principal mosquito. I watched as I lay, but awaited him, as an Indian does the last splitting blow of the tomahawk on his skull. I had one last hope: as he approached I might perchance hit him, as he proposed a banquet on my forehead. With convulsive energy I made ready, and when I thought "time was," I hit a resolute and determined blow, which missed my friend, nearly stunned me, and I had just senses enough left to recognise the deadly

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CHAPTER XXIII.

RETURN HOME.—SCOTIA.—MR. BARNUM.

We started almost punctually at half-past seven, and as long as the smooth water lasted I began to take stock of our fellow passengers. They were a pleasant, lively set of people, who were very good-natured to me during the voyage. Some of them knew me. Among them was an old gentleman who had hunted many years in the "shires," and who had spent a winter at Bath, and knew all about "Yate Rocks" and Chippenham by rail, and the "stone wall country," and remembered "the marquis" in his green coat, hunting the hounds. You may imagine that these subjects afforded frequent pleasant discourses to cheer the weary way. We compared Sir Richard Sutton in Leicestershire with the same gentlemen at Christian Malford Wood, and the gentleman—I won't mention his name, though it would be recognised—knew also "Harry," nicknamed "Pincher." There

was also a very nice American lady and her sister, under the escort of a very good fellow, who had been on my route from California.

But beyond all other folks on board, and first among men, I had the good luck to find, and be introduced by the captain to, Mr. Barnum, whose name is so celebrated as to be an accepted phrase in England. When I said "You are celebrated and well known in England," he modestly replied, "Ah, notorious." But he is an extraordinary type of the practical turn of the American people. He rather glories in being a "showman." He has exhibited, as we all know, "Tom Thumb" in England, and he was the "guide, philosopher, and friend of Jenny Lind" in America. We are accustomed to connect his name with all sorts of "gammon," such as the "woolly horse," the "mermaid," and impossible things of that sort. He fairly acknowledges all these things, but declares their use as a means to an end—notoriety. A man came to see his "mermaid," and went away possibly disappointed with that, but narrating to his friends the other real marvels of Barnum's museum, which has been burned twice.

One of his ways of keeping up the interest in his show was good. He managed to have it announced in a paper that Mr. Barnum had a horse which a man six feet high, and standing *erect* in

a chair, could not touch the back of. This, he announced, anybody might see gratis, and the paper set to work, and gravely calculated that the beast was twenty-two feet high. It turned out to be a small colt, which a man certainly could not touch the back of, standing erect in a chair. The people all laughed, and were doubly sure that Mr. Barnum had many strange things in his museum.

He has written his life, which he lent me to read, full of quaint stories. Amongst them, this. A man went partners with another in an elephant, which the latter was to exhibit, and remit the other, half the profits. None came, which made the part-owner seek his friend on the journey. He fell in with him, and demanded his share. The other pleaded occupation, and said he would settle at the end of the quarter. This was all the answer the indignant co-proprietor could get. Accordingly, the next morning, when the exhibitor came to take the elephant out of the barn where he had rested for the night, he saw his creditor waiting with a loaded rifle. Fearing some personal violence, he said, "Why, you are'nt gwoin to shoot a fellow, are you." To which the part-owner replied, "No, but I am tired of this venture, and I am just going to shoot my half of the elephant." The accoun[t was] speedily settled.

Then his account of his grandfather's gift to him of "Ivy Island," a dreadful swamp, and his first visit to it, and discovery of its value, is very good. But he was also full of anecdote of every possible kind, and amongst other things told this story of "Gough," the teetotal lecturer, one of whose disciples Mr. Barnum is. Gough was lecturing, and his mode of lecturing is to make a peg on which to hang a story. In this way he stated that an Englishman, if he is aggrieved or insulted, then and there gets some remedy, either satisfaction or apology, or something of the kind; whereas, an American will go round about, and wait his opportunity, still, however, getting his revenge in the meantime.

To illustrate this, he described a great festival day in Boston, when the streets were crowded with hosts of people. Among others, a tall, gaunt Yankee from the country came "loafing" along, looking into all the shops as he passed, and admiring. At last he came to a lawyer's. Seeing nothing in the window, he went in, and addressing the owner, asked what he sold. To which the other testily replied, "Gape seed." "Mighty smart that," muttered the other, "will see if I can't scare him." Whereon, he went on a few doors, and enquired "What yon chap sold." They told him he was a lawyer, and would write letters, &c., for anybody.

"What, you think he would write one for me?"

"Oh, yaas, if you pay him for it." The "loafer" then went on down the town, and round two or three squares, till he thought the lawyer had forgotten him, and returned to his shop. He went in. "I hear you write letters?"

Lawyer. Yes, if you pay me one dollar.

Loafer. I want to write to my old mother, but I can't pay a dollar.

Lawyer. Can't do it for less.

Loafer. Won't you say seventy-five cents?

Lawyer. No—a dollar—no less.

Loafer. Wa'll, I think I will spend a dollar on the old woman. You will write down what I tell you, and dot your i's, and cross your t's, so that the old woman can read?

Lawyer. Oh, of course—go on.

Loafer. Very well. Dear Mother, I first of all went to Ephraim Bright's, and he put me to such and such work, and then after that he put me to other work (and went on going through all the tedious and minute details of a two years' farm work, during which, the poor lawyer kept on covering and putting on his left hand sheet after sheet of paper, till there was a perfect pile). The loafer looked on unmoved, at last cast his eyes over the writing, and said: Ah! you're doing that just about well, dotting your i's and crossing your t's (and then went

on). And one day he sent me with two blessed old horses to the mill, and when they came to the bottom of the hill, they stopped, and I licked 'um, I licked 'um, I licked 'um.

Lawyer. Well, I've written that once—once is enough.

Loafer. No; you write what I tell you, so that the old woman will know, or you have narra a dollar of mine.

Lawyer. Oh, good heavens, go on (looking wistfully at the pile of sheets on his left).

Loafer. Waal, and then I said to them "etch" (clicking his tongue).

Lawyer. Oh, but I say, stranger, how am I to write that?

Loafer. Wall, if you can't finish my letter, you have no dollar of mine.

Lawyer. Go to old Sootie, then, and tell me, stranger, what am I to do with all that darned pile of paper I have been writing for you?

Loafer. Wrap up your "gape-seed" in it (going out of the shop). Scared you, lawyer, I guess.

This, and a thousand others as good, Mr. Barnum relieved the tedium of the long voyage by telling, and I could not help noticing the entire accuracy of his various narratives. For instance, I laughed so heartily at this last story, that I made him tell it me three times. He repeated it with verbatim

correctness. They tell me he is very rich. He lives at Bridport, and a Bridport man tells me that he is a most kind father, and a man of liberal but not ostentatious charity, and I am struck with the light erroneous way in which we have formed our opinions of his character. Of course he had plenty to say of interest about his interview with the royal family and the Duke of Wellington, and his intimacy with Jenny Lind during her triumphant progress through America.

Altogether, though it is usual to connect his name in England with the word "humbug," and it is much the same in America, I don't think I ever met a more perceptive, well informed, entertaining man than this poor "showman." This he candidly admits himself to be, and tells you how he has achieved his success; but I doubt whether one man in twenty thousand would have thought of and carried out those means. He is now going to Europe, England, and Paris, to take counsel with great and learned men, who soar above our terrestrial idea, interested in the sailing of the balloon from America across the Atlantic. He has no idea of going up in it, or having anything to do with it. To use his own words, "If I can say 'that' has been across the Atlantic, 'that' will draw the million more than anything that ever has been presented to them." So after having

fortune he preserves the showman instinct. All I can say is, "Heaven be thanked for his company on board."

We are beginning to get doubtful about reaching Liverpool early on Saturday, and every day we get more uncertain. I have got my letters ready written, to Poole for a suit of clothes, to Fribourg and Treyer for some snuff, which I have been deprived of for seven months, that is to say good snuff, and to my daughter, to give her tidings of my arrival home. Oh, how glad I shall be to see that little face, and all the faces of children and friends that belong to me. My "spendoolia," a pleasant American word for money, is all changed by the purser, and I am prepared to pay shillings instead of dollars to porters when I reach Liverpool. When that will be Heaven only knows, but I trust it will be some day. A little girl has to-day said to her mother, struggling with a box which won't open, "Mamma, why don't you say 'dam.' Papa always does, and it opens immediately." Dear child! We are getting off Ireland, and I cannot help thinking of the old Duke's view, "That Ireland would be improved by being twenty-four hours under water." The sea seems mighty "convanient."

We go on, and on, and this morning at three we were off Queenstown, and various passengers, among

them the Duc de Richelieu, disembarked. A poor gentleman named Ridgway has had the misfortune to break his leg badly, and we get up very sorry. We press on till the Irish coast is passed, and we stand across to Holyhead, and the Welsh land.

The "Skerries" are passed, and a grateful land-breeze tells us that we are getting nearer our port and nearer. At length the "Bell Light" bids us a welcome over the Liverpool bar, and we steam up the Mersey. This is about ten o'clock, and some of the dock lights are visible. We were buoyed up with the hope of landing in a tug, and getting on to terra firma quickly and well. When suddenly it is whispered through the ship, and is confirmed by one of the officers, that we are going into dock at once. This to me was rather jolly, as the wind was blowing fresh, and to a bad sailor the "tug" seemed a fresh terror. So I personally was very well pleased.

We ran the nose of our ship against the dock wall, but finally were brought up in the Canada dock, four miles from the North-Western Hotel, and at eleven at night. If there had been plenty of Custom House officers, and an abundance of cabs, this would still have been tolerable. But the former were few, and a long time about their business, and the latter were confined to two, who boldly announced their fare to the hotel as fourteen

shillings. I felt for my country, as the Americans were asked the same. I revenged myself and England, by making the facts known to an inspector, and then leaving my luggage to fate and a carman, and prepared to trudge to the North-Western. This was altogether too bad, and must have created a sad difficulty to the gentleman with the broken leg. I don't know how he managed, but I myself, with my bad leg, tramped the greater part of the way, when I was hailed by a good Samaritan, who had got a reasonable cabman, and finally was landed at twelve o'clock at night at the hotel, where a piece of cold pie was my only supper. This was an unpleasant way of landing, and I hear was determined on, in order that the officers might have a holiday next day, Sunday. If this was true it was hardly fair, for I had paid my journey money and the officers had not.

However at last, about two o'clock, my luggage arrived, and about another half-hour the carpet-bag I wanted for the night was "lifted" to my bed-room. I slept badly in my English bed, and the next morning started with an American gentleman for Chester.

The night before, on opening my carpet-bag, I found an envelope, which contained a photograph of my friend Mr. Barnum, and a polite letter, to which I hope I as politely responded. We went to

Chester Cathedral in the afternoon, and it was very nice to find the service well and decently performed. The next day I started for Oxford with my friend, I having promised to give the Sanscrit Professor tidings of his son on board the "British King," which I had left at San Francisco. Next morning I started, per Great Western, for home, where I was rejoiced to find all well, and had a pleasing demonstration from my neighbours on my return from what seemed a long voyage. Ah, how glad I was to find myself in my own home, with my children!

And now I must give a short *resumé* of the various things I had seen and heard in my travels. Egypt, of course, is no place for any other than a rich man, who may be induced to cheat the cold of winter by passing it at Cairo, or touring up the Nile. There he will find flowers, and green leaves, and all the enjoyments which wealth can purchase. But that is all, and Egypt is no place for emigration.

So it is with India. If you have money enough to go to the hills, and search among them for pleasant valleys, go on to India. See the various fine things which India possesses, buy Rajpootana shawls for presents, and deplore the cost of everything, and its worthlessness. You may also shoot at, and perhaps hit the royal tiger, and be afflicted,

as I was, by a Portuguese servant. You may go a long way down the Indus, as I did, and receive much hospitality, as was my good fortune, at Government houses and other places. But when you have done all this, and reflect on it afterwards, you feel that with few exceptions you have travelled over arid and dusty places, and doubt whether the game is an equivalent for the candle. And you see no opening for emigration here, and I am sorry to say you do not instantly recognise the beneficent effects of English rule here for one hundred and fifty years. The children cannot have been more naked, the Punjaubees cannot have been worse behaved, or the British soldier faster asleep, or so fast. I was disappointed in India, though there are some fine fellows there, one of whom belongs to my clan.

Pass on from this to Ceylon. Here the power of emigration commences. Admire the beautiful trees and hot-house plants wasting their sweetness in the desert air, don't buy factitious gems of the knaves at Galle, and hasten up through Colombo to Kandy, and look about there at the means of getting a livelihood among the gallant coffee planters. But this is not a place for a poor man without money. You must put money in your purse, live in the most beautiful island in the world, and may ultimately go home with some-

thing to show for it, and you may further have shot an elephant. But all this requires actually and nominally "powder and shot."

Another whisk of the wand, and you are at King George's Sound, in an unhospitable region, and you are glad to quit for the old land of emigrants and fortune makers, Australia. Arrived there, and taking Sydney first, let us see what are the prospects for an emigrant. I cannot think, taking the gentleman class first, that they are over prosperous. New South Wales, it appears to me, is comparatively exhausted for a settler under ten thousand pounds. The lands fairly accessible to the coast are all taken up, and in the hands of large capitalists, and they are only prepared to realize and sell at large prices, or to let them on terms not favourable to the lessee. The lands beyond these are of course affected in value in proportion to their proximity to these others, and I fancy that the wealth of New South Wales must be considered limited to moderate progress and increased trade.

Then the abominable "selection" law is against any man spending his capital, and settling down, not knowing who or when he may have a pleasant or unpleasant neighbour imposed upon him. This is a law that could only have been passed by what is politely called a "people" or Radical Parliament, such as exists at Sydney, and I think if you saw

the men you would be disinclined to wilfully subject yourself to such governors. With the exception of Mr. Samuel, who is a good sort of man, I saw nobody that I should like to be under and told by them how to be "happy." The gentlemen naturally hold aloof from participation in this state of things, and though there are good men and true in the colony, who would, whatever their politics, do justice, and enforce it, they decline to enter Parliament, and the government is therefore in the hands practically of the mob.

I do not say this because I am a Tory, and hate Radicals, but it arises from a feeling which we have got to in England, of sickness of mob rule. Their Museum, and all things of that kind are first-rate, and are creditable to a new people; but I don't think there is an element of stoutness enough in their present or future legislation, to entitle New South Wales to the great respect of its neighbours. These same remarks appear to me to apply to Brisbane and the other offshoots of the colony, as I found, they seem to be sufficiently occupied by settlers, as not to leave a chance of successful emigration there; I mean the old success. Sydney is a poor place itself, compared with Melbourne, and I was sorry to see a strong feeling of jealousy existing between them, the result always of a sense of superiority on the one side, and inferiority on the other.

Melbourne is an extraordinary place, and demands some separate attention. Made by gold, and built by gold, it remains to be seen what internal resources Victoria possesses, which will keep it going at its present pace, and whether it has not, in racing phrase, made too much running at first, and whether it will not "run out" at the finish. First of all, to keep its great trade, it must make its ship canal, so as to let it be accessible. This is not much for a considerable people like the Victorians, and we will suppose it done. But here there is also the curse of a constantly changing Government, subject to the popular will, and I am told that if the "pigeon-holes" of successive Governments were cleaned out, plan after plan would be found, affecting this necessary work, but which had been postponed by the existing Government, for the consideration and carrying out of some more popular measure. But, suppose that done, and the port of Melbourne really opened to the big ships of the world—is there sufficient trade due to Melbourne to support its grand halls, large and ornamented tanks, and all the other grand things, which make Melbourne, twenty-seven years old, a great and remarkable city.

The supplies of Queensland are conveyed viâ Melbourne at present. They have not reached their maximum, or anything like it at present, it is

true. But that is the main "back country" on which it has to rely. There is the "Riverinand," a comparatively small district, which Melbourne much covets, but which actually belongs to New South Wales, and which it seems to me will be the cause of some handsome scars on the faces of the beaux of either country, without Melbourne outbids Sydney, or gains it somehow by diplomacy. Well, this is not a large country, on which Melbourne must depend as a large port. I cannot help thinking, that great as has been her sudden progress, and wonderfully developed as her strength has been, she has seen her best day, and that when these resources have been comparatively exhausted, there will be vacant wharfs at Melbourne. I hope not, for certainly the spirit of the inhabitants has been marvellously exercised, and their present go-aheadness is shewn by the pains the people continue to take with themselves, by frequenting the Museum, or any place where instruction can be obtained; and if a friendly caution would not be taken amiss, I would venture to suggest a not too minute reproduction of the worst feature of those whose enterprise they seem to desire to imitate, the "Wall street gang." This is a cloud which hangs over Melbourne, chokes her thoroughfares, and impedes her natural trade, and which may burst ere they are aware.

[illegible] notoriety, or [illegible]. Here is land [illegible] Richmond- [illegible] over-crowded [illegible] England, and [illegible] and gold [illegible] digger. [illegible] before we [illegible] New Zealand [illegible] and we form a sort [illegible] pretty well [illegible] where there is [illegible] between [illegible] and my [illegible] over in [illegible] that there are [illegible], and [illegible] landing [illegible] us off [illegible] future rail [illegible] and the Wellington [illegible] must give up their friend-[illegible]. And New Zealand is separated into north and south islands, each with separate interests, and each existing under different circumstances.

I have expressed my opinion about these circumstances before in this book, and will not repeat them here for the mere sake of repetition; but whether

the war takes place in the northern island *now*, or whether we wait till the Maories are stronger and have done us more wrong, that there will and must be war there—and, spite of Exeter Hall, a war of extermination—I am pretty confident. As a place of emigration I cannot but imagine that the north, though of beautiful land and very charming, as a place of emigration, must be much checked by this hostile imminence; and that if the Government wish to preserve it as a colony they had better re-lend the present settlers a few rough Beloochees, or chaps to that effect, and make the northern islands as peaceful as Otago. I have said all I have to say about Otago before; I will not therefore say it again. But it stands to reason that Otago will not readily submit to be taxed for the northern island's troubles; and that means separation before a very distant date. That would leave Otago in mid-ocean under conditions which I have adverted to before.

I must complete my journey round the world, and must go to America to that end. And now I desire to express myself with great caution, not praising the Americans unduly, so as to mislead; and, on the other hand, giving them all the glory which belongs to them, unabated by prejudice; in fact I will endeavour — though, perhaps, there is more difficulty in doing that

than some more grand things—I will speak the truth.

I certainly went to America prejudiced against them, and against their institutions in no common degree. As regards my prejudices against them, I am glad to say that intercourse with them has entirely eliminated all that, and I have nothing but the most hearty feeling of good-will to my relatives and very good friends across the Atlantic. For example, I had met constantly Americans abroad, and had almost invariably found the high pitched nasal twang in their conversation. On the other hand, as regards the lower population, I had learned from travelled friends, that every two words were separated by an oath, and that "siree" was the ordinary mode of addressing a gentleman, and that a "Yankee" had an irrepressible hate against all Englishmen. I had been seriously "counselled," as they say at Utah, to protect myself by the purchase of a revolver, not only against the native American, but against the hostile Indian and the "grizzly" bear. As regards the revolver, it lay safely at the very bottom of my trunk, and there reposed. As touching the native American, who I was told recognised the difference between his New York and Californian tailor, by the first asking whether he should put a revolver pocket or not, and the latter putting it without asking, as a matter

of course. I found him a very pleasant talking man, full of information and good-will, and by no means disposed to shoot anybody, especially an Englishman. Touching the fierce Indian, the only ones I saw were daubed, it is true, with red paint, and looked very ugly, but were chiefly occupied in remedying the state of their rugs, which appeared occupied by fleas. The grizzly "bar" was non-existent save in a cage at one of the stations on the line, and he seemed uncommonly grateful for a piece of bread.

This certainly did not confirm my preconceived view of America and Americans, and it cannot be wondered at, if the greatest possible kindness and amity and courtesy and good-will towards England entirely made me as much disposed in their favour as my old-world prejudices had set me against them. All the best points of view were selected for my wonder, and if there was a better glimpse than another to be got from this window or that, the seats were instantly vacated both by ladies and gentlemen, so that I might see it more perfectly. At Sherman, the summit of the Rocky Mountains, I must have had a cart, to have carried away the memorial bits which the passengers picked up and presented to me, and from which I had to make an unwilling selection. This was not the case merely with one train load, but continued

universally through the journey, at Utah, and finally culminated at New York. Indeed, as I have said in the book earlier, I met with but one unpleasant person in America, and he was a goose. The respect for Her Gracious Majesty's character was manifest, and for the Prince of Wales also. It will be said, "Ah! but you only saw the best of the people, and up the country there are much worse men." I quite admit that, but I took occasion to converse with fellows who had come into this or that township from the country, and I pronounce them more courteous than our country labourers; I don't mean a real old fellow, but those chaps who follow after Arch or the like.

This general praise always excepts the Irish element, which, whether as found with a hod on its shoulders, or in the character of domestic servant, gives our cousins as much trouble as it does at home. Compare them and their ways, their satisfaction or their discontent, with the Germans, and you find as much difference as you do between a well-ordered, well-tempered horse, and a buck-jumper. How far this Irish element will continue as it is at present I cannot say, possibly it may be mitigated in the next generation by the admirable system of education which prevails in America. Almost every mile there is a schoolhouse, which is open to the children of rich and poor, and there is

no saying that the general diffusion of this blessing may not propitiate, and soften even an Irishman. It certainly will have a better chance than disestablishing the Irish Church, which has set the Roman Catholics up, and has but little debased the Protestants, and simply has given ground for increased jealousy and hate.

This much for the inhabitants of America. Now let us consider it as a place for emigration. I have expressed my opinion of other parts of the world, comparatively unfavourably as regards some, comparatively favourably as regards others. I have to declare my preference for some place from the greater cheapness of land, and other grounds, which may be an inducement to a man to change his home. I pronounce unwillingly, I admit, but much less so than before I had seen the country and the people, in favour of America or Canada.

I have used the word "unwillingly," but I mean "reluctantly," as of course one has a natural wish to see an English colony aggrandised in preference to advising people to go where, at any rate, their sons will cease to be Englishmen. This of course is assuming that Canada will one of these days be unable to defend its long frontier, and quietly lapse to the flag of the stars and stripes. Of course if it remains as it is, there is an English home in Canada for a good many people. But take the two

as forming one people, I affirm that there is no place of all I have seen in which a man landing, and finding his way up the country, is so certain of getting a spot where his children and himself can be so sure of making a living as in America.

Take the fat black land in the Iowa and the Nebruska. You may positively buy from one acre up to two hundred at a dollar and a half per acre; and it was astonishing to me to think of the numbers, not of labouring men, but small farmers who I know of, paying three times the amount for rent yearly, which they could get land here, of which they would be proprietors. To these places add Texas and Colorado; and though at a dearer rate, there is land to be purchased in Kentucky and Virginia, which will enable any man with a trifling capital to be independent of all mankind.

I may have answer made me by some politicians, of a different kidney from my own, but I shall resolutely maintain these views wherever I have opportunities of utterance. Of course all a man's present comfort depends on his associates or the state of the laws, and many other things which it would be tedious to enumerate, but which lead to the consideration of what will be the future of America. Will it always remain the Republic that it is, or will there be by degrees a gradual approximation to the ways of the other nations upon earth?

I think there will, not in my time, but eventually.

I think they are going to annex Mexico. I think that is about to be. America, getting so large, will be so much increased by that addition, that it will be very difficult with the present state of Government to manage it. The result will be either a confederation of certain States separately, or what I think is more likely, an Empire and an Emperor.

Already the newspaper leaders, each side for, or against, either hint at Cæsarism, or charge other at leaning that way. It floats in the air, and is in men's minds, and not only in considerate men's, but also lesser men's minds. They out loud insist on the general equality of man, or as we say that "Jack is as good as his master." Well, of course, neither Jack nor his master believe a word of this, however often it is enunciated. The rich don't tolerate it, the poor don't wish for it, and there is obviously an internal longing in a great many people's minds, not very many yet, but increasing daily, which longs for that humanly natural subjugation of one to the other on the part of the rich, and that natural desire for support from those above them on the part of the poor, which will one day or other offer an answer to the lunatic's cry that "all men are equal." I don't think they are, sir,

any more than that you have your intellects about you, like those people who so cruelly look you up. Any reasoning American will tell you his idea of the success of the Republic, mine may be guessed at. It is very well for a new comer, fresh from the trammels which have restrained his fine spirit in his old country, very well for the gentleman who has appropriated his neighbour's goods, and has desired to live free from law and the police; but the possession of property will always give an authority which will be felt, over him who has none, and the climate of America, like all others, demands that same concession. It is all new there at present; what are two hundred years towards breaking up this general law of human nature? The very back-street dogs touch their hats, or droop their tails, to the successful men, who have had greater 'cuteness than themselves; and if Dr. Cumming does not over-hastily destroy the world, I believe we shall see an altered state of things in America.

These views will be doubtless unpalatable to many there, to some few at home, and I don't insist that they are right or that I am right in forming them. But I have some reliance in their accuracy, and a fond hope that they will turn out true.

And now there is an end of my journey. I have come home to England rejoicing that I am an

Englishman, rejoicing in the good order which governs us, in a limited Monarchy which is inconsistent with no real liberty which man can desire to enjoy; and I only trust that the country will have the good sense to be content, and to eschew a Republic, for I have no desire to be deemed equal to Mr. Potter, or he to me.

Anything which I can tell anybody about the various places that I have been to, I shall be delighted to impart. I would recommend nobody to start so late in life as I did, for sixty-two years I found a material aggravation of some of the difficulties of the journey; and I would advise anybody who may think of pursuing the same route to wait till there is steam laid on again to San Francisco. That will be, I am told, in January next, and will save him what I had to undergo—two months in a sailing ship, many calms of wind, much tempest of temper.

But altogether I have had a very pleasant time. The travel has been very entertaining, and will afford me something to think and talk about for the remainder of my life; and I am very pleased to have formed a better opinion of my friends the Americans, who I conclude with wishing all prosperity. I have seen my children and other relations in far countries, and I am glad to find them respectable and respected, and I thank God

heartily that I have been given health and strength for all this, and to return to the pleasant joys of house and home, and friends.

* * * * * *

And now, sir, with these desultory remarks, I conclude the sketchy narrative of my recent journey. I fear you must have been fatigued by the length and dulness of it. And I grieve to observe that you are covering your face with your hand, which appears to indicate some temporary pain. Can I get you anything? Or are you considering any part of the narrative in which I have not expressed myself with sufficient distinctness? If so, I will gladly read it again, and explain anything to you which may seem indistinct. Your hand still presses your brow, and I am at a loss to appreciate your disapproval. Can it be that with Tory proclivities, I have unguardedly spoken of the Premier in a way to hurt your feelings? If that is the case, I can set your mind at ease in a moment, by declaring most sincerely that there is no man in the world for whose great abilities I have a deeper respect. It only his unhappy change in politics deplore. You seem still unmoved. I ashamed to have forgotten to r which I made at the comm slight refreshment. I h

times especially wearisome to listen to a long narrative, however entertaining. "Allow me to ring the bell."

Why? Eh?

Is he really ill?

He seems insensible!

Why, God bless the ungrateful man.

He is fast asleep!

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